WICKED THREE.01WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb

Honeymoon 1939 Chapter One

-1-

It's wonderful sleeping at night in bed bare with my wife. We cuddled till daybreak, then woke and made breakfast. It's a dawn of a new life, not only marriage but to be preparing for living together in Lewiston and for the first time teaching the course in Six Poets. It all came crowding in upon me.

Junior was crying when we went downstairs, and we let him out of his box before, as Amy said, he got in trouble.

"Before he starts looking in corners, we'll feed him, then let him outdoors. Once he has something to eat, he'll come back for sure."

The last two weeks of July and the first two of August stretched ahead to infinity. The cabin was so beautiful, a house we could call our own. We had a fairsized kitchen with an iron Range and a woodbox and small table and rocking chair for Amy to which I added by bringing for myself a straight chair from the main room that occupied the rest of the ground floor. A wide porch on the north rounded the corner and ran along the east lakeside above the water, where there was a post for mooring a boat, but no boat. Back along the path at a landing where we had parked the Chevrolet, a shallow beach extended for a few yards toward Lake Elmore's east shore nearly a half mile away. The wooded path from our cottage led an eighth of a mile to that inlet, from where the road we arrived on curved back along the west shore then banked a quarter mile to the main road.

Whoever rented the cottage last left a full woodbox. While Amy found a fry pan and started eggs and bacon stored the night before in the icebox, I returned to the car for a box of books and Amy's extra suitcase. Six-thirty in the morning, in fresh air smelling of pine and hemlock, with singing birds that woke us, my heart skipped a beat discovering that this new world was actually real.

When I get back, Amy has heated a pan of boiling water for shaving. Standing in front of the mirror, I lather, then, hardly thinking what I'm doing, shave cheeks but not chin and at table, when Amy takes a look at me, explain myself:

"I tell you, I decided to grow a beard."

"How long do you think that will last?"

"Do you mind?"

"Not if you really mean it."

-o-

Niles Farm
South
Stream Road
Bennington
Vermont

July 15, 1939

Dear Amy,

The guests have all gone, and Olive and I have cleared up the front parlor. You left in such a hurry you didn't wrap a slice of your wedding cake. Dad and Olive and I are going to drive up there to see where you are. Since Florence Moore was away and missed the wedding, we will bring her with us. Expect us Sunday around noon. It seems like a long way but I expect we can get there in time for lunch if we start before dawn. Don't have anything elaborate. I'll bring tomatoes and lettuce and cucumbers and radishes from the garden, and I've packed away some of the cake Ruth Mason made in addition to the two slices of fruit cake I made for remembrance.

Love to you both,

Mother

PS. I've put in a clipping from the BANNER.

-o-

The letter was delivered Saturday morning. We drove to Morrisville for two slices of ham and a loaf of rye bread and a half pint of cream. While we were about it, we bought a pound of yellow-eyed beans and a quart of molasses and I bought two pounds from a wheel of cheddar cheese, which turned out to be a lot more than I bargained for.

Early Sunday morning Amy decided to make rice pudding, and mixed it and put it in the oven. At ten it hadn't thickened, and at eleven was no thicker, and at noon I drove over to the Elmore store directly across from us and bought a half watermelon.

The folks arrived at twelve-thirty, and at one we sat down at the big table in the main room. We had all the windows open and a breeze blew in from the lake.

Olive did the driving: "We came up route 7 to Manchester Center, then over 11 to 100 as far as Montpelier, then 17 to Elmore. Is that the way you came?"

"No. Lyle wanted to drive over Mount Lincoln, so we stayed on 7 to East Middlebury, then went to Ripton, and took the mountain road bringing us to Lincoln Gap.

From Lincoln we drove to Barre, and had supper, and struck east of Montpelier, then struck north to Elmore."

"I was wondering where you had supper, or if you had any. I told Walter you probably drove straight through to Elmore."

"I got hungry. It was about 6:30 when we got to Barre. We found a tea shop, where we were just in time before they closed up. They don't serve dinner but made an exception. We had chicken omelette and the smallest potatoes you ever saw from a can of boiled potatoes. Did you ever hear of such a thing, Dad?"

"Pig potatoes I call them."

"Well, that's what we had. Cookies and homemade ice cream for dessert. When we got out to the car, Lyle spotted the waiter studying a bunch of tin cans tied to our back bumper."

"I got him to cut them off with his pliers."

"You didn't have to have them cut off my best rubber boots, because I found them when I drove down South Stream Road to the firehouse, and turned onto the back road through to Coleville. I found where you stopped and dumped my boots and threw them into the brush."

"Somebody must have been busy while I was upstairs changing from my wedding dress."

"That somebody was Everett Lillie and Timmie and Lyle's brothers Melvin and Larry. They went into the pighouse and grabbed all they could lay hands on. I nearly lost my best rubber boots and never did find my milkroom rubbers."

"You cleared out in a hurry."

"I told Lyle he didn't even give me time to have a piece of my wedding cake."

"You were in an all-fired hurry to get away."

"You can see what you missed, Florence."

"I was sorry to miss it, but Mother took a turn for the worse and I couldn't get away."

"How is she?"

"Better, or I wouldn't've been able to make it today. I can remember you, Amy, when I boarded at your house and you were just starting Bushnell School."

"Walter, you're teaching that kitten bad habits."

"A scrap of ham won't hurt him."

"You'll make him a beggar just like Danny."

"Where did he come from, anyway?"

"Well, Olive, when I got into Melvin's car in Moores Corner, Grampa Glazier had him ready in a box for

his wedding present."

"I think he's adorable."

"Would you like to have him, Florence?"

"Don't ask, Olive. You know how I feel about cats, but we live in an upstairs apartment, and it's not fair to bring up a kitten on a catbox. And, besides..."

"And besides you can't have him. Gramp gave him to me to give to Amy."

"I expect he's a barn cat like old Danny."

After the folks left, I crawled under the stove and found a back door to the oven somebody may have pushed open when cleaning it, so we were able to put the rice pudding back in the oven and had it for Monday lunch.

-o-

The Glaziers
c/o Ethan Anders Farm
West Shore Drive
Lake Elmore, Vermont
August 1, 1939

Dear Doc,

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore...

I am writing on a wide porch overlooking Lake Elmore, with a view to the east bank a half mile away, and nothing between, not even a rowboat.

Today we're alone, but we've had company -- the first weekend Amy's parents and sister and a family friend, and the second weekend my oldest brother Melvin and his wife Bernice, who are now living in Paxton, not far from Worcester. Yesterday my next younger brother Clayton and his new wife Rena left to go back to Northfield after coming Saturday to stay overnight with us. They had to leave here early to go back to his job in Millers Falls Tool Shop and her taking over the care of little Donna, whose mother died in childbirth not quite a year ago.

We're enjoying a long vacation. At this moment, in the easy chair next to mine, Junior is sleeping, cuddled down among pillows, his cheek resting on one arm.

Amy is upstairs taking a nap. All morning we have been reading aloud, taking turns. Right now we're reading E. A. Robinson in preparation for my teaching

Six Poets. You may have heard that Earl McGee has turned over that class to me. We are reading the Arthurian trilogy -- Merlin, Lancelot, and Tristram -- after having spent three days on the title poem of The Man Against the Sky. I'm really looking forward to teaching that course. I guess you know from freshman English that poetry is what I chiefly enjoy.

I imagine you there in Dennis with your family. It must be wonderful to look out on the ocean, though I see now by my map that you are on the Bay side not looking on the Atlantic.

We will be living on College Street in a tiny apartment carved out of the second-floor flat of an elderly couple, who spend September to April in Florida.

I expect to see you in a few weeks. Amy has heard about you and looks forward to meeting you.

Yours,
Lyle Glazier

-o-

Late this afternoon, unable to find Amy, I walk into the woods and come near her facedown in a glade. She seems not to be crying. I stand looking down at her, then, because she is lying so quiet and self-possessed, I walk back to the cottage. She hasn't returned in an hour. I walk to the same glade. She's still lying there, seeming isolated and far away. We have been so close together, and now this sudden chasm. I don't know how to approach her. I think she is asserting an independence I had no idea she desired. It's the first breach in our communion. I go back to the cottage, but she hasn't come back for supper.

I feel utterly lost without her. I take the keys to the car from the night stand and go along the beach to the landing and back out the car and drive over past the store. It's along toward eight o'clock. I drive along the east shore a mile, cramp around in a driveway and turn back. A young man is standing near the store where the beach road intersects a dead-end that swings east into farmland. He waves and I stop, and he comes over to my window.

"Can you give me a lift?"

"Where are you going?"

"Wherever you're going."

It crosses my mind to take him to Morrisville. Instead, when I get to our turning, I drive back to the landing below the Ethan Anders farm where we get milk and farm produce and pick up our mail. I park looking

over the shallow beach toward the east shore and turn off the engine. We sit there talking. He's a farmhand from down country with a summer job at a dairy farm, helping with haying and hoeing and doing odd jobs I used to in Northfield Farms or out to Gramp's. I don't feel like talking about my life, and don't learn much about his. We simply sit talking about inconsequentials, our voices carrying out over the water. After a while I turn the key and start the motor, and carry him back where I picked him up. He seems satisfied.

When I get back to the cottage, I find Amy in bed. I creep into bed beside her. She relaxes against me.

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There was a little ring of seven spruces
making a natural theater where the moss
covered the bony earth with a deep pillow,
and there he found her, face-down, silent, weeping
heart-breaking tears, like a child who has been whipped for something she knows she isn't to blame for
and run away from home to hide her grief;
he stood awhile and watched, making his mind up
whether to say her name and have her flee
to some new place and leave him standing rooted
to the same spot, not able to find a new one
with a body in which the spirit was not wanted,
or whether to go back again and leave her
to have her cry out, trusting she would come back;
she always had, cradling a branch of balsam
or carrying in her hand some curious leaf,
an agate pebble, or bright, shattered eggshell
as if that had been all she was after.
--Perhaps if he should kneel down here beside her
and touch her shoulder, she would turn to him
as she did sometimes when he was asleep
and woke up to find her tense and crying,
gripping his shoulder with her frantic fingers
as if he might escape if she let go:
then he would take her in his arms and soothe her

until her crying stopped and her arms loosened --
but this was different: those times she had come
and asked for him, but this time she had fled.
If he should dare to touch her now, unasked,
would she return, or would she turn away?
And if she fled again, would he dare follow
and have her flee again and again and again
until there was no place for her to hide
and she could make the last escape to where
only his body spiritless could follow?
He stood and waited. This was better than that --
Why did she wish to flee? Why had she come
to turn this sober grove of New England wood
into a setting for a pagan altar?
--He might have stayed and set his mind at rest
one way or other, for she sighed and stirred
and in a moment could have answered him,
but either he lacked the courage or had found
an answer to his liking, for he turned
noiselessly back and left her there alone
to choose what offering she should bring
to show that what was hers was not her own.

I work on the poem most of the next day, and at supper place it beside her plate. After she reads it, she comes over and gives me a long kiss as if everything is all right again. Upstairs when I start to find out if she wants sex, she makes an explanation:

"I've fallen off the roof."

I know what she means. She tells me that's what her friend Alec Washburn says when she has her menstrual period.

-o-

We pack our lunch, feed Junie, and set out to climb Mount Elmore, which has been brooding over us for three weeks. Only about 2500 feet, a thousand feet higher than Mount Toby and Brushy Mountain, it is, like them, a mountain -- here in New England.

There may very well be a worn path to the top, but we don't look for it, simply scramble up through underbrush till we reach a thick growth of hemlock, where we have to bend our heads under lower branches often with tips touching the ground. The darkness here

has become Shakespearean Midsummer Night's Dreamworld, or a tipped-up, aslant Sherwood Forest. Sometimes we crawl hands and knees.

Amy is as much a farm girl as I'm a farm boy. The hemlock gives over to scrubpine and birch and a scattering of hardwood. From the top there's a view of Camel's Hump to the southwest, Mount Mansfield northwest, and way over east in the far distance Mount Washington in New Hampshire. We eat our lunch and bed down in the shade, and after an hour scramble down much faster than we came. Junie is glad to see us. He has taken to sleeping on our bed at night purring loudly, making a happy family.

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Today, our last day before driving back to Bennington, we drive north of Mount Mansfield, the highest point in the State, and turn back through Smuggler's Notch. South of us we can see Camel's Hump before the west shoulder of the Notch cuts off our view. And for a minute we can see far in the westward distance peaks of the Adirondacks, looking much more Alpine than the curvaceous Green Mountains hemming us in. We slide down into Stowe and back to Elmore. Reluctantly, we spend evening packing, ready for an early start.

Making love for the last time in our rustic bedroom, we realize that we'll be leaving our Eden for transitional days in Bennington, then the long drive to Lewiston to inspect our new home.

-o-

I'm surprised how gently we melt into the life at the farm. You'd never know there was any breach between Amy and her folks, I seem to be accepted without rancor as one of the family. I make myself useful, mowing lawn and helping Mother get her flowerbeds ready for fall, conscious of Amy busy indoors.

Over the radio after supper, we are listening to news when we hear of the German invasion of Poland. As soon as the crackling voice of Lowell Thomas announces from Schenectady the blitz krieg, the whole family gathers in the east sitting room.

It's a great shock to hear Hitler is as dangerous as some people have been warning. For me it's like a declaration against the notion drilled into our minds in high school and college that World War One was "the war to end all wars." I'm twenty-eight. The vulnerability of that thought of my age overwhelms me:

"My brothers and I ... we are the age..."

Then I hush as if the very expression is unmanly.

A chasm seems opening up between us and the complacency of the '20s and early '30s. when, in spite of our Depression or because of it, we could ignore military nationalism in Germany. We'd looked on Hitler as a martinet with a toothbrush under his nose and a stiff-armed salute like a toy drum major arousing theatrical battle cries from his legions of wooden soldiers. Suddenly they were real.

But, still, in September 1939 at this Vermont country farm it was easy to push away any threat to America. Poland was a long way away. What possible threat to security in New England?
We went up to bed and consoled ourselves in our closeness to each other.

-o-

Dad saw to it we filled every cranny of the coupe with his hubbard squashes, late-bearing sweet corn, cabbages, a watermelon, musk melons, a pumpkin, and a basket of firm-bodied oversized beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips. He would like to have had us take more produce than we could carry or could possibly have consumed before spoilage. The afternoon before we were to leave, he and I drove downtown to the Pleasant Avenue refrigerated storage center and got packages of beef roast, a smoked ham, and a frozen chicken. It seemed like God's plenty, my first intramural view of the warehouse available for a well-to-do farm family.

WICKED THREE.02WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Bates College, 1939 Chapter Two
Married (first year) -o-

Six Poets. I have a goodsized class, about twenty-

five and when I take the roll, the ones I know are good students, among them Arthur Bowditch, Ladora Davis, Fanny Longfellow, and Lysander Kemp. Instead of lecturing I talk to them, trying not to be academic.

"I like to begin with analyzing a poem, so please open our anthology and turn to the second section 'The Children of the Night,' which contains early poems written from 1890 to 1897.

"We'll begin with 'Reuben Bright,' page 92. When this poem was published in Robinson's first book 'The Torrent and the Night Before,' there was a proofreading mistake in the last line, which changes the meaning of the poem. We'll come to that later. but first I'll read aloud the poem as it appears in our Collected Poems. I assume you have most of you read it and thought about it after getting the assignment when you registered.

"You notice it's made up of two sentences. Also, you notice it's broken into rhyming and rhythmic lines. I want you to see and hear the whole poem before anything is said about it. Poems are made to be read by the eyes and listened to by the ears, so as I read, try to hear it. Your own reading may clash somewhat with mine, but bear with me. A first reading of a poem is always a matter of trial and error, especially in a roomful of poetry readers as you are.

Reuben Bright

Because he was a butcher and thereby
Did earn an honest living (and did right)
I would not have you think that Reuben Bright
Was any more a brute than you or I;
For when they told him that his wife must die,
He stared at them, and shook with grief and fright,
And cried like a great baby half the night,
And made the women cry to see him cry.

And after she was dead, and he had paid
The singers and the sexton and the rest,
He packed a lot of things that she had made
Most mournfully away in an old chest
Of hers, and put some chopped up cedar boughs
In with them, and tore down the slaughter house.

"Now, in order to have some logic to our discussion, I suggest we begin at the beginning, and anyone who would like to comment about anything as we go

along -- diction, imagery, characterization, social comment, or whatever comes into your mind, just speak up and have your say. If we're lucky, it will come together in some kind of sense. I could talk about it, and probably will butt in, but let's see what caught your attention. Beginning with the title:

HENRY CASWELL: "When I was a kid, we used to sing a song:

'Reuben, Reuben, I been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If all the menfolks were transported
Far beyond the northern sea...'

"This may throw some light on the poem. I consider it's a folksong about country people and the singer is Rachel and she's singing about the boys -- having some fun at their expense, and in the next stanza, Reuben picks up and turns the song back against the girls:

'Rachel, Rachel, I been thinkin
What a fine thing it would be
If all the women were transported
Far beyond the northern sea...'

"It's a fun song, they're poking fun, but it's really a courting song, and there is a lot of tenderness which perhaps can be applied to the relationship between the butcher and his wife."

ARTHUR BOWDITCH: "Yes, it's a love poem. Reuben is a rube, but because he's a butcher doesn't mean he doesn't have tender feelings. He makes a living by killing animals for the table, but he's anything but cruel."

FANNY LONGFELLOW: "It doesn't mean that he's ignorant of strong feelings. His second name is 'Bright.'"

GLAZIER: "Caswell got us off to a good start. I knew that folksong about Reuben and Rachel, but I hadn't thought of it in relation to this poem. I wish I had. It's right on target.
It's like an old English sword dance. You can imagine the girls dancing around the boys during the first stanza, and the boys dancing around the girls for the second. There ought to be a third stanza where the boys and girls pair off, dancing together.

"Does somebody else have something to add or something to put us on another track?"

LYSANDER KEMP: "The first line is very prosy. It sets the stage without any classical allusions or

highflown language. It jumps right in -- 'Because he was a butcher...' At the end of the line the word 'thereby' is not poetic. It's almost legal. It stops you. It's as if Robinson is saying, 'Poetry doesn't have to be literary.' Being a butcher may not be very romantic, but it's a way of making an honest living, and you don't have to apologize for it."

JIM DAWSON: "To me the second line is a bit awkward -- the word 'Did'. He could have said, 'He earned' and I wondered why he didn't. It's a bit artificial. And the last part in parenthesis picks up 'Did' and interjects the judgment of the poet, doesn't it? Who else is saying Reuben 'did right'? It's Robinson stepping into his poem and moralizing. It's like that legal voice Doc talked about. It's pronouncing judgment.

ANNE PETRIE: "It's also preparing for a rhyme with 'Reuben Bright.' It's true he's moralizing, but I like the way he makes no bones about it: -- 'I would not have you think...' He's talking directly to me. The word 'brute' seems to have a double meaning. Reuben kills brutes but that doesn't make him any more a brute than the reader or the poet who is talking to us. After all, how many of us in the class, I'd like to know, are vegetarians."

GLAZIER: "All vegetarians raise their hands."

Nobody's hand is raised.

LADORA DAVIS: "The shock comes in the next four lines. It may not be 'poetic language,' but the theme is as melodramatic as a Greek tragedy, except that instead of Oedipus we have Reuben Bright. The fact of death is universal, and it doesn't have to come through a melodramatic murder but simply from a natural cause nobody is to blame for."

HENRY SYPHER: "Speaking of Greek tragedy, in the eighth line, the voices of the women sitting up with Reuben's wife at her death come in like a chorus of women in Greek tragedy."

MARY INGERSOL: "Reuben bawls like a baby. That's hardly heroic, but it seems right for the poem.

GLAZIER: Anybody remember the Greek idea of tragic flaw?

EDITH PERKINS: Greek tragedy was supposed to be about a great man who at the height of his career is defeated by a flaw in his own character.

GLAZIER: Reuben is obviously not a great man. Is he defeated by a tragic flaw?

PERKINS: Not unless his wife died because he was a

butcher.

PETER COWPER: "These are such ordinary people. In the second sentence, I'm reminded of a poem of Emily Dickinson we read in American Literature: 'The last night that she lived, it was a common night...' After the woman dies there is no dramatic grieving. The mourners don't shriek and tear their hair:

'And we, we placed the hair,
And drew the head erect...'

GLAZIER: "And remember another poem of Dickinson:

'The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnist of industries
Enacted upon earth--

'The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away,
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.'

CASWELL: "Notice all the ordinary things Reuben has to do -- paying the singers at the funeral and the sexton at the cemetery..."

LONGFELLOW: "I like the way he put some sweetsmelling cedar in with her keepsakes."

KEMP: "Yes, and he 'chops up' the boughs. This is like the young farmer in Frost's 'Home Burial,' who makes the dirt fly with his spade when he's digging a grave for the baby. His wife watching out the window thinks he's without feeling, but Frost knows better."

BOWDITCH: "The butcher tears down the slaughter house."

GLAZIER: "That reminds me. When "Reuben Bright' was first published in <u>The Torrent and the Night Before</u>, some editor, apparently, added a word in the last line, so it came out:

"'...and tore down <u>to</u> the slaughter house.'"

There's a gasp throughout the class.

GLAZIER: "What does this do to the poem?"

"It turns it into a bad joke."

"And what is it really?"

"It's about tragedy in the lives of ordinary people in a small New England town."

"Could Reuben or his wife do anything to avert the tragedy?"

"No, that's what makes it so tragic."

"He's writing the portrait of one of his neighbors in Gardiner, up the road from here. He calls Gardiner 'Tilbury Town.' It's a real New England town, somewhat narrowminded. Although Robinson can't bear spending his life there, he can't get away from writing about it. Even though he may look on it sometimes as mean-spirited, under the surface he has affection for it, and he often points out that affection. It's the same way Thomas Wolfe couldn't stop writing about his home town, Asheville, North Carolina."

We talk about the difference between death in this poem and death in Robert Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man." Kemp mentions how there's a level of continuing love and compassion in the Frost poem in the way Warren and Mary act as commentators. Their compassion makes it possible for the reader to get a high degree of emotional relief from the Frost poem. There is no such relief in the Robinson poem unless there's a kind of spiritual uplift in the discovery that the commonsensical, no-nonsense butcher is so moved by his wife's death that he tears down the slaughter house.

I tell them the story Frost told us at Bread Loaf of his first meeting Robinson after they both had been hearing about their rival for years--how they were walking along, not saying much of anything to each other, and Frost was glancing out of the corner of his eye at Robinson, and all of a sudden discovered Robinson glancing out of the corner of his eye back at him.

At the very end, I ask them to look at the form of the poem, and Kemp says "It's iambic pentameter." So I ask about the stanza, and somebody notices it's a sonnet. So I have a chance to go into my rigmarole about different kinds of sonnets, and we decide it's a Petrarchan sonnet, breaking the rule about not ending with a couplet. I say something about wondering if Robinson considered the fact that he was using one of the most artificial forms to write a completely artless story about a small-town New England family. His diction and sentence structure are simple and almost prosy, and he fits that into this very formal poetic pattern.

We still have time left in the hour, so we turn ahead to the sonnet 'Credo' and spend the rest of the hour on that. Again, I read the poem aloud before we discuss it:

I cannot find my way: there is no star
In all the shrouded heavens anywhere;

And there is not a whisper in the air
Of any living voice but one so far
That I can hear it only as a bar
Of lost, imperial music, played when fair
And angel fingers wove, and unaware,
Dead leaves to garlands where no roses are.

No, there is not a glimmer, nor a call,
For one that welcomes, welcomes when he fears,
The black and awful chaos of the night;
For through it all--above, beyond it all--
I know the far-sent message of the years,
I feel the coming glory of the Light.

GLAZIER: Now, who wants to get off to a start discussing this poem?
WILKINSON:

-o-

Our apartment is upstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver are away for September, so we have that month by ourselves. Our three rooms are cut out of their apartment and cramped--a tiny kitchen that was formerly their utility room with set-tubs that have lids for counter space for rolling out pastry and mixing salads and pre-paring other foods. There's a small refrigerator, a two-burner range, a sink, a tiny electric washing machine, and a closet for moppails and such. A back door leads down past the downstairs kitchen to a fenced-in square of lawn with a clothesline we share with the Brainerds downstairs.

Fred Brainerd is a bookkeeper in the treasurer's office at the college. We tried to be friendly, and Fred was OK, but Helena is very superior and standoffish. Amy and I think it's because I'm faculty and Helena is jealous because they are not, and never get invited to President Gray's October cocktail party or to other faculty gatherings.

One afternoon I come home from my class in American literature. Turning in on our walk I look up at the front bow window of the Oliver livingroom, and Junior is sitting on the sill looking down. As soon as he sees me, he disappears and when I turn the key in the lock and open the door at the foot of the stairs, he's

waiting to welcome me, purring and rubbing against me and leaping ahead up stairs.

From our kitchen I can hear the hum of the washer. When I go out there, Amy is standing with sleeves rolled up, dipping dirty water out of one set-tub; the other is full of rinse water.

She's hot and frazzled and pulls back from my kiss, with an agonized whisper:

"Keep away from me, I'm filthy. When I pulled the plug to empty water from the first wash, Helena yelled up mad as fury. The water backed up in her sink, then overflowed on her kitchen floor. I went to help her, but she would have nothing to do with me. It wasn't my fault, but she holds me responsible. Something is clogged in the drainpipe. She says it always happens, and the Olivers send their wash to a pickup laundry. She implied we ought to, but I don't intend to. If I have to empty every tubful and carry it down to empty on the lawn, I intend to keep right on doing it. When the Olivers return, they're going to have to do something about it."

I take the bucket from her and carry it down past where Helena is standing looking through the glass of her kitchen door as friendly as a yellow-jacket hornet at a picnic. Like Amy, her hair is plastered over her cheeks and chin. She's mad as Hell, and there's nothing to be done about it.

--o-

On Saturday afternoon of the first week of classes when I've got a batch of freshman compositions I invite Amy to walk to the riverbank to see where I used to correct papers. She's wearing the white sharkskin dress, my favorite, with a thin border of red around the collar and cuffs and bottom of the skirt. It's a lovely day, and I'm crazy to show her my favorite place in Lewiston, that I've described to her in letters.

We walk out Mountain Avenue past the Irelands' and uphill past Mount David, then downgrade to Augusta Avenue, cross, turn right, take the next street to the left and cross the railroad tracks to the riverside park, where we take the worn dirt path downhill to the granite rib extending a rod into the sluggish current of the river. I go ahead, reaching back to steady her across the narrow throat of rock to where it widens into a level and not uncomfortable series of flat plates forming accommodations for a spectator interested in a view of the mercantile Auburn shore. The Mills over there seem abandoned but their very decay and distance

romanticize them as in a painting. Between us and the opposite shore the Androscoggin flows turgid .

On our side of the river, up and down the bank, willows and alders lean as if admiring their reflections in water. Back from shore, the ground is sandy and covered with scrubgrowth, sometimes high enough to form shadowy retreats, but mostly it's low growth through which a sandy path -- with side paths branching off -- extends upriver to a tall growth of mostly red pine, some of the trees towering from trunks five or more feet in girth. This has been my favorite haunt for two years, and I'm most eager to introduce my wife to it.

The finger of rock we are sitting on becomes a launch pad into the forever changing surface of the river. Immediately downstream, a cove forms a haven for shipwrecked packing cases, and dead tree branches torn off in a storm are now marooned in this backwash amid the debris of picnic box lunches and midnight cookouts. The shoreline here is sandy with room for a sunbather if anybody wished to get tan. In all the time I've sat here during my hours of meditation over diction and sentence variety, and skill in drawing a reader into the vision of the writer, I have never seen anybody sunbathing on this narrow and somewhat disheveled beach.

On the north side of the promontory there's no such cove. A marshy shoreline extends nearly to the tip of our splinter of rock.

Amy has brought her knitting bag, and is mending my socks, while I read papers, often sharing a sentence or a paragraph or a pithy or blundering phrase. After an hour, I steady her back to the sandy shore, and we walk toward the pine grove. There seem to be no walkers and viewers other than us. It's an idyllic afternoon, and we take one of the side paths into a retreat among yellowing scrub tamaracks, blackberry brambles, goldenrod and sumac, where many feet have worn a path into a grass-carpeted thicket. There I put down my briefcase, take Amy's knitting bag from her, and gently pull her down beside me on our secluded strip of lawn where afternoon air is warmly seductive. Protecting her dress, I am lying faceup with her over me. Suddenly, looking over her shoulder, I can see a pasty white face staring from the farthest turn in the path, hands busy in pants pocket. It's the dough-faced post-adolescent I remember from last year and without warning Amy I put a stop to our lovemaking, and whisper, "What you say we go home?"

She's willing. The face has vanished as we make our way back out of the thicket and onto the deeptrodden path to the railroad crossing, where I say, "Wait right here a minute." and run back into the thicket, where the voyeur is still standing.

I don't know why I came back.

I'm sure he recognizes me.

"I'm married."

I turn and run back to Amy. I think she has no idea the boy was lurking in the bushes watching.

"What was that all about?"

"I thought I might have seen somebody or dropped something."

I feel as if I've said farewell to an episode in my life. Or did I go back in order to have a double feeling of making contact with my past while at the same time holding on to my future? We hurry along the street home, and can hardly wait to get upstairs to be alone in the bedroom, where nobody can intrude on our privacy.

-o-

After supper the phone rings. When I answer, a strange male voice, dripping with good will, greets me, "I am calling to welcome you to Bates."

"What's that? What did you say?"

"I'm Bob Powell, Virginia Fitt's husband. I'm the new Public Relations Director, and I'm calling to welcome you and your wife to the college. We have just moved in down at the Triangle at the end of College Street. Virginia would like to speak to Amy."

Somewhat rattled to be welcomed to Bates where I've been for two years, I whisper to Amy, "It's the daughter of Prexy Moody's sister, Mrs. A. P. Fitt. Her husband is the new Public Relations Director."

Amy clears her throat and takes the receiver.

"Yes."

There's a torrent of undercover speech coming in over the line.

"Yes." (a long pause) "Yes." (another pause, interrupted by more of the undercover torrent) "Oh, yes, Lyle has mentioned your mother. Yes, I will be home. Yes. Yes."

She hangs up.

"Virginia Powell and Mrs. Fitt are calling on me tomorrow at two -- if it's convenient -- I must say she is pushy. She seemed to assume I will be prostrate with joy."

-o-

Amy says we need to find a doctor to advise us on

birth control. Meeting Peter Bertocci on a crosswalk, I ask his advice, and he recommends his family's pediatrician, Dr. Spellman, and we go together to see him. He's Catholic but broadminded enough to listen to our plan and advise us how postpone having a family for a few years till we can afford it.

"A diaphragm is the most effective method for your purpose. Another method is the condom, but there's always the danger of leakage or breaking. And some men think it reduces their pleasure. The diaphragm is a simple rubberized device fitted inside the vagina to prevent semen from flowing into the uterus. This device has the advantage that it can be inserted before a couple have sex. Used with a spermicidal powder it's the closest we can come now to birth control if used properly."

He opens a drawer in his desk and takes out a small box, opens it and shows us the flat circular rubber saucer with its raised edge around the circumference.

"If you decide on this method, my nurse will be happy to take Mrs. Glazier into the examination room and show her how to insert it."

I look at Amy and she nods, and says, "Yes, that is what we have decided on."

"One more thing before I call Miss Sugarman, "After intercourse you should use a vaginal douche. For this you'll need a douchebag with a tube and nozzle for inserting into the vagina. You can use plain warm water from the tap for the douche."

I feel we are being very grown up and mature to have come to the doctor's office together. On his desk is a photograph of his wife and five children. It crosses my mind to wonder if he and his wife use a diaphragm. I suppose as a good Catholic this advice he has given us may be for Protestants and heretics and not for members of the True Church.

I can hardly wait till after supper and time to go to bed in order to try out the devices we bought at a drug store. Until now we have not used any preventive, and if Amy has had serious worries, she hasn't told them to me. Now that we have been so well educated, I wonder that we took so many chances, but now we will certainly be free to enjoy ourselves without worrying over the result.

It seems to go very well. I don't notice anything different, and if Amy does, she doesn't tell me. Afterward we go together to the bathroom. Amy spreads herself in the tub, I fill the douchebag with warm water

from the tap and hold the bag high while she inserts the hard rubber nozzle with its sprinkler system. Although I'm sleepy after sex, it gives me a feeling of closeness to Amy to be standing above the faucets leaning against the bathroom wall, holding the douchebag high with its long tube running between us while Amy manipulates the nozzle. We are a team, companionable and mutually supportive. I yawn and scratch myself and feel very close to my wife, having every assurance she has been as well satisfied as I've been.

-o-

We have a new Professor of Drama, Lavinia Schaeffer, in place of Prof Rob. Students and faculty seem to be unanimous in praise of her charm and ability. At the President's reception she and Amy both get warm welcomes, and so does Eddie Wright's new wife, whom a great many already know from her years teaching in summer school.

I'm particularly happy to have Earl McGee, meeting me on campus, speak of all three of the new women glowingly, " Isn't it good that this year we have three such happy additions to the faculty family as Amy and Lavinia and Maureen? Amy is a knockout in looks and in intelligence. I'm so happy for you."

Lavinia phones me and asks for something special between acts of her first play: "Will you sing in a faculty quartet with Bushman and Berkleman and Sweet? I'm staging a performance of the mid-nineteenth century American social drama <u>Fashion</u>.

"I think it would be fun to get the faculty involved with a rendition of <u>Clementine</u>. I asked Gus Bushman who would be good, and he suggested you and Professor Berkleman and Dr. Sweet. I understand you've sung in the Baptist Church choir and have a beautiful voice. I'll deck the four of you out in period costumes. Please say <u>yes</u>. This will be my first Bates production, and I'm especially anxious to have the faculty involved in this student production of a marvelous play."

Of course, I'm tickled to be asked. With all the talented faculty to draw on, she needn't have been so extravagantly flattering. I'd have jumped at the chance.

We have one short afternoon rehearsal. The night of the play we go back stage when the curtain goes down for the first act, and by intermission are bewigged and costumed in tight- fitting black suits with lace at the wrists.

The other three are decked out with rabbit fur goatees held on with spirit gum. To the amusement of the young makeup-chairlady, I explain that mine is permanent . We are ushered onto the darkened stage, the curtain goes up and the lights go on, and we ham our performance so successfully that we have to sing it over as an encore. Our instructions have been to make our exit through the center aisle. As we start off stage, Berkleman, Bushman and Sweet whip off their goatees, and following in the rear I hear a gasp from the audience, and one stentorian voice: "My God! It's real!"

As I slip in beside Amy, I remember how flushed and pleased with himself Pop used to be after showing off between acts in North Leverett.

-o-

We've been living high on garden produce and ham and packages of frozen beef and poultry brought from the farm. We have so much that we placed the basket of vegetables in a dark corner of our basement storage, and only lately have come to tap into it. Last night we have some of the gorgeous beets, peeled, sliced and seared in boiling water. It's impossible to buy such beets in a grocery store. The texture is like red velvet, the color magnificent. On the morning after (it happens to be Saturday) I have sat on the stool while Amy has been standing beside me at the washbowl attacking with tweezers a couple of short hairs growing from a pimple under her chin. When I stand up, her glance strays to the toilet bowl, and she's alarmed.

"Lyle, you have blood in your stool."

I look, and it is indeed alarming. Water in the bowl is colored deep crimson.

"Have you ever noticed anything like it before?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, I'm glad you have somebody to take care of you. I want you to go to the phone this minute and call a doctor and have him look at you."

"I've never gone to a doctor in Lewiston."

"Well, find one. This instant. This could be serious."

I find the phone book and under <u>Physicians</u> find the name of a husband and wife team: Dr. Abraham and Sarah Lowenstein, General Practitioners. Their address is downtown near the Circle at the end of College Avenue.

I call to Amy, "I've found somebody, but it's Saturday. Their office won't be open."

"Look and see if their office is in their home. Something like this shouldn't be postponed."

"I don't find a home phone listed. It says, 'Available twenty-four hours a day.'"

"Well, call them."

The man's voice is mellow and agreeable. He asks who I am, and I say I teach at Bates. When he hears my symptoms, he's concerned and suggests I come to their address immediately. Amy goes with me and stays in the reception room. Dr. Lowenstein examines me and although he finds nothing suspicious, he's not content to let it pass by:

"I don't believe in letting such matters rest. It could be serious. I'll call my friend Dr. Petrie at the hospital. I happen to know he's there today performing a colon scan. He is a specialist in cancer and irregularities of the colon. I want you to have him look at you."

He goes to the phone and makes a call. I can hear the buzz of conversation but can't make out the words, except I do hear "Professor Glazier at the College."

Things are getting out of hand, altogether too fast for me. Dr. Lowenstein hangs up the phone, "It happens that Dr. Petrie is at the hospital conducting a colon scan. That was his nurse. She consulted him and he wants you come down immediately. He can look at you when he completes the present examination."

I go out to the waiting room and tell Amy. Except for the surprising pace of events, which is really alarming, there is an atmosphere of adventure over the whole incident. I still don't feel the least bit sick. I'm proud of having a good body.

At the hospital, we're conducted straight to the operating wing, where Dr. Petrie in white gown soon comes to conduct me to his anteroom. He asks the same questions Dr. Lowenstein asked, shrugs his shoulders and points me to a robing room and asks me to get out of my clothes and into one of those wrap around gowns with a third opening for your left arm, locking you in.

I'm ushered into an examination room. Besides Dr. Petrie, there's a young male assistant:

"Hop on the table, lie on your back, relax and raise your knees."

"Well, Billy, isn't it fortunate we are still sterile."

I feel as if I'm on an assembly line and wonder how sterile they are.

Dr. Petrie takes my right arm, swabs the muscle, and jabs in a needle. "This is a mild sedative. It won't put you to sleep, but will make you more comfy."

He swabs my rectal area with a lubricant.

"Now spread your legs and when you feel the instrument approach, give a grunt as if preparing for a bowel movement but don't have a bowel movement."

I'm drifting into a doze. I can feel something firm and cold being slowly pushed into my rectum. After a moment of resistance, it goes in easy.

"Relax, now, don't move. Does it hurt you?"

Hardly feeling a thing except something waving like a fern frond inside me, I mumble without saying anything.

I hear him as if from a great distance saying, "Mr. Glazier" but I'm too drowsy to respond.

"Billy, I guess he's passed out for the moment. No problem but what he will come out of it. I'm looking in at the professor's colon. It's slick as a whistle."

In no time at all, he has gently withdrawn the instrument. He sits me up where I can look at it. It's a cylinder a yard or so long and an inch or more in circumference.

"Do you mean to say that was up inside me?"

He laughs, "I am happy to tell you you're hale as a span new water main. I didn't find the least indication of anything wrong. I'll write a full report for Dr. Lowenstein and he'll be in touch with you for you to visit his office. Meanwhile, for dinner tonight tell you wife to give you a bland diet but aside from that you can eat anything, and tomorrow I don't see any reason why you can't go back to your regular diet."

Throughout the procedure nobody mentioned the possibility it was beets that colored the water, such an anticlimax I don't bring it up, but I'm suddenly confident I've found the culprit, and I don't intend to talk about it to anyone.

-o-

Amy has a job teaching a course in creative writing at Bliss Business College. She has to be there for an hour midafternoons five days a week. Most of the students are taking the course only as one of their Minor requirements. However, she has one girl who is really interested, and that makes the entire course worth while. The College is way down on Lisbon Street, and I want her to drive the car, but she won't hear of it. She walks back and forth in good weather and on rainy days rides the trolley to Lisbon and Main and gets a transfer to the Lisbon line. She says it takes almost as much time traveling as to teach the course. The pay isn't much, but she feels better knowing she can make at

least a small contribution to our income.

-o-

We get involved in student and faculty affairs, chaperoning an all-day mountain climb to Monadnock way over on the west side of New Hampshire, closer to Brattleboro than to Lewiston.

Mrs. Chase has sold us for $10 a madeover upright player piano that is really remarkably good. You would never know its insides have been removed and the vacancy hidden behind walnut panels above the key board. We immediately start practising the Handel four-hand Water Music Amy brought with her from studying with Miss Molly. I play the upper part and she plays the accompaniment, and in a short time we get very good at it. When we're invited to Mrs. Quimby's, and I'm asked to play, we surprise everybody by playing a couple of the Handel arrangements. I'm proud of Amy for not seeming in the least nervous after she told me ahead of time she was scared to death the first time she would ever be playing in public.

Earl McGee was there, and when we finished the first piece, shouted "Bravo!" and led the applause. Mrs. Quimby tells me I ought to take lessons with Agnes Lockwood, the best piano teacher in Lewistoni:

"She ought to hear you. She would make a real professional out of you."

I don't pay any attention because I don't have that much time nor money to devote to music, and, besides, I thought it almost insulting to give me so much praise without including Amy, who didn't seem to notice. We were so pleased that when we got home, we got out my four-hand arrangement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and stayed up half the night practising the first movement.

-o-

With Amy's permission, I invited Doc Kemp for Saturday night dinner. We had baked beans and cole slaw and steamed raisin brown bread Amy cooked for hours on top of the stove in a tin two-quart can doused in a kettle of boiling water. For dessert she made chocolate pudding with hard sauce, something I had for the first time. Amy makes it with frosting sugar worked into soft butter. It's rich but very good.

The only thing that went wrong with our dinner was that Doc and I spent so much time talking about E. A. Robinson's The Man Against the Sky we were working on in Six Poets that I guess Amy felt left out. I thought she was listening with admiration as I was going through the

poem without the book open, and analyzing section after section (something I'd been doing in class) but after twenty minutes of this, Amy exclaimed, "Lyle's so puffed up, you'd think nobody has ever before interpreted Robinson."

I shut my mouth and I gave her a chance to talk about her class in composition at Bliss Business College but she didn't want to discuss it. In a few minutes Doc said,

"I have to prepare for Dr. Sweet's History exam Monday morning."

I thought him very cool when he thanked us both for a wonderful dinner and wonderful evening.

WICKED THREE.03WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Little Stranger Chapter Three

-o-

At the end of my Friday afternoon class the first week in October, I came home to find Amy all worked up. At first she clammed up and wouldn't say why, but then I got out of her that she had missed her period. I persuaded her to let me go to the phone and call Dr. Spellman, but she said, "I don't want you to."

A little later she said, "If anybody is going to call him, I'll do it myself."

I thought it a good sign her voice was very controlled when she called him.

He had us come over that afternoon, and examined Amy in the inner office. When they came back to where I was sitting, I could see Amy was down at the mouth, but Dr. Spellman was ecstatic, "I want to be the first to congratulate you, you are about to become a father."

Reading Amy's face, I thought, 'That's the Catholic of it for you.'

I knew in a second all her plans were spoiled. We had talked it over and decided we wouldn't start a family for at least five years. Larry would be well through college and, according to Amy, we might even be able to leave Bates, and get to some university where I could start working for a doctorate. I was not sure I wanted to, I want to be a writer, and had the bee in my bonnet that the best way to spoil a poet is to put him through the Ph. D, rigmarole. <u>American Prefaces</u> was still taking every poem I sent them. Not that I sent them very many, and not that I thought myself a poet. I never sent them, for example, the poem I wrote Amy on

our honeymoon.

I felt very different than Amy did about the news that she was pregnant. In fact that very evening when we got home, and had an early supper, and I persuaded her to go to bed, I sat up working on a poem, and worked on it till after midnight, going in every once in a while to check on her being asleep. I even lay down in my clothes beside her, and worked my arm under the back of her neck and she snuggled against me. After a half hour I pulled out my arm without disturbing her and went back to finish my poem.

Saturday morning I hardly had nerve to show it to her. It turned out like the one I wrote on our honeymoon to be a somewhat Frostian poem:

When he sat down to write his lecture notes
she did not come as usual to sit
beside him on the couch, and spread her sewing
over his lap and hers, instead she stood
a moment in the doorway, leaning her head
against the varnished frame -- "Victorian bloom"
she'd laughed at him when they had come to see
'Four sunny rooms, modern conveniences,
a price to suit,' "If they think they can suit
our pocketbook, we'd better try them,"
Joseph said. They did, the prices did,
and here they were. But Mary did not laugh
tonight. She was a small white wraith
just out of reach of the lamplight. In the dusk
he could not tell exactly where her hair
left off and where the panelwork began.
He had not heard her come into the room
but he knew she was there, and he had moved
a little to make room for her beside him.
Then he forgot her and himself until
he reached the chapter end and was surprised
to find she was not there. He looked for her
and found her, and she spoke, "Joe, do you mind
if I don't stay tonight?" He dropped his book
and joined her in the shadows and he felt
how small and tired she was. "Frightened," he thought,

**"but why? frightened of what? Of me?" And then
she let him lift her up and carry her
into the bedroom where she was so still
and small and shivering that he was afraid,
He put her like a sleepy child to bed.
"You go to sleep," he said. "I'm going to stay
right here until you do." He stretched full-length
beside her on the bed and held her close,
smoothing her hair and cheek, until she gave
herself against him, with a sigh for what
he had no right to ask about tonight.
At last she slept, and his right arm, he knew,
from muscles that had turned to prickle patches
had gone to sleep beneath her sleeping head.
He drew it out without disturbing her
and stood there looking down. "She is so small,
-- smaller than ever tonight. I wonder why
she is afraid." Was it because she knew
the winter days were cold and dark ahead?
Was she just tired? Or was she suddenly
afraid of him? He didn't know, and this
was not the time to ask. He turned the shade
over the lamp until a shadow came
to rest across her face and the thin arm
that curved against the blanket's hairy edge.
There was much that he would never know.
She was a child. As long as she was his --
his child -- his wife -- he would not interrupt
the chance that gave him her to keep to ask
why there were things that he could never know.
Some things are best not known. He stood awhile
and watched her as she slept. There was still
tomorrow coming and his notes were there
unfinished by the book he had laid down.
He bent until his lips just brushed her cheek.
Tomorrow she could tell him why she sighed.**

I had poured myself into the poem, and of course I wanted her to see it. At lunch I slipped it onto her plate. She read it and kissed me but didn't say a word. For some reason, like the blank verse poem written on our honeymoon, I didn't send it to American Prefaces.

-o-

Amy is taking her pregnancy very hard. She wakes up toward morning so sick I feel an emptiness in the bottom of my stomach. She spits a dry spit into the sink but can't bring anything up, then she kneels at the toilet and for a half hour gasps a dry vomit without any result, then comes back to bed without saying anything. When I try to comfort her, she resists me. If I fix a breakfast tray for her, she won't touch it.

After class one afternoon, the girl chairwoman of entertainment at the Women's dormitory invites Amy and me for Saturday night dinner to meet the students, but I have to tell her Amy is sick.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I'll get back to you in a week or so, and we'll have you then."

"I'm afraid it's going to be a long time before we can come."

She gives me a strange look but doesn't ask any more explanation. I suppose I could have said Amy is pregnant, but it hardly seemed proper, and I don't know how to come up on the subject in a roundabout fashion that will convey the information not in so many words.

-o-

Amy is out of patience with Virginia Powell. Mrs. Fitt is visiting again from Northfield, and Virginia would like to have us for dinner. She and her mother take a proprietary interest in us as if we are their property. With their big house in the Triangle at the foot of College Street, they are doing a lot of entertaining, and the women of the faculty are delighted to have such a talented new hostess with, apparently, unlimited funds for arranging afternoon teas to promote all such welfare service programs as Red Cross Disaster Relief and Committee to Provide Assistance to the Underprivileged in the Tennessee Valley.

Amy is in no mood to become an accessory to such worthy causes, and it becomes embarrassing for me because it reaches a point where there's an out-and-out breach in relationship. When Virginia hears of our trouble with the weekly wash, she insists on Amy's letting her come by every week and pick up Amy and our wash to use the commodious laundry room at the Powells' but after the first full afternoon there, Amy will have

none of it. As she told me about how interfering Virginia has become, I can see that it reached the point where Amy's blunt refusal offended Virginia. It hurt me to think I could do nothing to mend this rift between my wife and the daughter of Mrs. Fitt, who almost singlehandedly promoted my college career.

-o-

One afternoon at the end of a class in E. A. Robinson that I thought went particularly well, a quiet boy in the last row raised his hand, and when I recognized him, asked, "Mr. Glazier, some of us have been wondering why you are growing a beard."

Having been absolutely absorbed in what I considered to be a difficult and, I thought, original examination of the last stanzas of "The Man Against the Sky," I'm caught by surprise
but manage to pull myself together and reply, "I thought I would concentrate all my eccentricities at one point."

I'm really quite flattered that the class, evidently, likes me well enough to have chosen a spokesman to ask such a personal question.

-o-

It doesn't seem to be the right time to try to interest Amy in continuing our two-part performances on the piano, so I'm setting out to master Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique. The brilliant first movement is in my Theo. Presser Master Pieces for the Piano, and, like many amateurs, I have dabbled at it, and at some time when I was at Mount Hermon I bought a copy of the whole Sonata and worked seriously on the Adagio cantabile but never made an attempt to master the whole. Now, with Amy often not home from Bliss Business College for an hour or two every day after my last class, I tackle the more difficult introductory and concluding movements. I think I will surprise her someday in a few weeks by playing the whole. For several years now I have played the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata without daring to more than look at the rest of it. I have never heard Beethoven played by a concert artist, but did see the movie in which Paderewski played the first movement of the Moonlight, and his persistent maintaining a single dominating rhythm from beginning to end took hold of me in a way I can never forget. Now I think I will work very hard and see if I can't play all of the Pathetique. In the far back of my mind I'm remembering Mrs. Quimby's remark that I ought to take lessons with Agnes Lockwood. I know I never will, but it was flattering to have it suggested. I learn that

Miss Lockwood is an eccentric old maid, who lives with her sister in a great house on the east side of Lewiston and is organist and choir director in the Unitarian/Universalist Church on the Triangle at the foot of College Street and has a reputation for being musical impresario for Lewiston -- in fact, there has been a long rivalry between her dominance over the musical life on the east bank of the Androscoggin, as Frangedakis' teacher dominates in Auburn.

I've stopped singing in the Baptist choir partly because I stopped admiring Dr. Vernon, and also because Amy showed no interest in dressing up every Sunday and going to that big church. It turns out that during her childhood her father and mother for years were pillars in the Bennington Baptist Church but have fallen out with the minister.

For the first time I have a piano of my own to practise on and I think, "Be damned with Helena Brainerd! Even if she pounds on their ceiling with the handle of a broom, I don't care if I do bore the life out her. For once in my life, I'm going to practise the Hell out of a piano to my heart's content. If the drumbeat knocks the plaster off the ceiling in the livingroom downstairs, let Helena lump it or leave it."

-o-

I don't understand women at all. Here at the farm for Christmas, Amy and her mother and Olive are together in secret confabs about the expected baby. Walter and I are not included.

You would think men have nothing to do with it. Even though it is still so early, some Christmas presents for us are aimed toward the expected event next July. I'm glad about one thing. I no longer need to worry about Christmas presents in Bennington. Amy can be depended on to know what's right for her mother and father and Olive.

In a trip up attic above the closet out of Olive's room, we find a cradle and a wicker baby carriage with a metal rod rising up from the rear to hold a fringed parasol. The vintage is either the 1880s when Mother was born, or at the very latest 1909 or 1911 for Olive or Amy, or both. To climb into the attic, you have to go up a ladder into a hole in the ceiling, and crawl around onto another set of toeholds fastened to the false roof slanting up one side of the great chimney. Up here are the original handhewn beams and handplaned boards of the old house

exactly as nailed with handforged nails in 1770 when the house was built.

Amy explains that that was before the Town of Bennington was incorporated and 21 years before Vermont chose to be admitted into the new United States of America. There are stacks of dust covered books that look interesting, but we don't spend any time examining them. It looks as though people have been carrying up keepsakes from the time the first inhabitants moved in.

Early on in my visits to what is now "Home," I became infatuated with the great horseshoe shaped barn with horseshed and haybarn and milkshed, built downwind on the northeast slope to shield the house from Shirkshires (the northeasters that tear up the valley to shake the farmhouse buttressed in this efficient way by the first settlers).

Now I realize for the first time completely how wonderful the main house is. The old part is three stories plus attic if you count the basement, with windows opening on the east, where, when the Staffords moved in in 1865, the old folks, Job and Chloe had a kitchen and living space and bedroom down cellar while Joe Stafford, who had been mustered out as a Sergeant from Montpelier and his new wife Olive Barber had the upstairs. They had one daughter Laura, named for Laura Park of the Park/McCulloughs in North Bennington, where Olive Barber Stafford and two sisters had done housework. Laura Stafford was an only child, and in 1911, when she and Walter had their second daughter Amy, Grampa Joe declare that if the family were going to increase that fast, they needed a bigger house. So Laura and Walter had the kitchen ell knocked down, and rollers put under the tenant house across the road and rolled it across the west lawn to be attached to the original salt cellar. On the ground floor, the addition provided the present kitchen and back kitchen and woodshed, and, opening from the kitchen, a bedroom, now occupied by Walter and Laura, and upstairs on the west side Amy's bedroom under the eaves, and, across the hall two small rooms, one rented to the resident schoolteacher for the Bushnell eight-grade Rural School, and another for a hired man. This was where Everett Lillie roomed before he was drafted into World War One and was trained as an engineer. Soon after he was mustered out, he married Margaret Thompson, whose mother had been a Barber, sister to Olive Stafford. It became natural for Henry Thompson and Joe Stafford to combine forces for threshing, haying, woodcutting, and sugaring.

They had a private road cutting from the Thompson place a half dozen rods in west from South Stream Road, and winding through the woods by the sap house. Over this narrow road under ancient maples, they drew threshing machines, ploughs, horserakes, haywagons, and the heavy horsedrawn barrel used for gathering sap. When Henry and Joe got old and died, it was natural for Walter to count on Everett for his mainstay skilled mechanic. Unfortunately, Henry was so hard on his oldest son that he took to booze as a young man and never amounted to much. The second son was babied by his mother and became a sissy school teacher, who went to Castleton Normal School and never married or had anything to do with farming. He was a great favorite of his Aunt Ethel Bratton, who was Head of the Ethical Culture School in New York."

Amy confided in me that Everett was a great favorite with Olive.

"I liked him too. He was like a big brother. One time right after I announced my engagement, he took me for a ride, and reached down and drew up my skirt and remarked, 'You've got a nice leg.' He didn't attempt to go further, but I have an idea he and Olive may have. She's had a crush on him for a long time, and Margaret makes no bones of showing her jealousy. Everett may be one reason Olive broke off with George Elwell, her high school boyfriend, who was such a milktoast, he would cry when she got out of patience. When she finally dropped him, he married his cousin within a few months."

-o-

After about five months, Amy got over the worst of her morning sickness. We were careful not to risk hurting the baby, but she was awfully good to me and would ask if I wanted something and would take me off by hand, while I found she liked to be rubbed with my finger till we could go off at the same time.

She showed me how I could feel the baby moving in her belly. Sometimes I would feel a jump of a response to my stroking.

Amy never missed a day from teaching at Bliss Business College, but we did stop attending most faculty parties. The main trouble was Virginia Powell, who continued to try to be helpful by offering all kinds of attention. Amy got quite sharp tongued with her, but Virginia would continue to come back, not taking the hint to just leave Amy alone.

-o-

I continued practising the Pathetique till finally one day I met Mr. Krafts on campus and remarked that I was ready if he wanted to schedule me for daily chapel. I was really quite brash about it and should have known the piece was beyond my ability, but I loved to rattle if off. I spent hours every afternoon when alone in the apartment, and if I was lucky could manage to get pretty much through the first movement without making too many mistakes. I thought if I put my mind to it, and concentrated like grim death, I might make a go of it all the way through, but I'd be lucky if I did. I should have known it was beyond me.

The morning before I was to perform, I managed to get into the chapel and found the grand piano on the platform as if put there on purpose. I was whanging away at the great chords at the beginning, when a senior, Grant Woodford, who was our regular organist, came down the aisle, and stopped me:

"You're thumping the pedal. I could hear you outside. Take it easy. please. We have just had it tuned for Wilhelm Heine, who will be here tomorrow to give workshops the rest of the week. Move over."

He pushed me off the stool, and sat down and tried a few bars.

"You haven't done any damage. But please take it easy."

He turned and walked back down the aisle and out of the chapel. I was crushed. I realized how unready I was to play the Pathetique, way beyond my range. And here I was unknowingly scheduled to perform it when we would have a visiting celebrity. Although I had never heard of Wilhelm Heine, I was instantly sure he must be celebrated.

After the heavy doors clanged behind Grant, I sat there on the bench frozen with panic. How could I have been so foolish?

For ten minutes at least, it seemed, I just sat there not daring touch the keys. I was sure I was an ignoramus, who didn't have the slightest idea how to use the pedal. Finally I started again at the beginning and struck the great opening bars without using the pedal. I hadn't quite reached the forte glissando when I heard the front door open and voices coming down the aisle.

So rattled I was barely hanging onto my control over the long two-and-a-half octave glissando-slide at high speed when I floundered completely and concluded with a B-flat.

A roar of fury and rushing footsteps combined to freeze me on the bench.

"B-natural! B-natural! B-natural!"

The intruders were Professor Bushman, chair of our Visitor Program and, there was no question about it, the bull-voiced correction must have burst from the lungs of the celebrated Wilhelm Heine. I sat there galvanized, all the blood from my body drained out through the bottoms of my feet. I could feel myself a pale ghost hardly able to maintain balance. The furious impresario was standing over me. Gus Bushman fortunately took command, saying as if I had just performed the most remarkable feat of musicianship,

"Herr Heine, I would like to introduce you to Professor Lyle Glazier of the English department, who will be playing for us in chapel tomorrow."

I staggered to my feet, gathered my music, and managed a desperate disengagement:

"I'm delighted to meet you, Herr Heine. We are all looking forward with pleasure to your visit."

I hurried off the platform and down the aisle and out into the April sunshine not knowing how I could possibly maneuver the feat of traversing the crosswalk to the top of College Street and along the sidewalk home.

When Amy came home at four o'clock, I was still so demoralized I could hardly speak.

"What happened?"

"I can't possibly play in chapel tomorrow. I wouldn't be able to get through the first page."

"You played it all the way through last night with hardly any mistakes."

"Well. I hadn't known we were going to have a visiting pianist. He and Gus Bushman came into the chapel where I was practising, and I made a damned fool of myself."

"What did you do?"

"I was in the middle of that glissando at the beginning and I heard the door open and somebody coming down the aisle and I jumped the trolley and played a B'flat instead of the B'natural."

"Well, I'm sure you won't do it tomorrow."

"You're damned right, I won't do it tomorrow. I'm not going to be playing tomorrow."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I feel like committing suicide. I can't possibly face that man again. In front of the whole student

body! I'm going to call Professor Krafts and tell him I can't play."

"I thought you were doing very well. There were one or two scratchy places, but...

"One or two scratchy places! The whole thing is rotten. I can't even begin to play it!"

"There must be some way around it."

"I think Old Krafts set me up to play in front of that martinet."

"Why would he do that?"

"I asked for it. It's my own fault. Why didn't I keep my mouth shut, and not, like a fool, tell Krafts I was ready to play?"

"You'll feel better after supper."

"I don't want supper."

She led me into the bedroom, pulled the shade and had me lie down. She covered me with a wool comforter, and went out and I could hear her in the kitchen. I lay there trying to collect myself. I couldn't call Professor Krafts. Perhaps I could play the slow movement, the Adagio cantabile. Would it be enough if I played only that?

I pushed off the blanket and went to the door and called, "Can we have milk toast for supper? Two slices of toast."

I went to the piano and played through the slow movement without making a mistake.

'I will just start telling myself, "I'm not going to get nervous."' I can do it if I hold myself in by main strength. It will be all over in a few minutes. Trouble is, that movement isn't really enough. Suppose I play the slow movement of the Moonlight Sonata?

I yelled to Amy, "I'm going to play Moonlight Sonata!"

I began right away saying, "I'm not going to be nervous."

I put everything else out of my mind.

During supper, Amy left me alone. Afterward I went to the piano and played both pieces.

"I can do it! I can do it!" I'm saying under my breath between the two pieces, and after finishing the two of them. "I'm not going to be nervous."

Now that I've played both of them perfectly, I won't play them over and over. I'm just going to wake up tomorrow and go to chapel and I'm not going to sit here at the piano and get all worked up playing the pieces over and over. I'm just not going to get hot and bothered. I'm not going to be nervous, and that is

that.

Chapel comes at eleven-thirty. I walk over with Amy and find her a seat in the gallery. Then I go around to the entrance to the chancel, and am there just on the nick of time.

After opening prayer, and a hymn, President Gray introduces me, and I have a small speech ready:

"We are very lucky to have on campus a distinguished musician, Mr. Wilhelm Heine. As you all know, he will hold workshops the rest of this week. I don't need to tell you I am far from a professional musician. I would like to ask you to imagine you have come in to our apartment and I have sat down at the piano and am playing for you. I ask for your cooperation. I'm going to play the cantabile movement of Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique and the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata. When I finish a movement, please don't applaud. Just imagine you have dropped in for a visit, and I've played for you, and then after I finish, you say goodbye and go on your way."

By main strength I am cool as an oyster. I play the Adagio Cantabile without a hitch. When I play the Moonlight Sonata, I'm hearing the great master Paderewski as he played the unbroken rhythm as seamless as the flowing of the prairie in the midwest beyond Chicago. I am carried along by his tempo to the very last note without a pause without a falter in the pace. I strike the last chords with no ritardando. I'm not thinking about anything but holding onto that rhythm. I cling to the last chord just a second and let it go. When I finish and sit there in silence, there is a bellow from the front row:

"Bravo! Bravo!"

It's a voice that I'll never forget. Herr Heine is standing up and clapping like two barn doors banged together, and the first four or five rows begin to clap. The rest of the student body respect my instructions not to.

I collect my music and make my way out of the side door, and wait for Amy on the crosswalk to College Street. She is ecstatic, and recites to me how it looked from the gallery when the little German in the front row, jumped up and started shouting and applauding and the first rows joined in.

"It was strange to look down there and see all those rows of students sitting on their hands, while the first rows were applauding like mad!"

I don't remember the rest of the day, which passes

as one great calm. After supper the phone rings. Amy answers and calls back, "It's Eddy Wright."

"Lyle, we are about to sit down to dinner with Herr Heine, and he insists that I get in touch with you and invite you to join us. Please come over. We all want to congratulate you."

"Thanks, Eddy. I appreciate it, but Amy and I have already had dinner, and please tell everybody how grateful I am for the invitation. And please tell Herr Heine how much I appreciated his applause."

-o-

...no place for a father at the birthing. A long labor. I was in Amy's hospital room beside her bed, trying to help.

"If you'd just lie here on the bed beside me and cradle me I think I might drop off to sleep."

I take off shoes and raised myself onto her bed, the narrow edge of it, her head on my shoulder, the large-bosomed nurse suddenly at the door.

"Get off that bed...get out of my room. I don't want to see your face in this neighborhood till after the baby is born! Git!" Amy too gone to defend me, I slunk downwith the mission furniture and other about-to-be fathers. Sometime after midnight a sweet voice:

"Come with me, Mr. Glazier, you can see your wife going to delivery."

In the corridor her bed on wheels in transit where she is howling.

At 3:30, a face at the reception room door: "You have
a lovely six-and-a-half pound daughter. Amy asked for you."

"Can I see her?"

"Not yet. Better go home. Come for afternoon visiting."

On hospital steps breathing thick stink from
Androscoggin. Daybreak pale light in the east; a faint coolness, stuck in my larynx a bubble.

2 o'clock afternoon feeding Amy and day nurse deep in formulas

7:30 visiting hour: "Why don't you go to a movie?"

Colored bulbs above marquee of Princess Theatre, I joined continuous performance in a balcony aisle seat at the rail, being pushed by a neighbor's knees in my lap, mine in the aisle. Midnight lights up:

"Professor! I wondered who was beside me."

Tall graduate, chum of Eddy Wright, I'd seen him before, but first time I met him.

"Would you have time for coffee?"

"I have just become a father, not tonight, thank you."

In bed later trying to remember his name. Regretting the lost opportunity. Married now, father, wife and baby coming home day after tomorrow. One last evening free. After breakfast, looked him up in Commencement program got his mother on the phone:

"Pumping gas. Mobile Station. Augusta Avenue. I'm sure all right to call him."

A stranger, not the same voice:

"Yes! Oh, Donald! DONALD!"

Another voice: "Yes...Oh, yes, Mr. Glazier, afraid you've got me wrong, I was at the Princess downstairs. Must've been somebody else."

Senior debater, orator, master of ceremonies. My reputation crumbling:

"I invited you to come see my daughter. I've just become a father."

"It wasn't me."

"They're coming home day after tomorrow, you were coming to see the baby."

"Oh, congratulations. Boy or girl?"

"A daughter."

"Well, isn't that sumpin! have to go back to work now. Goodbye."

I was snared...had no idea what his name was, dialed hairdresser school on Lisbon, and asked for Honey. A syrup voice burbling:

"HONEY!" ruckus, rustle:

"Oh! the professor. ...On the river bank, said you were queer."

"I said you might think it queer I brought papers there to correct them."

"You've created quite a sensation in middle of a class!"

"You told me to call"

"Well, what do you have in mind? That was my friend you met on the path, thought you were cute, that pointy beard. Why do you wear it?"

"Can you meet me tonight at 9:30 on the park side across from Dewitt Hotel? Chevrolet coupe."

"If I'm not too tired or tied up."

He was twenty minutes late. I took him to our new home. He handled Amy's clothes in the walk-in closet, in bed wanted to "keep it clean." But I blew him while he tried to push my mouth away.

In bathroom we were washing our cocks in the sink.

His elbow hit window shade, flew to top of the roll, on our ground floor above sidewalk. I pulled him down and crawled up tub up wall and lowered shade inch at a time, keeping from rolling back each time it failed to click till it caught at bottom & I could reach for the light chain...

In bedroom into his clothes...

"You don't have to go yet."

"I have to get back downtown."

He came to bed edge: "If you ever have any symptoms I tell where to go. One of the guys has gonorrhea, his hair falling."

Across from hotel, he looked back in window:

"Goodbye, now... Dr. Vetch...beyond our shop on the left side of the street, if you need him.

Not so fresh as I remembered. In light from streetlamp his hair thinning.

Instantly asleep, at 9:00 dead awake. Foreskin smarting.

At 10:30, a sweet voice in the inner office, from behind the closed door. She gave me a smile fresh as a schoolgirl as she came through the waiting room.

Dr. Vetch threw up his hands: "Last night! how do you expect me to tell? piss in the beaker."

Paddled with a dabstick, scribbled:

"Now listen, take this prescription downstairs. Nowhere else, got it? He'll give you some pills. Take as directed."

Behind the flyblown window on the ground floor, he didn't look at me. I thought I was probably being swindled by the doctor and the pharmacist, so to get the best of them took the prescription to the main drugstore at the corner of Lisbon and Augusta Avenue and had it filled by the chief druggist, who gave me a cold stare as he handed over the package. In the car, I swallowed a pill with spit on the way to the hospital, cured. And spent afternoon sweeping and scrubbing our utility room, smoothed sheets on crib, readied talcum and Castile soap Amy ordered. Whistling. Foreskin already smooth. Redness gone. Not even thinking of closing off that incident, so unimportant to have it gone.

WICKED THREE.04WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer 1940 Chapter Four
new apartment in Lewiston -o-

Amy names the baby "Laura' for her mother and "Mary" which could be for Gramma Briggs or any number of friends, like for example Mary Priscilla Howes. Our new apartment farther down on College Street, at the southwest corner of a side street leading to Main, is on the ground floor and much larger than the one above the Brainerds. There's a small foyer from where our front door opens to the left. Straight ahead a staircase leads to a second floor flat matching ours and on up to an attic apartment with dormer windows on both the north and south exposures. These upstairs apartments also have an outside fire escape into the southwest parking lot, where there's room for our Chevrolet coupe and two other cars.

A young couple with two small children live on the third floor. On the second lives a single woman with a five-year old daughter and a milkman boyfriend who comes in to sleep after finishing his route. It takes a few days for us to realize this arrangement, but we notice immediately the boyfriend's car parked next to ours in early afternoon while the woman is still at work. During morning hours the little girl is alone.

We have what seems to us to be a spacious livingroom in which our meagre furnishings seem scant. With great spaces between them are a couch and two lounge chairs and a coffee table in front of the couch, and against the wall a standup, 18-by-44-inch table with one drawer. The couch and lounge chairs have seat- and back-cushions of a fine fabric and maple arms flaring toward the front to make excellent serving spaces. They are beautifully finished in a special varnish patented by the Old Stone House showroom of the Cushman Furniture

WICKED THREE.03

glazier

Shop in North Bennington from where they came. All are marked second class. We also have four straight chairs in the simple but graceful style of that factory. "Second class" means that each piece has some small but undetectable flaw. We think they will last a lifetime and hope to add to them a diningroom set and bedroom sets of beds, bureaus and chiffonniers.

For the moment we have supplied our other needs with antiques that were stored at the farm -- a couple of cane-seated rockers and a Lincoln rocker for the livingroom, for the bedroom a simple but handsome four poster cordbed with an ancient but durable set of springs and an equally ancient box mattress. Also a bureau from the set in Olive's bedroom, and we soon have a small but handsome chest of drawers given to Laura from Mrs. Young, the mother of Mrs. Vosmus. For dining we are using a once-handsome dropleaf maple table that for years was at the foot of the basement stairs at the farm and used for the ice cream freezer. Salt has rotted the finish of the top, but even so, in spite of a blackened spot, it is still a sturdy and handsome table when refinished and covered with a cloth or doilies. On the wall are framed photographs of Middlebury Chapel, a Rockwell Kent and two other prints that I bought when teaching at Mount Hermon.

There's a backroom woodshed with a small woodpile left by the last tenant, and a metal storage tank for gasoline for our heater, connected to baseboard vents in all the rooms. Through-out the apartment, what caught our eye immediately were maple floors newly finished. Afternoon sun coming in south windows gave a lightness to kitchen, diningroom and livingroom.

In a goodsized workroom off our kitchen on the north side, looking toward the side street are the crib and playpen and rubberized tub and folding table and potty-chair for Laura.

Besides our bedroom, there is a spare room furnished only with a commode and folding cot and a spoolbed (single) brought from Bennington.

Our bathroom is between the two bedrooms; all three rooms as well as Laura's room and the woodshed have windows looking to the north above the sidewalk and street.

-o-

We quickly have a routine for Laura, sharing the duty of night bottle feeding. I like holding the baby and lifting her against my shoulder, patting her back for burps to escape. I also help with bathing her, and

soon get used to all kinds of supplies Amy was introduced to at the hospital, including small dabs of cotton batting to clean her genitals and baby oil to keep her from getting red and raw; and plenty of talcum powder and castile soap for her wispy blonde hair, and swabs for her ears. It's all new for Amy, but I had so much practice baby sitting for Aunt Helen's children that I feel like an old hand.

We hardly have time to get settled than "Mother" writes she is coming for a visit. It would be easier if we could put her off, but as usual I'm surprised that, in spite of past friction, the women in Amy's family seem to adjust to each other in new circumstances. Mother arrives by bus, and moves into the spare room with the spool bed, which she immediately finds so uncomfortable she talks about buying us a couch that will open into a bed. When, on the third morning, she comes down with rashes from hives, which she lays to the discomfort of sleeping on the cot, we go downtown where she buys a large overstuffed daybed that flops open with a twist and bends back into a v-shaped ungainly monstrosity, that another twist straightens into a bed with a hollow in the middle from back to front and a puffed-up overstuffed half/mattress at each end. Mother claims it is comfortable, and no longer complains about hives.

We get out the oldfashioned wicker baby carriage with its fringed parasol and Mother wheels Laura up the street to the stares of neighbors. The large-bosomed, handsomely dressed woman with her front sloping up from the waist, and her flower-trimmed summer straw, looks like a photo from a 1908 Sears Roebuck Catalogue.

-o-

A couple weeks after Mother has gone back to Bennington, I'm outside in the backyard emptying rubbish when the wife on the third floor yells down, "That little girl has set fire to the house!"

I look up and can see smoke pouring from the third floor. I hurry in the back door and tell Amy and run through to the front hall and upstairs, where the door into the second-floor apartment is open and I run into the smoke-filled room. A bedraggled child in a dark dress is standing in front of the open door of a round-bellied stove and pulling out smoldering newspapers into a rush basket. I grab the basket with one hand and the child by the other and lead her downstairs and outdoors and deliver her to a young woman who comes forward from the crowd on the sidewalk as if she knows who the child

is. I run back to open our door and yell to Amy to call the fire department.

"I already have!"

I carry the basket around to the back yard where I empty it in the open ground of the parking space, then run back in and upstairs and discover a few more half-burned newspapers doing no harm in the firebox so I slam the door and run through the smoke-filled kitchen into the storage room at the rear. Another basket full of smoking debris is standing beside the gasoline tank. I grab the basket and carry it into the kitchen where I put it into the sink and turn on the cold water tap, and douse the smoldering papers. The room is immediately so thick with smoke, I can hardly breathe. Choking, I feel my way to a window looking down onto the street just as a firetruck roars to a stop, and the crew pile out and stare up at me as I push up the bottom sash and yell down,

"The smoke is coming from the storeroom in the back!"

In a couple of minutes, I can hear shouts on the backstairs and feet clumping up then, the crash of a hatchet attacking the door entering into the storage room.

I feel my way back through the smoky livingroom to the front of the house, and back downstairs to our smoke-free apartment.

Amy is rocking the baby. Looking out the nursery window, I can see the firechief across the street talking to the young woman holding the hand of the little girl from upstairs sucking her thumb, saying nothing.

The milkman arrives, grabs the child by the hand and yanks her to the front door where they are preparing to go in talking excitedly when the firechief calls them back.

Later I hear a fireman nailing a board across the upstairs back door, and the voice of the firechief up on the third floor talking to the woman up there.

Amy is saying, "I don't think much of this house we have moved into."

"I'm thinking the same thing. It's wrong for that woman to leave her little girl alone like that. She got cold and started a fire with loose newspapers, then got scared and started pulling the papers out and was carrying them into the storage room. She put the first basketful almost under the dripping tap of their gasoline storage tank."

The firechief never gets to me to hear my story, but the third floor housewife has become our friend.

"I have been trying to get my husband to move us out of here. That woman goes out every morning at seven, and the little girl is alone till the boyfriend comes around eleven or twelve o'clock."

"I don't suppose she can afford to hire a baby sitter."

"It's not right. They aren't married. Before he came, the little girl used to be there all day alone."

-o-

The middle of August we are out for a walk with the baby carriage and notice across the street from the Brainerds where we used to live, that the second floor is being renovated. There's a sign on the lawn, "Apartment for Rent."

We push the carriage around to the back door, and knock and a gray-haired man in suspenders comes to the door, looking us over quizzically.

"That's some baby carriage you have there."

"I'm a teacher at the College, and this is my wife. We saw your sign. Is the apartment still vacant?"

"Would you like to look at it? I'm retired and after our children grew up, my wife and I no longer need so much room. Would you like to take a look?"

"How soon will it be ready?"

"Come up and see for yourselves."

We go around to the front, where he unlocks the door while I lift Laura out of the carriage, and carry her and we follow into a front hall and through a new door to a staircase leading upstairs.

"It's span new. This small room would be large enough for the baby, or you might want to put her with you in the bedroom at the top of the back stairs. As you can see the livingroom is good sized, and this is the kitchen both on the south side, where both rooms get the sun. All new appliances. Mrs. Hoy says it's so nice, we ought to move upstairs and rent the downstairs. A goodsized bedroom as you see, on the north side, where the back stairs go down to our back entryway and back door. The flat roof out here is over our kitchen. We put a fold-up clothesline in the middle of it, fastened down good and tight so the wind won't blow it away. You wouldn't have a separate utility room, but we put in a washer next to the kitchen sink. Just right for a small family, but it wouldn't do if you had more than one child."

He takes us down to meet Mrs. Hoy, "Mother, this is

Mr. and Mrs. Glazier from the College. They are looking at our apartment."

"Where are you now?"

"In the three decker house down at the end of the block on the far side of the sidestreet on the other side of the street. You may have read about the fire last week. We would like to get settled somewhere else before snow flies."

"Well, I should think so. This is a real good rent. We're trying to get used to idea of renting upstairs. We don't need the rent, but our house is too big for us. I think if I was just starting in housekeeping, I'd think I could do worse."

"Last year we lived across the street upstairs with the Olivers."

"Oh, I thought you looked familiar. Outgrew the apartment, didn't you? We could give you a real good rent."

WICKED THREE.05WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Fall, 1940 Chapter Five
New Apartment, the Hoys -o-

We take the upstairs apartment over the Hoys. It's considerably smaller than the other, but, even so, larger than the shared one we had last year over the Brainerds.

It's strange how, living across the street from them, we never see Fred and Helena. That woman who last year was such a thorn in Amy's flesh, though still living a stone's throw from us, has suddenly disappeared

as utterly as though she had gone to live on Mars.

Our furniture fits into the new place much better than in the roomier apartment down the street. Now we have more than we can fit in. We put the folding daybed in the small room at the top of the front stairs, and the rollaway cot and the spoolbed and some of the chairs down in basement storage, and put the crib into our bedroom at the top of the back stairs. A week after we have moved in, when we go in to give Laura her night feeding, we find a flat brownish bug on her forehead.

Although I never have seen one, I say immediately, "Bedbug." We stare at each other ashamed. Without saying so, we feel disgraced.

Amy says, "It certainly didn't come from this brand new apartment. We must have brought it with us."

"Maybe this accounts for Mother's hives."

On the wall above the bed, and in the fine cracks of our four poster where the sideboards fit onto the headpiece, there are more of these small, obscene creatures darting for cover away from the light.

It's Friday night and the main drugstore will still be open. I jump in the car and drive downtown to the corner of Main and Lisbon and buy a bar of Fels Naptha soap, and hurry back and we set to work scouring the woodwork around the crib and our bed. We use fingernail files to crush the little buggers wherever we find them scooting out of sight. We make a thorough job of it, and don't get to bed until after midnight.

When we go in to give Laura her night bottle, there's another bug on her forehead. I knock it on the floor and stomp on it. It's swollen with blood.

Saturday morning early we hear the Hoys' car back out of the driveway. We're glad to have them gone. We're so ashamed of ourselves.

Amy says, "You'll have to go back to the drugstore and ask their advice."

"I went yesterday."

"If you're so fainthearted, I'll go."

In a half hour she's back with a fat sulphur candle.

"I told him, 'We found a bug and think we may have picked up a bedbug moving from place to place.' He advised me to try a sulphur candle. You put it on the floor in a kettle. You can put some padding under the kettle so it won't scorch the floor. He said be sure the cracks in the doors and windows are packed tight. Light the wick, and close the door. It will burn itself out. Leave the room closed for three or four hours or

more. If it doesn't work the first time, we can go back and try three or four at a time. He guarantees it will do the trick. We'll have to let Laura have her afternoon nap in the playroom at the top of the front stairs."

First we give Laura her morning bath, then move her to the front room in the playpen, leaving the crib in our bedroom. We pack the window with old rags, and after closing the door, stuff rags in the cracks, and let it stand and stew all morning.

After lunch, I put a wet rag over my mouth and nose, and feel my way through the dense air of the bedroom and open the window top and bottom, and hurry back out, trying to breathe as little as possible. Two or three hours later when the air has freshened, we go in and find dead bedbugs all over the place in the crevices of our bed and the crib and even on the wall up as high as the ceiling. It's unbelievable how many dead bugs there are. We scrape them off the walls and sweep them off the floor. We find a live one.

Amy doesn't want to go back to the drugstore, so I simply drive down there and ask for four sulphur candles. The clerk looks at me with amazement, but I say nothing.

We wonder if the Hoys smelled the sulphur when they got home, but if they did they didn't say anything. Sunday morning around ten o'clock as if accommodating us, they drive away again. As soon as we see their taillight vanish down the street, we get to work making sure the room is air tight and this time we place all four candles in the center of the big canning kettle, and light all four wicks, and hurry out and pack the door joints. Around four o'clock, I creep in and stumble through the gloom and stink to the window, and push up the bottom sash, stick my head out and catch my breath, then climb on a chair and push the top sash down. I catch another lungful of fresh outdoor air, and climb down and grope my way back to the door, and escape.

Around five o'clock the Hoys are back, and we can hear them downstairs. We don't carry Laura back to her crib till midnight when the room is well aired. We don't find hide nor hair of a live bedbug, and only a few dried-out carcasses.

-o-

With late morning and afternoon classes spread over the week, this year Amy is teaching all courses except the Business curriculum. In all she has 7 different

preparations a week. She teaches Composition, Creative Writing, American Literature, Psychology, Educational Psychology, European History, and Economics. These are their minor courses, required especially for anybody choosing to go into Public School Teaching. Many are also required as Liberal Arts electives to provide a broader base for an ordinary Business major going into administration or accounting.

Amy says she doesn't know about the students, but she is getting a liberal education. The students like her but she herself has some trouble with Economics, which she and I puzzle over together and have real trouble with the Law that says that if you have a dozen varieties of some commodity ranging in price on a dozen price ranges, the highest priced is worth only as much as the lowest priced. That is beyond both of us to comprehend. But after that class, she came home to say that some of the students -- after failing with the teacher who has just resigned -- said that for the first time they understood this law. We think that Amy worked so hard to comprehend it that her explanation must have seemed more reasonable to them than to us.

-o-

We have lost Junior.

We are frantic.

At Mr. Hoy's suggestion we call the police to see if they have a list of cat-nappers, but nothing doing. They have kidnappers and dognappers but haven't extended their files to include people who steal cats. I report the loss in all my classes just in case some student thought Junior so cute he might have been taken into one of the dormitories. After two days the report comes in that no friendly and intelligent cat has turned up in the freshman dorm, the upper class dorm or the Women's dorm. We have been ringing doorbells up and down the street, even having the nerve to cross the street to question Helena Brainerd and to ask the new tenants upstairs. Nothing turns up. We become paranoid about anybody who would steal a cat to sell to a medical laboratory.

He's been gone now a weekend and four days, and all our free hours are spent searching. In fact, I have gone to the riverside to call "Junior! Junior! Come, kitty!" up and down the paths and into the pine woods. Even Laura has begun to look for him under her crib and in the corners of the little room at the top of the stairs, where she spends afternoon hours in her playpen. We have lost a member of the family. It's no

consolation that we have framed pictures of him taken last year in the flat across the street, one showing him intent on a paw reaching into a nutcracker bowl to extract a hazelnut, and the other a handsome shot of him looking directly into the camera, with tail draped gracefully behind against the frame of the front hall window where Amy attracted his attention from looking down onto the sidewalk watching for me to come home.

-o-

Junie is home! Smelling of machine oil. Apparently he poked into the garage of somebody who uses the car once a week.

We went downtown to buy salmon, but before he would touch it, he had to jump in our laps again and purr his gratitude for finding a way to come home.

-o-

We've hired Mrs. Vosmus to come sit with Laura afternoons when I go to class, and to cook what Amy has scheduled for our dinner and have it waiting on back of the stove when Amy comes home. Amy doesn't leave till eleven o'clock so I'm home for lunch and can care for Laura until time for an afternoon class, or on free days after Mrs. Vosmus comes, I have time for the library or even sometimes I can take a batch of papers to correct on the bank of the river.

It's an altogether new feeling to come back down the street knowing my family will be waiting upstairs for me.

But this morning I'm alarmed to hear Laura screaming as I approach the downstairs front entrance on the way back from my American Literature. I fumble with the key in the lock, drop the key, pick it up and, jabbing it into the keyhole, manage to get it right, and slam the door and run upstairs.

I can't believe it. Amy is so intent on what she is doing that she hasn't heard me. She's sitting in the caned rocker with Laura bare from the waist lying across her lap and yelling her lungs out, while Amy is bringing her hand down fast and furious, spanking so hard the bottom is red and raw.

Without a thought, I grab the baby, put her into the playpen, her howls accelerating, and grab Amy and push down her pants, and pull her over my knees to the rocking chair. I give her a half dozen hard spanks, before I collect myself enough to listen to her sputters:

"After I changed her, she filled her pants again just to spite me! She hates me!"

"Amy, I'll never spank you again, but don't you ever let me catch you spanking Laura like that again!"

I'm breathing hard. I'm not so much ashamed of myself as surprised out of my wits, not only at what Amy has done but how I responded.

Amy gets herself together by pulling up her pants, pushing down her dress. and snatching her briefcase. She walks deliberately downstairs and out not saying another word and not slamming the door.

Laura has stopped bawling and is watching as I clear the playpen of one dirty diaper cramjam with baby shit, and beside it another one also soiled. I carry both of them into the bathroom, and clean them out in the toilet bowl and toss them into the diaper hamper. Then I go back and wash Laura's bottom, rub on some sweetsmelling baby oil, pin on a clean diaper, and carry her into the bedroom, and tuck her into her crib for her afternoon nap.

My mind is whirling. What happened has gone beyond anything I ever dreamed of. It's the first time I've faced violence in my family. I didn't know either Amy or I was capable of it. What does it mean? Do I have to save the baby from Amy? If I get a divorce, am I doing it only for Laura because I can't ever trust her mother again, or does it, perhaps, mean I'm secretly glad to have an excuse to claim my freedom?

Before Mrs. Vosmus comes in at twelve-thirty I tiptoe in to look at the baby, and find her asleep. I walk to the riverbank and sit on the promontory looking out at the water. In good time I'm back home before Mrs. Vosmus leaves after cooking liver and bacon in the frypan, and covering it over a low burner, and turning off the oven where she has baked potatoes.

When Amy comes in, I've finished giving Laura her bottle, and changed the diapers that always are wet in reaction to the warm milk.

We're silent through dinner, then Amy washes and I dry the dishes and put them away. We listen to Lowell Thomas and the evening news. In good time, we go to bed beside the crib where Laura is peacefully sleeping. I pull Amy toward me, and she relaxes. I'm not sure of my feelings. It crosses my mind that I know I will stay with my family, but it will be different. If I will work hard to keep the family together, does that mean I don't need to feel so guilty about going my own way? This is not something I really think about so much as let it in to nick at a corner of my consciousness.

-o-

Earl McGee has been taking lessons with Agnes Lockwood. I met him on a crosswalk, and we walked together to Mrs. Chase's, where he is now rooming. He invited me to come in to hear him play a Bach Prelude, which he played simply and musically but had an explanation for his skill.

"This is not really me playing. I'm doing exactly what Agnes told me to do. She's a great teacher. I will never be a pianist, but I wanted to see if she could show me how to play a few Bach preludes and inventions. So I simply follow her example. She plays for me and I imitate her. This is the only piece I can play, but I'm going back Tuesday to start another."

He seemed not in the least nervous, as I would have been playing in front of somebody the first piano piece I ever practiced.

What he really had me come in for was to tell me Miss Lockwood sent me a message.

"She's very anxious to have you come in to play for her. She has heard enough to think you have the making of a fine pianist, and she thinks she can show you how to become one. She asked me to find out if you can come to her house to see her next Wednesday at four o'clock. I'm to find out and give her a ring if you can."

I'm somewhat amused at his earnestness. At my age I have never given a thought to becoming a serious pianist. In the first place, I'm too interested in writing poetry, and in the second, I have never thought for a minute I could get anywhere as a musician. You have to start as a child, and I was fourteen when I had my first lesson. And except for a couple of years with Marian Webster beginning when I was already fourteen years old, I never had any systematic teaching for any length of time -- a few lessons one summer with Mabel Lincoln when I was working in the Millers Falls Tool Shop, and those off-and-on lessons with Professor Hathaway at Middlebury. Just the same, the idea intrigues me, and for the moment I can forget all my misgivings and toy with the idea that miraculously with Agnes Lockwood, I will be able to take a quantum leap into achieving the proficiency I have secretly dreamed of.

-o-

I have never been a great admirer of Eddie Wright, but this morning I'm really sorry for him. Hearing he would perform in morning chapel, I went to hear him. It was a case of overpreparation. He gave a speech on "Making the World Safe for Democracy." It was obvious

he had no interest in his subject except to mark it off into introduction, oration, and peroration. He had worked out every gesture, every eyecatching step forward, or disengaging step backward, every ingenious flinging of the right arm up and out, or the left arm back and down. It was clear that all this was to have been meant to seem spontaneous, but the machinery was all so studied that attention was drawn away from any argument he might have developed. It was all fanfare and no substance.

Afterward I was walking back toward Hathorne Hall for my Six Poets class, when I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard the rumble of President Gray's "Harrumph, young man, I'm happy to see you coming from chapel. I have been thinking of you. I am nearly at the end of Ernest Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls, and I do find it an extraordinary book. And the vocabulary is I would say refreshingly -- how shall I say it? -- -- -- ?"

"Would you say 'organic'"?

"Harrumph! organic...do you mean appropriate for the subject, yes, I would say so, do you think so?"

"You don't find it the least evasive?"

"How's that...?"

"I was thinking about that bit about 'I obscenity in the milk of thy grandmother...'"

"Harrumph! Well, yes, I would say, would you say that is the publisher?"

"Do you think Hemingway is protesting against censorship?"

"You might say so, but do you have any doubt what he is saying?"

"Not in the least. In a way the evasion could be said to be a way of protesting in italics."

"Harrumph! Just so, yes, in a way, yes. Well, young man, I see you are turning in here. ...A remarkable book."

-o-

Agnes Lockwood lives in a great Victorian house on a hilltop on the east side of Lewiston. She has two Steinway baby grands in her huge livingroom.

"I'm so glad you came. I have great ambitions for you. Professor McGee and Lou Quimby tell me you're a prodigy. You sit over here and play something for me."

I play Paderewski's Minuet a L'Antique with fingers poised high above the keys for the swift passages.

"Whoever told you to play like that?"

"My teacher Professor Hathaway at Middlebury."

"He hath a way I do not admire. I want you to lower your wrists and bring the tones out of the depth of the piano."

She sets me to work on the Bach Prelude she taught Earl McGee and I catch on at once to the difference. She assigns a couple of other Preludes and Inventions. I go home and practice them holding my wrists down and bringing out the melody as I never have done before. It's as if I'm learning to play all over again. She has already told me she won't take any pay from me. I'm glad of that because Amy thinks we can't afford for me to take lessons.

-o-

I'm going great guns with Agnes. She puts me to work on Mozart's Fantasia that I never heard of -- from his Fantasia and Sonata. I work on the Fantasia for three weeks, loving the great broken chords that grow on me, fairly breaking my heart even as I ride triumphantly above them. At the third lesson she has a surprise for me.

"You wait a minute while I get the second piano accompaniment composed by Grieg. My friend Charles Estes, who used to be my pupil has gone to live in New York but he comes every November, and he and I play it together. When he comes this year, I'll invite you and Professor McGee. Professor Bushman has been coming to hear us for years."

We go at it hammer and tongs. I'm so excited I can hardly sit on the bench.

"Mozart is just right for you. Next week I want you to work on his Allegro from the Quartet in F Major." She is so excited the excitement is contagious. We share it together.

-o-

I have dropped out of the choir at the Baptist Church. Amy is less interested in church than I am, and we have stopped going altogether.

Agnes learns that I sing baritone and persuades me to start rehearsing with her choir for their Christmas program because her chief bass singer has been hospitalized with a strange disorder that has twisted one side of his face. His doctor has a cure for it, but the sick man won't be on hand for Christmas.

There's a young bachelor baritone singing next to me, and one Sunday between our rehearsal and the service, he invites me over to his room. He's so willowy I'm sure he's homosexual but there's too little

time to find out for sure.

When Chuck Estes comes from New York for his yearly weekend with Agnes, she invites a few friends in to hear the two of them play the Mozart/Grieg Fantasia. She includes me.

"He's really extraordinary. He doesn't have a piano and every year gets up the Fantasia by playing it over with me two or three times and we perform it in the evening. I want you to hear it. Gus Bushman has come every year for the last five years, and he thinks it's almost a miracle the way Chuck is able to bring back the music. He says every year we play it gets better, and Gus knows music. He thinks you are extraordinary, too. He's one reason I wanted to get hold of you."

Amy decided not to go to the performance, so I walked over rather than driving. The drawing room was full of flowers, and before the recital we were regaled with caviar on toast and tiny glasses of Madeira. For guests, there were only Gus and Earl, me and Rose, Agnes' older sister.

Mr. Estes has his housemate with him. I would like to know the two of them better, but they pay no attention to the little teacher of English. Mr. Estes has his mind on his performance, and, listening to him, I wonder how I could possibly have thought I could play Mozart. He plays like somebody who has grown up playing the piano. He claims, though, to have given it up except for these yearly visits to Lewiston. He's a stockbroker or something like that. It's obvious he makes a lot of money.

After the music and refreshments, Gus invites me to ride back with him and Earl. When we get to the corner of College Street and the triangle where the church stands, I have a sudden impulse to get out of the car. I'm pumped up with music and wine and the feeling I can never manage to play the Fantasia the way Mr. Estes can.

Gus lets me out and it's as if I planned it on purpose. I lift my eyes to the second story window where the young baritone
lives, and, seeing a light, go over and ring the bell. He calls down the stairs to come up, and I find him in pajamas, ready for bed. Without even taking off my overcoat, while he is sprawling on the covers, I lean over and find he is carrying a bone as if waiting for me. I take him. He doesn't even touch me. I'm terribly excited but it's as if I don't need anything for myself.

We've hardly said a word. As soon as he goes off, I pull my clothes together and leave. I hurry home in the cold. Amy has gone to bed but left the light on in the hall and the livingroom. I undress quickly and climb in beside her, and cuddle up to her, and in a minute we are having sex, something I don't try to account for. She was ready for it and I was. In fifteen or twenty minutes, we are in the bathroom, where I'm holding the douche for her, so sleepy I can hardly hold up my head.

-o-

When I go to my next lesson, Agnes and I pick up where we left off. She hurries me on through the two Mozarts, to a Grieg March of the Dwarfs and a famous Schubert Impromptu in B-Flat Major and Scarlatti's Pastorale in a two-piano arrangement we play together and Debussy's The Little Shepherd, and by the end of April she has arranged a whole collection that we put together.

She invites Earl McGee, and Gus Bushman and his wife, and lets me invite Amy and Eleanor McCue and Nellie Mae Lang, and the first thing I know I am reading in the paper a review of my recital written by Agnes with remarks about "Mr, Glazier's delicate pianissimo in Chopin's Posthumous Valse in E-Flat and his masterful control of contrasting motifs in Mozart's Fantasia in C-Minor..."

I grin when I read it because I know the whole recital was engineered by Agnes, and I could no more have skidded my way through it alone than I could have skied the slopes of Tuckerman's Ravine with Mrs. Ireland's grandson.

-o-

I've bought a copy of John Crowe Ransom's The World's Body and find it the book I have been unknowingly searching for. It's deep reading for me. With a mild and courteous rhetoric, this former Rhodes Scholar and teacher at Kenyon College writes with an understated self-deprecation that cannot disguise the fact that everything he writes has a significance far beyond its surface courtly manner. He not only has a grasp of the great poets -- Shakespeare, and Milton and Donne, Wordsworth, Keats and Eliot, but he provides a handle for novices like me to follow his musings. I have the feeling all the time that I am floundering way beyond my depth while at the same time I am being gently pulled into the orbit of this complex and gifted critic.

I begin to understand more thoroughly when I come

to the chapter with the cryptic title "Poetry: a Note in Ontology." The word "Ontology" is wholly beyond my comprehension and remains a bafflement even after I begin to get the drift of the chapter. Ransom moves by easy steps to discuss three kinds of poetry -- the "pure" poetry of a lyric like "Full fathom five thy father lies" -- where the language is without metaphor but packed with specific references. Another of Ransom's terms for it is "Physical Poetry" or a kind of "naturalism," which, in Shakespeare's lyric, unlike Imagism, is firmly metered.

He calls the second kind "Platonic Poetry," an epithet appealing to me because, while it has an aura of solid philosophical authority, at the same time he blasts away certain easy assumptions lying at the base of this "authority." He corroborates my own skepticism, enhanced through two years of teaching Wordsworth in my class in "Six Poets." I admired Wordsworth's "Prefatory Lyrics" and then watched how in "The Prelude" and even more in the late poem "The Excursion" he strayed from his early nearly mystical grasp of the most simple experiences taken from country life and began to sound more like a preacher as if the point of poetry is to lead us to comprehend the Great Idea lying somewhere out there in the Universe -- as if our life here and now is a shadow. I like Ransom's segment on "Platonic Poetry" because it puts me in touch with my own resentment against poets whose chief mission is to persuade us that the world we live in is an illusion, reflecting a reality lying in the mind of "God," However you want to spell it, these absolutists believe that imaginary absolute perfection is the origin from which the imperfect world here below somehow for some reason was projected. It's as if these poets are cursed with such a Calvinistic faith in our need to atone for our sins that to persuade us to adopt the philosophy of atonement becomes the most fruitful occupation of poets and great thinkers.

Ransom's third kind is "Metaphysical Poetry" or the poetry that depends on sudden flashes of insight to lead us from some simple hypothesis to a sudden revelation of a meaning that lies too deep for rational explanation.

I don't comprehend the full impact of Ransom's reflections but I comprehend enough to believe I am at last getting close to the heart of the "poetry matter" which for me is close to the matter of explaining the enigma or soul of human prophecy.

The book is loaded with examples from the poets. I

cannot always grasp the whole implication, but sometimes the revelation is intense, for example in the chapter "The Poet as Woman."

We Maine teachers of poetry are expected to take our Maine poets seriously, and in the late '30s there is a real temptation to believe that Edna St. Vincent Millay is a major poet. This girl who seemed to leap from innocence to experience in a moment of childhood revelation, has been a great disappointment for me. The more I read her, the more I believe she's a falsifier, nearly always pretending to be more profound than she is.

However. I made one exception and reached the conclusion that once in her life Miss Millay did make a leap into the deepest deep of revelation in her perfect gem of a lyric "The Retreat" -- the poem that begins:

Earth does not understand her child
who from the loud, gregarious town
returns depleted and defiled
to the still woods to fling him down

and concludes

who, marked by failure, dulled by grief
has traded in his wife and friend
for this warm ledge, this alder leaf
comfort that does not comprehend

Imagine my astonished approval, when reading "The Poet as Woman" and agreeing with Ransom's mild but devastating assessment of the body of her work, I discovered him -- with utmost gentlemanly politeness -- at the end of the chapter balancing his equation with unqualified approval of this poem. I can hardly believe my eyes, and wish I could have written my own evaluation into an essay and submitted it to <u>The Kenyon Review</u> for Mr. Ransom to read and approve of before he published his book.

To cap my admiration of this book, which increased with familiarity as the year 1940-1941 drew to its close, I was captivated to have from the Bread Loaf Summer School its summer 1941 catalogue announcing that John Crowe Ransom would be on the faculty teaching a course in Seventeenth Century Lyric, and collaborating with Theodore Meyer Greene of the Art History Department at Princeton in a graduate seminar in "The Arts and the Art of Criticism."

I managed to persuade Amy that we could afford to

have me go to Bread Loaf to take these courses if I waited on table for board and room, and if at the same time Amy and Laura could return to Bennington for those six weeks to help at the farm, where her mother was becoming more and more overwhelmed with keeping up with the housework. We both agreed that there was something wrong with her mother, and it was her decision, not mine, that she must go there and take Laura to be with her grandmother. And if that was obvious, there would be nothing for me except farm chores: Bread Loaf seemed the obvious solution.

With Amy's approval I wrote to Harry Owen, still Director of the Summer School, and was accepted. It had been four years since I got my MA in that disappointing anticlimax, when, after two years of high grades, I came away with not a single grade above B. If I could return after four years teaching at Bates, I might be able not only to take two courses with my Mr. Ransom but perhaps demonstrate to Harry I could do much better than I did in the summer of 1937.

-o-

As soon as classes and examinations were over, we bundled up Laura and our summer clothes and drove to Bennington.

I'm glad I'm not spending all summer at the farm. We arrive just in time to hoe corn. I'm a good field hand and get along well enough with Dad and Levi Perrin, the hired hand. I can keep up with either of them. In fact, Dad is glad to have me. He mutters about not being able to count on Levi, who will come out every year asking for work when he wants money to buy liquor. Then when he gets his pay, he's just as liable to go back to the shack where he holes up with his brother he's supporting. If they can get enough to carry them through for a couple of weeks, Levi just as likely won't turn up Monday morning. I think Dad wouldn't mind having me around all summer, except I can see it's awkward for him to have a son-in-law on his hands who's a scholar. He's always kind to me, but what on earth can he do with me? For the short time I will be there, without setting an alarm clock I make a point of getting up in the morning, when I hear him moving downstairs, and dress in overalls and go down to the cowshed under the main barn and bring in the overhead bucket on its trolley and push it to the end of the line by the little window looking down from the horse shed. I take the hoe and pull down manure and cowpiss soaked with hay into the trench running behind the cows the length of the

shed. Then beginning at the west end toward the horse shed, I start filling the bucket with dripping manure that has collected over night. When the bucket is full, I push it along its track behind where Walter is busy stripping cows by hand after using the milking machines. I push the bucket past the calf stalls and outdoors across the narrow alley to the covered manure pit where I pull the chain and tip the load. It's not hard work if you know how to do it, but I'm glad I'm not going to be doing it all summer.

It takes a couple of hours to finish with milking and cleaning the milkshed. This week Dad is glad to have my help because Levi hasn't come back from the weekend. By 7:30 we are through and ready to go to breakfast. Amy is up and helping Mother and getting Laura through breakfast in her highchair. When we come in, she and Mother are chatting about Olive, who is expected about the time I'll be leaving for Bread Loaf. Mother puts a stop to their gossip, otherwise hardly noticing us menfolks except to dish up the bacon and eggs and fried potatoes. Amy leaves Laura and pours coffee, then gets back to Laura, who is splashing both hands into her cereal bowl.

It will be a hot day. The kitchen is already sweltering. With hardly any talk, Dad and I put down our breakfast and then go back to the shed, and get hoes and cross the road to the cornfield and take up where he and Levi left off Saturday afternoon.

BOOK THREE.06WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer 1941 Chapter Six
Bread Loaf Summer School -o-

Driving through East Middlebury and up through the Gorge, and past Ripton, I can scarcely suppress my excitement. When I come out into the open below campus, I'm back home. On my left I pass the ungainly orange yellow bulk of the Inn, then one-story Birch with its verandas, then two-decker Cherry. I park in the shade of trees past three-decker Maple, and carry my luggage three flights to the attic. I am housed with a half dozen graduate students from New York University, and Bill Barrett, who taught freshman English at Middlebury last year. After introductions, the New Yorkers pay no more attention. They are grousing about the primitive accommodations.

Bill says, "You're a Middlebury graduate."

"Class of 1933, and Bread Loaf MA 1937. Glad to be back."

"My first summer here. I'm leaving Middlebury to do graduate work."

"Where?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe at Brown."

"My wife got her MA there in 1936."

"You're at Bates?"

"Probably leaving there at the end of next year."

"Five years is a long time. You wouldn't feel like coming back to Middlebury? It would relieve my mind to know somebody good is taking my place."

"You married and have a family?"

"Thank God, no."

"Amy is more distinguished than I -- class poet, magna cum laude, valedictorian, and Dutton Fellow with a year at the University of London. She's staying at the farm in Bennington."

"Any children?"

"Our daughter Laura is a year old."

After lunch I sit on the north lawn in front of Little Theatre in a lawn chair next to a stranger about my age. He leans toward me, holds out his hand.

"Richard Ellmann."

"Lyle Glazier. What are you doing here, Richard?"

"I'm here on scholarship from Yale, where I'm a graduate student. What are you up to?"

"I'm here to study with John Crowe Ransom. I've

applied for his course in Seventeenth Century Lyric and hope to take the big seminar with him and Theodore Meyer Greene. To fill out my program I'm trying to get into the course in Edmund Spenser."

"Oh, I'll audit that course and probably Ransom's. I'm pretty much free wheeling. I don't need credits so the deal is that I can move around as I please."

"What do you know about the Spenser course?"

"I've met Donald Stauffer at Princeton. He's chairman of English and has a reputation as a lively teacher."

"If you're not here for credits, why are you here?"

"Loafing. I'm scratching around to get started on my thesis on Yeats."

"Lucky you. I love his poems."

"Do you know them?"

"Not well. On our honeymoon two summers ago, at our lakeshore cottage, I used to start letters with Lake Isle of Innisfree:

'I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore
...I hear it in my deep heart's core.'"

"What else do you know of his?"

"I really don't know Yeats. Only a smattering. I have the 1938 COLLECTED POEMS, and can recite a few of them."

"Recite one."

"She lived in storm and strife
Her soul had such desire
For what proud death may bring
That she could not endure
The common good of life
But lived as t'were a king
That packed his marriage day
With banneret and pennon
Trumpet and kettledrum
And the outrageous cannon
To bundle time away
That the night come."

"Do you know another?"

"Well, I love Sailing to Byzantium but I really don't know it. Only the second stanza, when I'm feeling my age:

'An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing and louder

sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress..,'

I'm afraid I'm stuck there, but I know he goes on to Constantinople in his mind..."

"Yes, you're right:

'Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.'"

"I wish I knew that. I also want to memorize 'The Wild Swans at Coole: The trees are in their autumn beauty,' and the great one that begins:

'Turning and turning in a widening gyre'

I will memorize that some day. I love the part from 'Among School Children'

'O chestnut tree, great rooted blossomer
Are you the root, the blossom or the bowl?
O body swayed with music, O brightening glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?'

For me he's talking about the art of poetry. I do know one more: 'To a child dancing in the wind':

'Dance there upon the shore
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?'"

"Lyle, I never expected to find anybody here who knew Yeats. I'm living to hell and gone over at Gilmore Cottage. I have a big room alone and there's a second cot. How would you like to come over there and live with me?"

"The last summer I was at Bread Loaf -- five years ago -- I lived at Gilmore with my friend Skip Henryson, the cousin of John Farrar. Let me think about it. I'm waiting on table and it was a long pull to get started in time to be here to set up table and have breakfast before the students came in."

-o-

I thought I knew Bread Loaf, and never expected to run into the tangle I've run into. When I went to the Blue Room to meet Mr. Ransom and Theodore Meyer Greene to decide whether they could take any more students than the ones Greene had selected because they were registered at graduate schools -- Harvard or Yale or Princeton or New York University or Columbia -- I found that my name was not on the list. I thought if I explained myself, they might listen to reason:

"I came here on purpose to take the seminar with Mr. Ransom. I wrote to Harry Owen ahead of time, and he didn't give any indication I would be disqualified. I wouldn't have come here if I thought I couldn't take the seminar."

Mr. Greene cleared his throat and said, "We have made a very careful selection and the course is closed. I don't see, John, do you, how we can crowd in anybody else? We already have one or two more than we expected."

Mr. Ransom didn't say anything. He seemed to be studying me but he was letting Mr. Greene be spokesman, and Greene closed off the meeting.

"I'm very sorry we can't take you, but I don't see that we possibly can."

I went to see Harry to ask for help.

"Lyle, Bread Loaf is different from what it used to be. We're accepting a lot of young scholars from the big universities. I worked hard to get the team of Ransom and Greene. They make their own decisions. All I can do is to send them a note asking if they will see you again."

At the second meeting I made my pitch to Mr. Ransom.

"You're the reason I'm here. I think <u>The World's Body</u> is a great book. For two years now I've been teaching a course in Poetry, and I have a group of students meeting at my house to read their poems and discuss them. Your book is our Bible."

Mr. Greene doesn't say anything. Finally Mr. Ransom says, "Ted, I think we can make room for him."

After thanking him, I clear out in a hurry. I have

no trouble registering for Seventeenth Century Lyric and Spenser. It turns out there's nearly twenty in The Arts and the Art of Criticism seminar. They strike me as more knowledgeable than I, but I doubt if any of them have had more experience than I teach-ing poetry, or if any of them care more for poetry than I do. The main thing in the course will be to prepare an elaborate paper in response to a formula designed by Dr. Greene. I sense that Mr. Ransom is somewhat skeptical about the design, and I'm sure he's closer to being a master of one of the Arts than Dr. Greene will ever be. It's the difference between the practicing artist and the theorist, and I'm already enlisted in Mr. Ransom's camp.

Just before classes started, Harry came to me in distress. He was short one waiter. He asked if I had a good student at Bates who might be persuaded to come, expenses paid, including his choice of two courses free of tuition. Right there and then we put through a phone call to Dennis and were lucky enough to find Doc Kemp just come back from a swim. He was so overwhelmed with the possibility of taking a course with Mr. Ransom that he agreed to pack a duffle and be there the next day

-o-

I'm entranced with Ransom's analysis of John Donne's poetry. I've never known anybody, not even Ted Morrison in his course in Prosody, who has such an instinct for digging deep into the relation between content and form:

"Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears
Hither I come to greet the spring
And at mine eyes and at mine ears
Receive such balm as else cures anything."

"'Blasted' means literally "blown apart by' and the word 'surrounded' has to be read with an accent on the second syllable. From the French 'sur ronder.' The iambics throw an accent also on 'sur.'

'Blasted with sighs and sur round ed with tears'-- literally to be blown apart and overwhelmed with tears. You have to feel the iambic pull. In British lyric poetry of the Seventeenth Century, the iambic predominates. There are certain acceptable substitutions that create variety and prevent monotony. You can substitute a dactyl for an iamb as in the first foot, and in the fourth foot there is a virtual spondee. These substitutions accentuate the meaning and are within the rule.

o

'Hither I come to greet the spring,
'And at mine eyes, and at mine ears
'Receive such balm as else cures an-y-thing.'"

In the presence of this poetry and this critic, I know I'm reading poetry. It's like Emily Dickinson: "the top of my head is being blown off."

After about a week and a half of this sort of analysis that has carried me half out of my mind, I am surprised at the end of the hour when one of the women approaches me with a petition to be presented to Harry Owen complaining that Mr. Ransom is far too dogmatic and far too absorbed in word play and metrical shenanigans. I'm astonished. I had been so carried away with enthusiasm, I hadn't noticed that some members of the class would have preferred more biography and more simple paraphrase. All this emphasis on close analysis of language and metric which was anathema to the complainers was my cup of tea.

I believe they had noticed my absorbed attention and interpreted it as critical dissent; at any rate, after they got my reaction, they seem to have thrown away the petition. I'm sure it was never presented to Harry, and I hope Mr. Ransom never got wind of it.

-o-

I'm rather glad Doc Kemp got thrown into a dormitory with a bunch of young fry. Even I feel the condescension of my roommates. I am glad to have Doc there at Bread Loaf, but wouldn't like to have him under my wing.

As it is, I'm tasting my freedom, and find that in my euphoria I have a surge of sexual well being. It's as if my cock expands and wants a share of the excitement. In the line in the diningroom, by accident I keep finding myself standing next to a babyfaced but very intelligent and apparently predominantly masculine youngster whose father, he tells me, is a Congressman from Connecticut or Rhode Island (I was never sure which) with a summer camp over the mountain in Hancock. Something about him catches my fancy. I'm irresistibly attracted.

I invite him for a swim in the stream pouring down from the mountain and backing up in a pool across the

meadow from the Inn. I don't actually touch him, but let him know my attraction. He's not the least interested, though he has been impressed with what seems to me my success as a student. I make myself something of a nuisance without ever quite propositioning him, and finally he invites me to drive him to Hancock for lunch with his family, not at all overbearing in spite of their obvious money. On the drive back to Bread Loaf, he refuses my suggestion we stop to skinny dip in an off-the-road mountain pool, and I come to my senses enough to leave him alone. I'm riding too high to be ashamed of myself but mighty glad I hadn't actually touched him.

I continue to have a roving eye, and to my surprise am approached by the young driver of the mail from Middlebury to Bread Loaf. Someway he has caught wind of my availability, and offers me a ride downtown and on the way back stops in the Gorge on a roadside turnoff and rather ostentatiously gets out and relieves himself, fingering his pecker and not taking his eye off me where I'm still sitting in the cab. When he gets back in, before starting the motor, he asks if I ever heard this one: "There was a young man who loved to suck cock so much that he propositioned a syphilitic young comrade, who after his ejaculation warned against swallowing the load. The infatuated homosexual spat out the gollop into his hand, studied it intently and remarked, 'I don't see any black specks in it,' and plopped it back into his mouth."

All the time, he was telling his story, he was kneading his thigh, never taking his eye off me. If he had got out again and gone into the woods I would have followed, but he didn't.

Afterward I used to visit him in his room upstairs in the Inn, and lie with my head toward the foot of the bed while he had his head on the pillow. His roommate, the son of Professor Cady, used to pop in and look at us, without ever seeming to be the least censorious. I never did reach over and take what seemed to be an open invitation, though in some strange way these visits gave me a satisfaction I could not have explained.

One day, at Cady's suggestion, the three of us drove down toward Ripton, then turned left over the brook and back on the other side on a wood's road to a cabin where a girl came to the door, delighted to see Cady. Her husband was a logger away in the woods. We went inside and all four of us lay on the bed flirting with her. It was obvious she was making a play for Cady

and perhaps would have taken all three of us, but except for the flirtation nothing came of it.

When we drove away, she was standing in the door rubbing her groin. I think she was disappointed Cady hadn't come alone. I had an urge to jump out and go back to see what would happen, but she never actually showed any real interest in me.

-o-

I think I have never been more happy. I'm engulfed by all three of my classes. The Ransom course continues to absorb my greatest interest, but Donald Stauffer's "Spenser" is nearly equally good. Because we read only one or two Donne poems for each assignment, Ransom's lessons are concentrated: rather than requiring great blocks of time reading pages of text, every day we pore over a page or two with close analysis.

For The Faerie Queene, we will read the first three books entire and chunks of Four, Five and Six, as well as the Cantos on Mutability and shorter poems like The Shepherd's Calendar, Epithalamion, and selected sonnets from Amoretti. Also, unlike Ransom, who concentrates entirely on the lyric texts, Stauffer expects us to work in the Library on Spenser's life and on background like Plato's Symposium, Apology, and chunks of The Republic, as well as a section of Aristotle's Ethics, and Machiavelli's The Prince and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." I feel I'm deliciously over my head, and love every second of it. Stauffer is a small man, with a decided limp. His lectures are full of wit, considerable humor, and a wealth of erudition. I carry over from Ransom a tendency to think in terms of tenor and vehicle, and am fascinated by the technique of moral allegory, where nearly every image or character has both a physical and moral (and sometimes historical) significance even though the words "tenor" and "Vehicle" (often on Ransom's lips) are never actually mentioned by Stauffer.

Although I didn't go to live with Richard Ellmann at Gilmore, he's auditing Stauffer's course, and since there's an hour between the class and lunch (where I have to be on hand early in order to set up table), Dick and I often stop on the north lawn for a gab in a pair of the wide-armed wooden chairs on the croquet ground west of the tennis courts.

One morning he asks if I know Lance Hammond, who, as I knew, left Middlebury to return to Yale to complete his dissertation and then remained there to teach. Ellmann's opinion of him was low: "He was a dismally

dull teacher, reading his lectures. We soon learned to avoid his class in Eighteenth Century Literature. We wondered how it happened he was kept on when much more able graduates were let go as soon as they got their degree."

"As an undergraduate I hardly knew Lance. He organized an opera group called Wagner Verein, and once in a while I attended. I started auditing his Eighteenth Century course but dropped it after a couple of weeks, because he read his lectures and there was never any discussion."

"Do you know he's homosexual? He's a close friend of the chairman of the Medical Faculty, who gave him a gold shaving cup. We think that's how he manages to stay on."

"I wouldn't know. I knew him because he was kind to me and my younger brother. After graduation I couldn't get a job teach- ing in high school, and stayed on to take two graduate courses, correct papers for Harry Owen, and earn my keep as janitor of the Community House that had just been given to the ladies of Middlebury by the wealthy owner. I came home from class one afternoon, and found a telegram that my father had lost his job and committed suicide, and President Moody offered to drive me back home to Northfield Mass., but it was Lance who showed up in his convertible roadster. He drove me 150 miles in blinding rain. When I got home, I learned that my mother had walked down to the ferry landing on the Connecticut River and drowned. After the funeral, I brought my thirteen-year-old brother back to Middlebury, and every Thursday Lance appeared with his roadster, took us to dinner in his boarding house, and afterward to a movie, and then back to his room in Hepburn Hall for an hour or so browsing in his living room. He was having his weekly German language lesson. He had a roommate, a Russian, who had, supposedly crossed from Siberia to Alaska and then found his way down the coast to the United States. Lance was awfully kind to me that terrible night, and to me and Larry all the next year."

"Did he have a reputation?"

"He never made a pass at me or Larry. He was unspeakably kind. He still sends me a card every Christmas."

I didn't mention that one summer during the Writer's Conference, Charlotte Moody and her new husband, Professor Emerson, a member of the English Department, were gossiping, and I heard them making

derogatory remarks about Lance's effeminacy. What they said confirmed my hunch about him, but I owed him too much to become involved in gossip at his expense.

-o-

I'm worried about the midterm report for the seminar. From what I make out, we're each expected to present some kind of paper analyzing a work of art. I get the idea we're supposed to illustrate principles of criticism laid out by Mr. Greene in a prospectus that he handed out at the end of the first week. The assignment is to take a close critical look at a poem, or a painting, a musical composition or a work of sculpture, applying Greene's principles of criticism. I'm afraid I'll get way beyond my depth.

One afternoon I was sitting on the porch talking to a young couple from Harvard. The girl, Winifred Strauss, I learned, was the one who unexpectedly dropped out of waiting on table at the very last moment, because, it seemed, she thought the menial task unseemly and she had money enough to pay for her board. It was to fill that vacancy that Doc Kemp had been requisitioned. The young man, a poet and student in the Classics, was at Bread Loaf on a nonworking fellowship. He was not taking the Seminar but as Winifred's friend was advising her on her intended report on Rhapsody in Blue. They were meeting every afternoon to work out her themes.

They asked me if I had chosen a subject and whether I thought Winifred's subject a good one. I said I didn't know enough about music to give any advice. It occurred to me I might be able to report on Mozart's Fantasia, and I mentioned it.

"Wonderful! Do you play it?"

"I played it in a recital last spring. I haven't had time to play it this summer."

"There's an upright in a store room upstairs over the entrance to the Barn. Could we meet there?"

We met there in a half hour, and I played the Fantasia.

Winifred said, "It's the first time anybody at Bread Loaf ever played anything all the way through."

I didn't tell them I don't know enough about music to write a report on it. I went back to Maple attic and gave some thought to what I might write on. The thought of filling in a report according to Dr. Greene's prospectus was beyond me. I wondered if I could do something on Rhythm and Meter in Poetry. Could I

discuss such things as all kinds of metres and metrical theory? the kind of thing Ransom was interested in? Could I make a kind of outline, and maybe go back to Ted Morrison's course in Prosody and Lanier's The Science of English Verse? I wondered how many of the seminar students had given any thought to time and pitch as well as accent. I began work on an outline, which lengthened to such proportions that I went to Harry to ask if I could use the ditto machine to make copies. I ended up with 12 pages in all. I included not only a list of meters and rhythms, but such things as the sentence, the stanza, and kinds of poetic form such as free verse, blank verse, the sonnet, the terza rima, the Spenserian stanza, quatrain, sestet, etc. For many of my items I included quotations from critics like Empson, I. A. Richards, Greene, Sir Philip Sidney, and Wordsworth. I stopped when I was virtually out of time.

I realized it would be deadly dull to plod through the outline point by point, and resolved simply to dip in here and there. I thought I would furnish a copy for everyone present and hope I could zero in here and there and do something that would interest the others, but I wasn't quite sure what.

Since I was scheduled to make my report on a Monday afternoon, I persuaded Doc Kemp and Bill Barrett to cover for my waiting on table all day Saturday and through Sunday noon dinner and drove to Bennington to relieve tension for the time being by simply seek the comfort of Amy and Laura on a weekend with the family. Fortunately, I shelved the absurd notion that it might be interesting to mix my new life at Bread Loaf with my old life by inviting my young "friend" Billy to go with me.

-o-

Driving through evening I break out singing or whistling. I'm high. My two courses are going well. I like them so much I can't possibly feel less than upbeat. For the seminar, I have 25 copies of my 12-page outline on "Rhythm and Meter." I'm putting it out of my mind till Monday morning, when I hope to run through it to make it familiar, and then in class, let it rip and roar, making no attempt to read every reference or cover every last point. I'll improvise my way through the outline.

The motor of the Chevy coupe purrs along. No mechanic, I still love to drive, and Amy hardly ever wants to drive when we go out together. It's as if I've got my own car even though she paid for it. When I

offered to leave it in Bennington and go to Bread Loaf by bus, she wouldn't hear of it.

My whole life is changed. The car, and all the food we get free from her folks. It hardly matters whether or not Mrs. Niles thinks I'm up to the standard of the Stafford/Niles family. I begin to think there's some chance for me there.

It's ten o'clock when I drive into the dooryard. Amy is waiting at their driveway, wearing the white sharkskin dress that is my favorite. A year after Laura is born, she is back to her slender waistline. I'm suddenly overpowered with love for her. I park the car nosed in between pigpen and corncrib, and hug her tight. Most of the house is dark. We tiptoe up the twisted stairs past Olive's room, and stop in the sealed room to look down at Laura, deep in sleep, one arm twisted under her, the other cradling her cheek. Without waking her, I bend down and plant a soft kiss. It's sweet being back with my wife in the west upstairs bedroom looking down on the lawn toward the Stock Farm and on the left to Bushnell Cemetery on top of Christian Hill.

We undress quickly and quietly, not to wake the folks in their west bedroom directly under us. Even our sex is muted but no less grateful -- to Amy, I can tell, as well as to me. We don't hurry. When the springs of the ancient four poster creak, we go more slowly and make it last longer. Afterward, we both crawl out and along through the dark past Laura's crib, past Olive's room at the top of the stairs, and slowly down the stairs with the crook at the bottom and into the bathroom, where I hold Amy's douche bag, so sleepy I hardly keep upright. Then I take my pee, and we tiptoe back up and through the hallways to our room under the slant roof, and ease into bed. A new moon shines through the low south windows. Cuddled with my wife, I can push aside tension -- Monday's report suddenly forgotten, I drop off into exhausted instant sleep,

-o-

Amy is up early, leaving me to sleep past early breakfast. I wake when I hear Laura's prattle and hear her solid but uneven footsteps. She is walking more confidently. I have missed watching her practice since her tentative first steps in Lewiston. I feel a pang but stifle it in the relief I feel for not having had to spend all summer on the farm. By going to Bread Loaf, our first free summer after the birth of our baby, I have avoided the awkwardness of being on the hands of my in-laws for a whole summer when, in spite of my effort

to keep busy with odd jobs, it would be obvious they have a son-in-law who is no farmer. I have been able to pursue my metier without embarrassing anybody.

I spend most of the day mowing the front and back lawn and weeding Mother's flowerbeds.

In early evening after supper we play croquet on the back lawn, then settle into chairs to watch evening settle down. There is practically no traffic along our road. Darkness begins to creep down over two tall poplar trees beside the road. To their northwest, the black walnut is beginning to be twisted out of shape. The poplars are monopolizing sunlight and air. As night settles, the trees become less great bouquets of summer leaves and more linear, with their branches standing in relief against the sky brightening from farflung sunlight thrown on the sickle of new moon high in the sky. Across the road, and to our north in wetlands, the grass is full of twinkling lights from thousands of fireflies. Far over across the meadow, in the woodlot two whippoorwills begin to talk to each other.

In my head I begin work on a poem, aware of Mr. Ransom's lectures on tenor and vehicle and metaphysical imagery. I have no idea where the poem is going, except I'm sure it's going from physical imagery toward an as yet unshaped metaphysical revelation. Without a conscious awareness of directing the poem, even from the first I can feel a direction taking shape.

The first tentative images start and begin to collect almost automatically:

It is evening, and the moon's
thin sickle brightens overhead,
one after one the spider stars
send down a fast and instant thread,

our poplars leaf by leaf lose light.
House, barn and corncrib stand unsexed
of one daytime dimension,
branches stand linear and elect;

I don't know where the word "unsexed" came from; it popped out and brought with it the rhyming fourth line.

I start a third quatrain:

fireflies in the meadow grasses
flash their little leyden jars,

I know where the leyden jars came from; I have carried them in my head since that summer of 1937 when Skip Henryson went crazy about the fireflies on the back road

to Gilmore. I realize again that my sexuality cannot be split away from that renounced infatuation with Skip, rekindled this summer (I hardly let this idea formulate in my mind) by my spontaneous infatuation with Billy. For a minute, too, I find my mind invaded with Dick Ellmann's revelation about Lance Hammond, and I know I had a crush on Lance for a long time, an impossible crush because even with the changes in my life, I am still, with Lance, the yokel country boy in the presence of a young man who seems socially in a sphere remote above mine. I still can't imagine what it might have been like if he had invited me to visit him at his home in South Hadley.

out of the darkness whippoorwills
drop music on that web of stars;

I have fleshed out the foreground of the poem and need a new beginning and find it in the moon, at first a bright corncutter sickle hanging in the eastern sky. Now, darkly enfolded by the gold crescent. it gradually fills out into a sphere:

and now the moon's dull ball fills out
globed against the hill of sky,
its sickle edge lamped by the sun
converts the whole to symmetry;

The new direction is still only a turning and has not announced its goal, which I don't yet know:

my sphere, unrealized but for you,
a dull ball lost in lunar void,
glows at its sickle edge with love
you send to me, who, else destroyed

by dark would be unknown, unmissed;
now lost to dark, immune to bribes,

a farfetched image that owes its justification to the repressed feeling of guilt over my homosexuality that tonight seems quenched in the love I feel for my wife and daughter. And yet I can't deny that I loved Skip also and this summer the feeling came back in my infatuation with Billy. I try to channel this into an ironic comment on my atheism: sex is the answer to born-again Christianity, and heterosexual love becomes my orthodoxy:

I have become regenerate,
lamp for the Abyssinian tribes.

On the excuse of going to the john, I go in and scratch out a draft of the poem before going out to Amy, and in good time climb the back stairs toward midnight, and in the sack have sex again with my wife.

-o-

Back at Bread Loaf, in time for Sunday night waiting on table, I manage Monday morning to find time before my two classes on Donne and Spenser to scratch out a few notes on the back of my personal copy of the outline on "Rhythm and Meter" and then at the afternoon session, slam bang my way through the outline by improvising a discussion that makes no attempt to cover every reference, but gives a general plan of the whole. Near the beginning I get their attention with a discussion on Time as a necessary corollary to accent. I beat out the rhythms, as I used to for my class in Six Poets at Bates, to illustrate the point made by Sidney Lanier that without a measuring of time intervals there can be no satisfying measure of accent.

This exhibition seemed to persuade my Bread Loaf audience in the same way it persuaded my college students. I dramatized the point by pounding on a chair arm with a pencil eraser. That way I caught their attention and the demonstration seemed to go along swimmingly to illustrate the principle that without at least an approximate measure of time, there can be no regular beat. At the end I was astonished and delighted when the young Bread Loaf teacher of American Literature, a professor at Dartmouth came hurrying over. I was assembling my jumble of papers. Seizing my arm, he declared, "That was an amazing performance. My recommendation to you is to go to some good graduate school and get your doctorate as soon as you can!"

From here on, summer school leaped to a close. I was already preparing outlines for the examinations in Seventeenth Century Lyric and Spenser. There was no way to prepare for the seminar exam. We were told there would be a written exam in which we would be faced with a work of art in some medium, and asked to work out a critique in light of principles we had been drilled on all summer. There was no way to anticipate the text to be analyzed. The prospect sobered all of us.

-o

Niles Farm
South

Stream Road

Bennington

VT-

July 26, 1941

Dearest,

This is a misty-moisty morning. Everything is shut out by a thick white blanket of fog. Still it is hot. Junie was complaining last night because he couldn't take off his furcoat -- poor pussy! Yesterday we had salmon, only to discover that the new hired man won't eat it. So Junie is sad that we won't be having any more here. However, I promised him we would have salmon at Elmore, so he feels a little comforted.

I still think that -- even if it means we lose most of our freedom -- we'd better move out of here and not to come back after we are at Elmore. Perhaps I shall change my mind, but I'm praying that Olive will have to go to Malden before Sept. 1.

Mother went into another histrionics yesterday, partly because I asked her to stop playing peek-a-boo with Laura who was in the bath-room, but mostly at Dad over some matter I didn't hear about. Even at nearly thirty I find these midnight marital orgies of my parents very upsetting.

You are lucky if you escaped such harrowing experiences so often repeated. If I am emotionally unstable, it's not so much to be wondered at. You and I, with our reason warned of such affairs, must keep our life free of such affairs, for our own sake, for our children's sake. The worst effect of all on me, perhaps, is the growth or change of feeling between me and Mother, especially I no longer feel an all-powerful affection for her as I used to do, and in its place there has not developed a natural sense of friendship and respect, but rather a resentment and scorn for her emotionalism. I try to feel differently toward her, but something is gone that I'm afraid will never come back.

I shall be so glad when this long, long summer is over. Eight weeks without you would have been torture anywhere at any time, Eight weeks here without you and not feeling equal to every day affairs is an experience for which I do not know a fitting name.

When we are together again, help me to forget that I am like this, make me believe I am a fairly normal person, not a terrible ungracious, ungrateful creature who wills herself to be that way. We will not come here again, and perhaps time will help to erase some of the marks. Oh, I do not mean we shall never come here. But we shell make our visits brief and infrequent.

One thing for which I am abounding in thankfulness is that we did not come here last summer. I shudder

even to think of what that might have been like.

This is not a good letter. Lyle, I am not a good person. I am a beast. I don't know what I am. I only know that when I am with you I am a far, far better person than I have ever been before.

I love you, Lyle.

Amy

-o-

American Prefaces has printed my untitled poem:

This child born of a sorrowing mother
will live in sorrow all his days,
his youth will come upon hard ways,'
and none but the wind will sound his praise,
he will have one sad love, and no other.

He will have six sons, and three will die,
and one will break his mother's pride,
and one will take a worthless bride,
and one will have no eyes for a guide,
they will curse the one they were gotten by.

He will die in sorrow, and his bones
will lie unburied on the land,
his dust unfelt in the hurrying sand,
his skull turned ashes, and his hard hand'
turned to a spill of pumice stones.

I think it was inspired by Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Return" which I admired even before I read John Crowe Ransom verdict that it is "nearly perfect."

I show it to Ted Morrison at Bread Loaf, and he agrees, somewhat skeptically, to read it in his class in creative writing, which meets this summer, not in the informal atmosphere of Thyra Vickery's tea shop, but there are so many students it meets in the large lecture room of the Little Theatre. In that large, formal lecture hall, Ted seems thrown offbase. He can no longer pull a paper offhandedly out of his green baize Harvard bag and present it unceremoniously. The whole atmosphere is stiff and somehow competitive. Ted introduces my poem by remarking that the writer, Lyle Glazier, was a member of his class for two years but is not a member this summer.

When he opens the reading for discussion, one of the New York University students, Nick Hamlin, also a member of the Ransom/Greene seminar, acidly attacks the poem as ridiculously sophomoric and maudlin. Nobody

speaks to defend it, and Ted is obviously embarrassed. I cringe, wondering if it's really as bad as Nick says. Have I fallen into exactly the trap Ransom derided in most of his chapter on "The Poet as Woman" where he discusses Miss Millay's early poems?: "It is with something of a feeling of guilt that the intellectual male participates in them. His heart wants to be in it but is not. This is because his intellect is not in it."

A week after this reading Nick gives his seminar report on Ransom's elaborate and rather whimsical formula for analyzing "vehicle" and "tenor" as described in his book The New Criticism. I am amazed to observe that Nick -- whom I considered very bright -- has it all wrong. In his evaluating comment, Ransom, with some irony, I think, remarks only, "We are all indebted, I'm sure to Mr. Hamlin's cogent explication of my little exercise."

To my surprise afterward I'm invited to ride with the New York University group up the mountain to the Long Trail, Nick in the back seat and I on the running board because there's no room for me in the car. The driver is speeding, and I'm leaning in the open window clinging to the back of the front seat.

From his comfortable berth inside Nick goes into a diatribe against my report: "Mr. Ransom really destroyed you with his remark that is was 'very good, of course, so far as such a list is useful in supplying vehicles for criticism.'" He sits back satisfied with his putdown.

I lean in the window, and say, "Nick, your analysis of Ransom's critical method turned his whole explanation assbackwards, and Mr. Ransom saw it but was too polite to say so." I speak out of anger, and am not prepared to see Nick fold and shut up for the first time during the summer, as if he knew all along from Ransom's manner how far he missed the boat, and had been congratulating himself that nobody else noticed.

-o-

I think I did well on the exams for Spenser and Eighteenth Century Lyric. I go into the room for my third exam, perfectly in doubt what the subject will be. My fingers are trembling when I open the folder. I can hardly believe I am reading a printout of Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn. "As concretely as possible in the limit of two hours, discuss the tenor and the vehicles in Keats's Ode."

I have taught the poem at least once a year since I

went to Bates. Every freshman anthology has included the poem, and this year and last Keats has been one of the three poets in the second semester of Six Poets. I set to work furiously. The chief vehicle is obviously the vase, and the tenor a definition of the nature of truth and beauty in the context of Art. Not only the vase but in a sense the poem itself is a vehicle, so every element of description and every bit of Keatsian texture becomes grist for the mill. What interests me throughout is not only Keats's concern for beauty in the abstract but the concrete illustrations he gives of human experience depicted in the artist's bas reliefs. The artist who created the reliefs and the poet who observed them become interpreters of what the Elizabethans would have called an exemplar or archetype for defining the Art of Poetry and the relation between art and life.

All the way through my initiatory discussions of details in the frieze, I am anticipating the climax or conundrum involved in the closing lines:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know
On earth and all ye need to know.

This could be what Mr. Ransom would call a "Platonic Argument" but Keats by his close and loving details throughout the poem is making a more profound equation between the realistic vehicles supplied by the artist and the argument of the philosopher. There is no reason for inverting and repeating the equation unless Keats is saying something like this: "Just as Beauty can be defined as Truth, Truth can be defined as Beauty." In other words, no matter how painful or tragic, the poet's candid description of human experience must be considered in any valid definition of the poet's conception of beauty. This means that <u>King Lear</u> is as beautiful as <u>Midsummer Night's Dream</u>. Through the subtlety of the artist's vision, "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and even the story told in "The Pot of Basil" can become a thing of Beauty. A thing of beauty is not only a joy for ever, but through the alchemy of the artist, any revelation of Life can become beautiful. Otherwise Keats's inversion of the Beauty/Truth equation is simply tautology, a mnemonic device to fill out the line. I'm persuaded he is more profound than that.

On the Friday night of the examination I invite Doc Kemp. Billy, and my friend the mailman to ride downtown in the Chevvy for whatever movie is showing. I suggest

that anybody who after the movie wishes to take a quick dip across the meadow in the Bread Loaf pool should bring towel and trunks. Only Billy carries a bundle. As we approach the Inn after a most boring movie, I ask the mailman if he would like to skinny dip.

"No, not in that frigid water. I have to be up early to carry the night mail to the post office."

I ask Doc the same question. He shows no interest in a midnight plunge. We are all leaving Sunday after lunch. Billy volunteers to join me, so and he and I will be alone on this next to the last night at Bread Loaf. I park the car at Maple, and the two of us I hurry across the meadow and through the grove to the pool. Nobody else is in swimming. We both shuck off our clothes and pull on trunks and wade into shallows to the deep end. The water is ice cold, enough to take our breath away. We both plunge where the meager current deepens. Then we dash for shore, feet lifted high from the water. Hardly looking at each other, we towel and rush into our clothes and race across the meadow to the Inn porch, where Billy thanks me, and I make my way back to Maple.

Sunday noon as I enter the Inn lobby, I meet Mr. Ransom coming out. He stops me.

"Glazier, we have just turned in our grades. I think you may like to know that both Mr. Greene and I when we got together to compare notes, agreed that you wrote the best examination, and have earned the highest grade."

I go in to hoi polloi table bursting with information it would be impossible to share. I wonder if I can possibly contain it till supper time when I will be able to tell Amy.

-o-

Coming out from lunch, I meet the receptionist who summons me to Harry Owen's office where he has a message for me: "Lyle, would you like to come back next summer as an assistant to Mr. Ransom and Mr. Greene? They have asked me to invite you. You'll be listed in the catalogue to all intents and purposes a member of the staff. They want somebody to organize the materials, write a description for the catalogue, and advise students on their midterm reports, and so on. They think you could do it."

Of course I want to. But there's a condition.

"Harry, I can't come unless Amy and the baby come too."

"I doubt if I could spare room for the three of you. I can furnish room and board for you, and a

stipend, but I doubt if you could stretch it to cover expenses for all three of you."

"I've noticed that small empty cabin south of the barn. Do you suppose it could be fixed up for us? We could use the barn john and eat in the diningroom."

"Let me think about it. There's someone else who's not married they have suggested as a second choice. Why don't you talk it over with Amy and let me know?"

"Harry, of course I want to come."

"Talk it over with Amy. There ought to be some way."

"Thanks, Harry. I really appreciate the offer."

"It would give you a boost professionally."

"I know."

-o-

Driving away from Bread Loaf, just north of Little Theatre on the croquet court, the last view I have of campus is of six Japanese officers who have been with us all summer. They are once again paractising antique weaponry with swords, lungeing at each other risking nicking a cheek enough to draw blood. Nobody is paying attention, as nobody has paid attention all summer. They have kept together, sometimes visiting a class but never mingling with students, as if their chief reason for being there is to demonstrate medieval martial arts.

BOOK THREE.07WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Fall 1941 Chapter Seven
Bates College -o-

I'm on a new high with my teaching because the summer at Bread Loaf has given me confidence, a battery of recognizably high grade professors having praised me and given me top grades. I go to Six Poets riding this crest and find an excellent group of students, some I had in freshman English or American Literature, some new. Among the new ones in Six Poets is Malcolm Daggett, who with wit and humor and commitment has a knack of digging in to the marrow of a poem. He's especially interested in my new emphasis on tenor and vehicle.

In teaching The <u>Man Against the Sky</u>, for the first time I am skeptical of Robinson's texture, questioning whether it is what Ransom calls "metaphysical" or more

nearly "Platonic." We still have to work our way slowly through line-by-line, for, no matter the texture, I feel an equally important objective should be understanding the argument. But I am not so deferential toward Robinson as last year and the year before -- or as Mr. Ransom might say, not so apostolic.

When I meet Mrs. Chase on campus and we walk along together, she shocks me by saying I should resign from teaching Six Poets and give the class back to Earl McGee, now living at her house. She considers him a great scholar, and, though she doesn't say so, implies that I'm nobody.

I haven't the slightest idea of taking her advice. There are now two sections of the class, the second taught by Denny Sutcliffe, who got his Rhodes scholarship from his knowledge of E. A. Robinson. He has been very candid about himself, and without in the least diminishing his opinion of his importance, told me he got his first at Oxford from having struck it lucky in the examinations. His tutor steered him to Milton, and he memorized great chunks of Paradise Lost, which was featured in the "Greats," where he got a "first." I am, of course, in awe of his achievements.

I doubt if Earl engineered Mrs. Chase's request, but at the same time don't risk finding out by asking him. I love the class too much to give it up, and pay no attention to her demand, except to be distraught by it.

Denny, I'm sure, is a great teacher, very sure of himself, as I would undoubtedly be of myself it I came back to Middlebury after obtaining a "first" in the most important examinations at what I consider to be the most distinguished university in the English-speaking world. I do wonder if Denny's commitment is based on love of poetry so much as a love of scholarship and a sense of power. At Bates he has an administration and faculty that seem to have fallen at his feet, and I'm jealous.

In this, my fifth year, a decision has to be made whether to promote me or let me go, and if it comes down to a choice between Denny and me, I probably have no chance.

Denny is sometimes disarmingly friendly, even a bit at his own expense. He told a story about coming home from England for the first time in two years (as a poor boy he had no money to waste on Atlantic crossings). Early on shipboard he spotted Cleanth Brooks' name and Robert Penn Warren's on the passenger list and made a point of intercepting them on deck, introducing himself

as a brother Rhodes Scholar who had just received a "first." To his astonishment, they turned their backs on him, returning to their private conversation. I doubt if I would have enough self confidence to tell such a story at my own expense.

-o-

Amy is back teaching at Bliss Business College. President Gladso got in touch with her almost as soon as we arrived at our apartment on College Street. He asked her to continue to be his teacher for most of the Liberal Arts electives meant to embellish the Business requirements, a generous choice of these electives being required by the State governing board supervising Business Colleges. Gladso was impressed with her records at Middlebury, the University of London, and her Master's Degree from Brown and also knew of her high approval rate from students who took her course in composition her first year, and he immediately he became nearly overwhelmed with her success teaching electives required of all Business majors. However, his high opinion didn't affect his budget. He must have known that he paid her far less than she deserved but if she didn't fuss, why should he?

-o-

Harry G. Owen, Director
Bread Loaf School of English
Old Chapel, Middlebury, College
Middlebury, Vermont
October 3, 1941

Lyle Glazier
31 College Street
Lewiston, Maine

Dear Lyle:

I need an immediate response to my invitation to appoint you to the staff as coordinator for the Seminar in Arts Criticism for summer, 1942.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Goddard Owen

31 College Street
Harry G. Owen, Director
Bread Loaf School of English
Lewiston, Maine
October 6, 1941

Old Chapel, Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont

Dear Harry,

Amy and I are still eager to come to Bread Loaf for me to coordinate the Arts Criticism Seminar. We will manage somehow to find a place to stay for us and our daughter.

Yours sincerely,

Lyle Glazier

Harry G. Owen, Director
Lyle Glazier Bread Loaf School of English 31 College Street Old Chapel, Middlebury, College
Lewiston, Maine Middlebury, Vermont

October 10, 1941

Dear Lyle,

Since you have made it a condition that Amy and the baby would have to be accommodated, and since there is no way for me to accommodate them, I have regretfully filled the position of coordinator for the Arts Seminar with another candidate.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Goddard Owen, Director

This unconditional retreat from his cordial offer last August was an unexpected blow. It was not the first time Harry had mentioned another candidate for the position, but unless I declined the offer, I had supposed the position was unconditionally mine. When I showed his letter to Amy, she shrugged and said, "That's that!" and I realized that perhaps she had not been as enthusiastic as I about the prospect of settling down for six weeks at Bread Loaf in an uncertain, perhaps primitive hole in the wall for the baby, whose care would chiefly fall upon her. There was no possible way to checkmate Harry's absolute fix for his problem, so I tried to put it out of my mind.

-o-

When I came back to Lewiston in September I found an invitation from the Faculty Club to present a recital in November -- a "Moment Musical" -- so I'm hard at work practising on the pieces I played last spring for Agnes Lockwood. She and Earl have been after me to continue lessons, but I have no idea at my age of trying to start a musical career. Instead, I have enrolled in the undergraduate course in typewriting, and for the first time am learning to type by touch. The teacher knows I'm not exactly a student, but I haven't let her know I'm on the faculty. She laced me out in lavender in front of the class for not facing a business letter the right way when placing it in the envelope.

By November, it has been made clear that this is the year when the department will decide whether to recommend me for promotion and tenure. I've got in touch with Mr. Ransom and Mr. Greene and Donald Stauffer and they've all agreed to send letters of reference to Dr. Adams, Director of the Middlebury Teachers' Appointment Bureau, who wrote me:

So far I have letters from Mr. Ransom and Mr. Greene. I will add them to your file, and I will add Dr. Stauffer's as soon as I receive it. You should also get a letter from your Bates chairman to make your file complete. I have letters already from your under graduate teachers, Doc Cook, Dr. Beers, and Dick Brown.

Yours,

Dr. Charles A.Adams
Director, Middlebury College
Teachers' Appointment Bureau

-o-

When I take our September checks in to Lewiston Savings Bank and Trust to put them into our checking account, there's a long line for the cashier, and, standing there I become aware in a parallel lineup for another cashier a tall young man, his face vaguely familiar but I can't place him. It's meeting in a strange place somebody you know and you can't for the life place him out of his context. As I flick my eyes again in his direction to see whether I can trigger a clue, he nods and smiles and waves and calls, "How's it

going, Lyle?"

First name basis: "Lyle!" and I haven't the slightest notion who he is! As I get to the cashier and start my transaction, I place him. He's the tall young fellow I met two springs ago on the path from the spine of rock in the Androscoggin on my way back after being interrogated by "Honey." He must be Honey's friend, the music teacher and choir director at one of the churches, the Catholic, I believe. I feel myself flushing red thinking of the occasion and of Honey's visit that time Amy was in the hospital having Laura. He has recognized me in spite of my shaving my beard. I have no thought of continuing our minimal relationship, but on the way back home on the trolley, I find myself thinking of him, and start carrying a bone for him.

A couple of weeks later, after Amy has left for Bliss College, I have just changed Laura's diapers and got her back in her playpen and cleaned up the bathroom and washed my hands, and gone back to look at Laura, who has slipped off to sleep. Passing by our upstairs bow window looking out on the street, my eye is caught by this same tall young man, who is looking up at me, catches my eye, and instead of passing along on the walk, motions to me, and turns in toward our front door.

When I hear the bell, I go down, and he quickly steps inside and pushes the door closed and embraces me. I am "gone" in a minute, but terribly nervous. Mrs. Vosmus will be here in three quarters of an hour at the most. I can't take him into our bedroom where Laura is sleeping. I steer him into the bathroom, and in a minute we are undressed and in the tub with the curtain drawn taking a shower. It's been at least a year since I had sex with a man. Very slender as well as very tall, he has a tremendous cock, which I lean over and stroke as he goes down on me. I pull his face away and we kiss. I am rising in a tremendous surge of excitement. Under the warm shower, we spread out in the slippery tub and take each other six/nine. I turn off the shower, grab a towel for him and another for myself, and we scrub our hair dry and rub each other down.

I get him out of the house in a hurry, then have a half hour to collect myself, scratch out some notes for American Literature, lucky to have last year's notebook to refer to. By the time Mrs. Vosmus rings, I'm combed and dressed and switched roles to the college professor, still not having learned his name.

-o-

Along in early November, I think we should ask Agnes Lockwood for dinner, not only for all she has done for me but because I owe her some kind of explanation for never replying to messages sent by Earl McGee that she would like to continue having me for lessons. I take it that she means for free, like last year, but I don't think it's right to expect her to carry me along like that for another year. So we have her for dinner. While Amy is putting on the food, she asks me to play for her, and I tell her about the faculty "moment musical."

"I'm going to play the same program as at your house."

I play the Mozart Fantasia for her, but on our upright it doesn't sound as impressive as on her grand with her pyrotechnics from the second Steinway playing the Grieg improvisations .

When I finish, she says, "You would be something to listen to if you were still taking lessons. Are you playing anything new?"

"Nothing but the Strauss 'On the Beautiful Blue Danube.' I'm adding that because not everybody on the faculty cares for classical music."

"If I were there, for that I would close my ears."

I can see she's hurt by my not continuing, but I can't really explain that because I decided at my age I'm too old to become a pianist I'm taking lessons in typing . She and I have never discussed my interest in writing, and I've never shown her my poems. For her music is everything.

I try to tell her how much I feel indebted to her but she has no real interest in my "Moment Musical," a lack of interest that would be intensified if I told her there's only an upright in Gould Hall lounge where faculty socials are held. She's very polite and friendly but it's clear she feels let down and she's not in a mood to show much interest in our toddler.

I've never before thought of her as old, but her fingers are shaking when she's eating the chocolate bread pudding with white sauce and she spills a drop on the table cloth.

"Now see what I've done!"

Amy says, "I'm washing the cloth anyway. There's nothing that won't come out."

Agnes doesn't linger. "I have to be in early. I don't like to leave Rose home alone. She's older than I am."

I drive her home right after supper.

Amy has the table cleared and dishes done and Laura in bed by the time I get back. She's at work on tomorrow's lessons for Bliss Business College. I set to work on a poem that began to shape itself on my way home from saying goodbye to Agnes. I'm sad for the two old-maid sisters in their big house, near eighty both of them, with their faded grandeur from old days gone.

On her hill the wild rose spilled
  frail, wind-bruised petals on the clay,
soft, silken flesh, wind-ravish-ed,
  blowing and wasting the same day.

Lacquered buttercups grew gold
  and spinster-lipped on separate stalks;
she mixed them with her bachelor buttons
  when she returned from morning walks.

Blueberry bells swelled till they burst
  with child that split the parent skin;
she picked them with a practiced hand
  and an eye for the plump and masculine.

Her hens and her rooster scratched in her yard,
  her yellow bees droned in her hive,
and every hour of the blessed day
  she blessed her stars she was alive.

-o-

A late-October afternoon, when Mrs. Vosmus comes, I drive over Mountain Avenue to Aurora Avenue North, and take the dead end to park by the railroad tracks beside the double decker apartment house where, upstairs, Angelo Bertocci lives with his new wife, a blonde Finnish friend of Amy's friends, the Heald sisters, who knew Aili in Chester. She came in from the farming country and boarded and roomed at the Healds', doing housework for her keep. The three girls were in high school together.

I carry my briefcase crammed with themes to the riverbank's rock spur looking toward the ruins of the Bates mills on the opposite shore. It's a warm afternoon, not yet Indian summer but a prelude to it. I take in the view and the stream trying to draw me in to

its current. I resist a temptation to dawdle, and am soon deep in writing comments on a freshman theme by one of my new freshmen, John Sanborn, a newcomer to our Poetry Clinic. I can trust him to be erratically ungrammatical but creatively and intentionally so. His father is a school superintendent in Greater Boston, and John is rebelling against discipline.

My comment on his pastiche of fragmented sentences and folkspeech: "Lively and engrossing. I won't mention your sentence fragments and intentional lapses in grammar, because I know you know better and are using license with a purpose. I like your portrait of Peter and respect your declaration of independence. If you were a numbskull, these pages would be peppered with red pencil."

This is the next to last paper in the stack I brought with me. I'm almost through correcting.

I let my mind stray to the water, and my attention is caught by movement on the narrow strip of sand down on my left, out of sight almost behind me in the inlet. A burly, redfaced middleaged man has stripped to his underpants, and has his thick cock in his hand, stroking, his eyes on my face. He must have made a movement to attract me. I wonder how long he has been there trying to catch my eye. It's obvious he's inviting me to come join him. It's been a long time since I've let myself be courted here on the riverbank and I'm caught offguard and he's not taking his eye from my face, now that he knows I'm watching.

I gather my papers together and stuff them into my leather briefcase. How can I get past him on this narrow strip of granite without towering above him, as if accepting his invitation? I don't want to risk his speaking. I can't bring myself to walk the rock ribs back to the footpath.

I look to my right, where a spiney marsh creeps out to the river edge almost as far as where I'm sitting, and I plunge into it, landing on my left foot, my shoe filling with water. Holding my right leg high, I manage with supreme effort to land on the dry shore, and hurry on the path twisting away from the rock spur, stamping my left foot, my nearly new shoe squishful of stagnant water as I make an undignified retreat.

I haven't taken a half dozen steps, when I'm intercepted by another sightseer, this one cleanshaven, well built, middleaged, dressed in a threadbare oxford-gray wool suit, apparently his best. He's standing beside the path waiting for me.

"Do you come here often?"
"Sometimes to correct papers."
"You're a teacher?"
"Yes."
"Over at Bates?"
"That's right."
"Do you walk from the college?"
"My car is parked over across the tracks."
"You wouldn't be going downtown?"
"Would you like a ride?"
"re are you going downtown?
"I can let you out in front of the hospital."

Suffering an aftertwinge of excitement and danger from the man who exposed himself, I'm careful not to ask anything personal. I have a distinct warning -- not terrifying but enough to give a delicious shock -- that police headquarters may not be far from the hospital.

We talk about weather.

I let him out downtown and swing back toward college to re- lieve Mrs. Vosmus of babysitting, congratulating myself on having avoided one -- for sure -- and perhaps two possible propositions.

-o-

Late afternoon of the day before my "Moment Musical", I carry to the chapel my briefcase full of music, a floor lamp, and a long twist of extension cord borrowed from my landlord. The chapel is dark when I enter, and I switch on the lights in the chancel, then find an outlet for my extension cord and plug in my floorlamp. The cord isn't quite long enough and try as I can, I can't stir the Steinway from its station in front of the pews. I'm tugging in vain when Lysander Kemp and Bert Smith come along the aisle from the rear of the church and offer to help. We roll the piano a couple of feet nearer the outlet, plug the cord in, and switch off the overhead lights and arrange my music. The front door keeps opening and shutting so I know at least a few have responded to the invitation in morning Chapel for a Moment Musical at 4:30 by Mr. Glazier of the English department. Promptly at 4:30 I begin softly with Chopin's small posthumous Valse. Then I let a few moments pass while there's a steady squeaking open and shut of the door. I play a Bach Prelude followed by an Invention. The Chapel announcement requested no applause. A hush has descended, broken only by the rustle of new arrivals and by discreet whispers. I play the Mozart Fantasia. The entire program takes about 40

minutes. I pause between the longer pieces for newcomers to settle or people to leave. The Schubert Impromptu in B/Flat Major is one of my longer and more impressive pieces, followed by a number of short pieces -- Grieg's March of the Dwarfs, Schumann's Traumeri from Scenes of Childhood, Mozart's Allegro from Quartet in F number 10, Debussy's The Little Shepherd. Perhaps because Agnes Lockwood said she wouldn't listen to it, I don't play On the Beautiful Blue Danube but resolve to play it tomorrow night for the faculty. I conclude with Marche Militaire, which I still have by heart, the only piece I play without music.

I sit at the piano till all the footsteps dwindle, then collect the music, turn on the overhead lights, close the piano, unplug the extension, and sneak out the side door, from where I can switch off the lights.

Out there in the dusk someone is waiting -- Mrs. Chase's thickset, somewhat crippled and incoherent adult daughter Elizabeth, who is considered mentally deficient because she can't form words clearly, but I believe she is really bright, only superficially retarded. She's enthusiastic about my playing and manages to gurgle, "You pray beautiful."

I thank her and we walk along together, and I turn aside and continue with her to the bottom of her street, where she grasps my hand and squeezes. I couldn't have asked for more if she had been one of the great ladies of campus congratulating me on my playing.

I walk along Campus Avenue feeling good. I'm pretty well screwed up for the main event, tomorrow night's performance before the faculty. I have a detached feeling from knowing I have given up music as any serious part of my future, yet I loved the prospect of giving my concert. I'm going to be a writer. That's my secret and I feel good about it as I walk home in the twilight. There's no reason to be apprehensive.

-o-

The next afternoon, on the sidewalk in front of Hathorne after my American Literature class, I run into Brooks Quimby, our debating coach, and he stops me:

"Remember, Lyle, that nobody will be interested in your playing. You were wonderful that day in Chapel when you introduced yourself as an amateur and asked us not to applaud, and everybody up front applauded. They were applauding you for what you said, not for what you played. So be sure tonight to have something interesting to say."

I haven't thought of saying anything except

mentioning each piece and composer. I hurry home, and start scratching down things on paper. It's as if Brooks, a musical ignoramus, has spoken the gospel truth and I have to obey him. I work feverishly to think of a few spontaneously-clever remarks for each of the compositions. When Amy comes home, she finds me frazzled. One good thing: I've lost any nervousness I might have about the music and am worked up only about what I can possibly say.

There's no time to go to the library to look up learned historicaL and biographical data. Besides, for me to try to compose such an introduction would be to unveil my musical ignorance. I decide to begin by including the first piece I ever played in recital, Beethoven's Minuet in G. I find the music and on our piano hastily try it out and find I can do it all right even though I hadn't intended to have it on the program. I will tell them the story of my first piano lessons the whole business of how had swapped our parlor organ for an upright, so I could take lessons when I was fourteen. I'll tell how after I played it, I asked my teacher when I would be ready to play "the real piece" and Miss Webster told me, "That was the real piece."

That takes care of the introduction, and I'll try to improvise some kind of patter to introduce each piece.

Except for that change of playing the Beethoven and my improvised introductions, my faculty Moment Musical followed the pattern of my afternoon concert in the chapel. However, prodded by Brooks Quimby, I now have to interspace the music with chatter, and the further I proceed, the surer I am that my patter, instead of seeming light and impromptu will be the height of the inane.

That evening I sense I am off on the wrong foot as soon as I begin my introduction, but there's no turning back. There are about forty to fifty faculty and wives, and among them I'm introduced at our preliminary cocktail party to a member of the Board of Trustees -- the owner of the drugstore at the corner of Lisbon and Augusta, the big one where I had filled the prescription when I had the scare over venereal disease the week Laura was born. I remember again that the druggist himself took my order, and as soon as he looked down at the prescription, how he looked up at me with a cold, direct stare, and, without saying a word, gave me the package with another stare as coldly calculating as the first one.

Tonight the druggist's wife is effusively conversational and expensively gowned, and I sense that she is the musical buff in the family, probably attending concerts and opera in Boston and New York. Her husband is importantly, distantly, indifferent.

After getting through the Beethoven without casualty, I go on to a hastily cobbled-together Bach suite and talk briefly about Bach being the beginner's bane, often looking deceptively simple but running the gamut from mechanical precision, to lyrical perfection, to the deepest spiritual soul-searching. I play a small Prelude in C Major beginning with -- in the upper hand -- a chord with a grace note played by the middle finger, the whole requiring mathematical perfection; the second piece in the suite is another small Prelude as liquid as an Ode to Spring, and, third, I play the resounding Fugue in G Major, building up to triumphant chords of assurance and revelation. I had butchered it when playing it for Lou Harrison in San Francisco five years ago, playing it twice as fast as it should be played. Tonight, after my lame introductory speech, at least I get the tempo right, though I miss the resonance of the Steinway.

In general, I follow the twilight program in the chapel.

I get a fair amount of applause, and at the end Professor Crafts is decent enough to congratulate me on playing the Blue Danube Waltz in spite of Agnes Lockwood's warning (which I confided in them without mentioning her name) that if she were in the audience, she would close her ears.

After I finish playing, while I'm collecting my wits and my music, most of my friends leave quickly with a wave of the hand. Earl McGee and Joe Conant and Electra Frangedakis leave together without looking in my direction.

The next day on a crosswalk, I met Peter Bertocci, who buttonholed me with, "Lyle, I thought what you did last night was remarkable, but what you said was terrible."

A few minutes later, my feelings were somewhat soothed when I met Lavinia Schaeffer, who called out as we approached one an- other, "It was a wonderful recital, Lyle. If I could have my wish, I'd hear you play again that Mozart Fantasia! Right now! I hadn't realized anybody on the faculty could play as you can!"

-o-

Admissions Office
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

December 4, 1941

Lyle Glazier
31 College Street
Bates College
Lewiston, Maine

Dear Mr. Glazier

I have the pleasure to inform you that the Graduate Office of Admissions is offering you a full fellowship for study in the Department of English Languages and Literature, Dr. Donald Stauffer, Chairman. May I please have your prompt reply.

Yours Sincerely,

Theodore Abrams,
Director of Admissions

Without a letter from Professor Stauffer, I have no idea what this means. Does a full fellowship mean only tuition? How will I be able to afford other expenses for a family of three? Amy and I spend the weekend trying to decide whether to write a letter of acceptance or to write Dr. Stauffer asking for clarification. I don't say a word to anybody at Bates.

On December 7 we hear the electrifying news of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Nothing else is discussed on campus. A Declaration of War means that young unmarried faculty and older students are considering whether to enlist or to wait for a draft. A note from President Gray informs us that by an act of the Trustees any teacher who enlists will be guaranteed his position when he returns to the College.

For the moment I shelve any reply to the offer from Princeton. On the 13th, I get a second letter:

Dear Mr. Glazier:

I regret to inform you that on the unanimous decision of the Committee on Graduate Admissions, it has been voted to limit all fellowships to candidates for departments offering programs that bear directly on the War effort. Therefore, regrettably I must rescind the offer of a fellowship offered you December 4.

Sincerely yours,

Etc.

A few days later, I have a short, kind letter of regret from Dr. Stauffer, expressing his hope that I will have better success at another University. I have also a letter from Northfield from Larry that he and his former roommate have both applied for Officer Candidate in the Air Force to become pilots. He says that Clayton went to Springfield to enlist in the army, and was turned down with a 4-F because both his parents committed suicide. Since I am 5 years older than Clayt, and nobody believes they will be drafting men over 30, I don't even consider enlisting. It would mean that Amy and Laura would have to return to Bennington at least temporarily and I know how difficult that would be. Also, I would make a terrible soldier except for cannon fodder. Brought up on the pacifism of the '20s and early '30s, the whole thought of war is abhorrent, I hear that Earl McGee is planning to enlist, and that Electra Franjedakis, daughter of the Greek restaurant owner, has announced her engagement to Joe Conant. They plan to be married soon.

BOOK THREE.08WICKED and Spotless as the Lamb
Spring 1942 Chapter Eight
Bates College -o-

I have a phone call from Peter Bertocci asking permission to audit my Six Poets for the second semester. He wants to learn what Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley contribute to the history of philosophy. I tell him I'll begin with two or three weeks on Robert Frost before turning to Wordsworth, which seems to surprise him even though he insists that that will be interesting. I also tell him that my emphasis will not be on history of philosophy because I'm chiefly interested in the New Criticism and a discussion of organic form so there will be no systematic coverage of philosophy except as the poets raise such issues. It's impossible to read Wordsworth without noticing his conception of the poet as a seer, or to read Keats and Shelley without references to Platonic elements in their writing, but Keats was a thorough humanist, not what Ransom would call a "Platonic poet" and Shelley used Plato to provide texture for his political activism. Peter says that's

all very interesting and he very much looks forward to attending my class.

My method is roughly chronological because that is the order in our anthologies. On the first day, I give a rough schedule of readings for the semester, and then, -- even though Peter is there, having come in at the last minute and taken an aisle seat in the fifth row back -- I begin with a discussion of poetry as verbal music, and illustrate with Frost's 1914 poem "The Wood-pile," asking the students to find the poem in their texts and if they haven't yet picked up their books, look on with a neighbor. I notice that Fannie Longfellow is sharing her book with Peter Bertocci. They're sitting across the aisle two rows back from Malcolm Daggett, who I'm glad to find is continuing because I count on him to impress Peter with his bril-liance.

We're using the 1930 COLLECTED POEMS. I mention briefly Frost's early-in-life move of his family to England, where he went because he couldn't get started in the United States. I heard him complain at Bread Loaf that before he went abroad, all he got from poetry magazines was rejections. In London he met Ezra Pound and got his start with his first book, "A Boy's Will" that had a moderate success because his New England local color appealed to his British audience. On his return to New England, and publication of NORTH OF BOSTON in 1914, he had his first major American success.

I say, "Every poet has a tone of voice, and I want you to discover Frost's language and his music. I suggest we go to work on the first lines of 'The Wood-Pile.' You'll find it near the beginning of the book."

There's a rustling of pages.

"I'm deliberately not giving the rhythm away by reading the poem aloud. I want you to discover it. I'll say this much: although we often describe our metric system as basically iambic, with two syllables in a foot, the first syllable unstressed and the second one stressed, Frost, like many American poets, he keeps his ear tuned to iambic, is innovative and tries to imitate American speech as he knows it. If we look at the first line of 'The Wood-Pile' and try to mark out an iambic meter, it may not work the way it should. For the benefit of those of you who are new in the class this semester, I repeat one of the basics we learned last semester -- that the iambic meter is formally two syllable with the accent falling on the second syllable. Except for contemporary free verse, the iambic pentam-

eter line or the iambic tetrameter make up a great quantity of British and American poetry.

"Please write out the first line on a scrap of paper putting an accent sign above every other syllable. Begin with an unaccented syllable followed by an accented. Allow a few minutes and then we'll see what you get."

In a short time, I ask for a volunteer, who reads the line aloud:

! ! ! ! !

Out walk ing in the fro zen swamp one gray day

I say, "Don't blame yourself. I told you to read it that way, but nobody would read the line that way, would they? Let's go on to the second line. Sometimes we have to travel on in a poem to find the basic meter."

We use our scraps of paper, and I invite another volunteer:

! ! ! ! !

I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.

"That's better. isn't it? Maybe not good, but better. Now, try the third line. See if we begin to get a pattern."

! ! ! ! !

"No, I will keep on go ing and we shall see..."

I said, "Well, what do we have so far?"

Somebody said, "Hodge-podge.".

"Exactly, yet you can be sure Frost is not a hodge-podge poet. Go back to the first line, copy it again, and notice that if you count the letters in the syllables, there are longer syllables and shorter syllables. This time instead of putting on an accent sign, underline the syllables with more than three letters, and you get something like this:

Out walk ing in the fro zen swamp one gray day:

"Now, I'm going to state as a general rule that words of more than one syllable usually have an accent on one or more of those syllables and the accent falls as marked in the dictionary or the way we speak it in prose. Think of a few examples, --

! ! ! !

just off the bat -- 'falter,' 'extreme,''noble,''human.'

Sometimes the accent falls on the first syllable, sometimes on the second:

! ! ! !

'gerrymander,' 'intoxication.'

How many words of more than one syllable in the first line of 'The Wood-pile?"

Answer: "Two."

!

"OK, so place an accent above the first syllable of 'walk-

!

ing' and 'fro-zen,' and I find it hard to read the line without putting an accent on 'Out', so we begin the line with a foot made up of two accents or a spondee and at the end we put an accent on 'day' because it is a noun -- in other words, an adjective (accented) followed by a noun (accented). So now we get into semantics: more important words take an accent and lesser words (secondarily important words or filler words) don't. So 'the'

being an article connective is that kind of filler word and gets no accent and 'from' as a pronoun is another. We think them short, not long, and skip over them: so we have:"

! ! ! ! ! !

Out walk-ing in the fro-zen swamp one gray day

! ! ! ! !

I paused and said. 'I will turn back from here,

! ! ! ! ! !

No, I will keep on go-ing and we shall see.

"What we see is that we have to notice a lot of things. Stress or accent. Syllable length. Semantic meaning. All these bear on music as well as meaning, so that important words or parts of words stand out. And most important, there is no absolute pattern. There can be some license, some difference between reader and reader -- as there can be some difference in the interpretation of the semantic meaning, but there is a sort of loose meter or rhythm we can agree on, or perhaps not always agree on, but agree enough to be able to make a go of it to satisfy each other. For example in the third line I have just scanned, I feel no accent on the second word -- 'I,' so I ask you to bear with me at least for the moment while I read that line somewhat freely:

! ! ! ! !
No, I will keep on go-ing and we shall see.

"Or we could feel that first foot as a spondee and mark both syllables accented: ! ! ! !
! !
No, I will keep on go-ing and we shall see.
"I think the first way is better.

"In the same way, in the first line I feel an accent on the numeral 'one.' You see from this there is a certain freehanded impressionism in reading. Not all readers will agree with all readers. In the third line, for example, as I read it to you the first time, by not accenting the first person pronoun, I created a pattern in the first four syllables where you begin with an accent and end with an accent, with two unaccented syllables in between. This pattern is a trochee followed by an iambic. I call it a lyric 'turn.' It is a favorite musical device of poets.
"I realize that for some of you, the names for different kinds of metric feet is unfamiliar, so I'm going to take a minute and write on the blackboard -- you've already noticed that I make a great deal of use of the blackboard...
"Anyway, here at the beginning of the course, I'm going to write on the blackboard a jingle James Russell Lowell wrote out for his grandchildren to teach the different kinds of metric feet. ! !
! ! TROCHEE
Trochee trips from long to short.
! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
SPONDEE
From long to long in solemn sort
! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
Slow spondee stalks, strong foot yet ill able
! ! ! !
DACTYL
Ever to keep up with dactyl trisyllable.
! ! ! !
IAMBUS
I-ambus walks from short to long.
! ! ! !
ANAPEST
With a leap and a bound the gay anapests throng.

"You will find it convenient to write that down and memorize it. You will notice that in every line, when illustrating each kind of metric foot, Lowell lets the idea of that foot force the accent, and this is another point to keep in mind. Once a meter has made itself felt it can force itself on a line and produce an accent where none is expected.

"I realize that I'm forcing a lot on you for this first lesson, but don't give up on me. You'll find that we keep using this metric vocabulary, so in time it will seem automatic. Trust me on that.

"Now, I'm going to read the entire poem aloud, and you listen and follow along, and give me some license, but when I finish, try to have something to say about the basic rhythm or tone of voice of Robert Frost."

! ! ! ! ! !

Out walk ing in the fro zen swamp one gray day

! ! ! ! ! !

I paused and said, "I will turn back from here

! ! ! ! ! !

No, I will keep on go-ing and we shall see

After I finish reading the whole poem, I ask, "Well, what would you say we have?"

Somebody said, "Loose, but kind of regular."

Somebody else, "Iambic predominating.

Somebody else: "You could say, 'New England.' Frost sounds like a New England farmer. Musing, as if he's trying to work his way along through his loose metric as well as into the woods."

"Good. You're on the track I hoped you would catch onto. I sometimes feel that Frost is writing a kind of prosy metric. as if he has his eye on iambic pentameter, but not absolutely. It's almost as if he's writing a kind of counterpoint with two rhythms balanced against each other -- one the rhythm of prose and the other the rhythm of iambic verse. It's like trying to pat yourself on your back and rub your stomach.

"You begin to notice other things. You notice that his vocabulary is made up largely of short words -- a lot of one- syllable and two-syllable words. Very few long words. You can think also that in English verse a one-syllable word can be accented or unaccented

depending whether it is a connective or a semantically important noun or verb, or if the meter forces an accent on an otherwise unimportant word. Also, this may help -- if you remember that in English most polysyllabic words have at least one accent, you can work out a doubtful passage by placing an accent on two- or three-syllable words where the accent would fall in the dictionary. The word itself is not iambic if the accent falls on the second syllable, or trochaic if it falls on the first, but the words are building blocks in poetry, and polysyllabic words in regular verse tend to be accented as accented in prose. Even if a one-syllable word is not semantically important, it can take a forced accent if a meter has been established and an accent is needed. A one-syllable word, for example, can then take on an accent just by appearing where an accent is needed. Or two-syllable words with an accent on the first syllable or the second syllable become trochaic or iambic when they are fitted into the pattern of a poem.

"If you will turn ahead to the poem "Birches" we can try out the technique of accenting words of more than one syllable, making the accent fall where it falls when we speak it.

"Notice in the first line there is only one word of more than one syllables -- 'birches.'"

"In the second line there are three -- 'Across,''straighter,' 'darker.' In the third line only one -- 'swinging.' In the fourth line -- two -- 'swinging' and 'doesn't.'

"Now, if we read the first four lines of 'Birches' with those words accented as in prose, and think that Frost likes iambic verse, then the lines almost automatically fall into place:

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              !     !      !      !       !
          When I see birches bend to left and right
             !       !       !       !      !
          Across the line of straighter darker trees
             !       !       !          !       !
          I like to think some boy's been swinging
```
them...

Remember these simple rules. A lot of poets writing in English write in iambic verse. In iambic verse we have unaccented syllable followed by accented. It's sometimes called rising rhythm. In the same way, trochaic verse -- which is not often found in an extended passage -- is accented followed by unaccented -- and could be called falling rhythm. Remember also

that two-or-more syllable words are accented as in prose, and have to fit into the poem so the accent falls naturally. And also -- a meter once started often forces an accent on a word of one syllable. These are not absolute rules, but they often give a kind of playful looseness to a line. We have to bring a tolerance to somebody else's reading of a poem. We shouldn't be too dictatorial, or should perhaps keep our private disagreement to ourself.

"For next time, I want you to let yourself go rather loosely to see if you can hear the swing of "The Wood-Pile" all the way through, and "After Apple-picking" and "The Death of the Hired Man."

"Don't get nerved up about it. Sort of let it swing along and if you're a Yankee New Englander, you should find Frost your kind of poet.

"But now, in the short time we have left, I want to stress that no matter how essential and organic it is to get the sound of a poem right, the rhythm or the meter is usually an instrument of the poet's observation of or of his comment on life. We have to ask ourself. 'Who is this poet? What kind of man is he? What is the story he is telling? What do we learn about him and his world, or at least his view of his world?'

"And now I'll read 'The Wood-Pile' all the way through again, and this time, please turn your mind to anything in the poem that strikes you as revealing the personality of the poet or what he's trying to say."

When I finish this reading, I begin with a question:

"Who is the speaker?"

"Obviously Frost himself."

"How would you characterize him?"

"Musing."

"Exploring."

"Whimsical."

"Observant."

"Would you say, 'Philosophical' -- from looking at the woods, he draws a conclusion about the woodcutter and a conclusion about the relation between the woods and the people who go into the woods. He makes us think about why the woodcutter made the woodpile, and why he didn't return to carry it away. That would be the practical thing to do with it, make use of it. But he has other things to do, maybe writing a poem. Something more important than utilitarian. And there's a kind of pessimistic turn there at the end."

Somebody asks, "Do you mean the last line?"

"Go on with that."

"Well -- 'the slow, smokeless burning of decay' -- that describes both the condition of the woodpile standing there useless, and it also describes the way men use the woods for their fireplace or their forges or whatever, and it asks why the woodcutter didn't come back. It's such a waste to have cut the trees and then left them to rot."

"Are there any other characters besides the poet and the woodcutter? Why does he change the pronoun in the line

'No, I will go on farther, and we shall see...'?

"That's a common turn of speech in New England. My mother used to say, 'This time I'm going to put in more cinnamon in the pumpkin pie, and we shall see.' As if she is taking somebody else into her experiment, letting the other person share it.

In the same way, Frost is out walking alone and he sees the bird and invites the bird to enter into communion with him. He talks about the bird as if the bird is a person, but, really, probably the bird is not trying to talk to him but trying to see whether Frost is going to interfere with the bird's freedom. He personifies the little bird. Why does he do that?"

Somebody: "To have company. He kind of humanizes nature. When you get down to it he even humanizes the wood-pile. He imagines it has a mission that is not fulfilled."

"Good. I like what you're saying. And I want you for next time to go back to an earlier poem 'Mowing' and on to 'The Death of the Hired Man' and 'After Apple Picking' and 'Birches.' And for one of those poems, each one of you try to pick out something that seems to speak to you personally, something to tell the rest of us.

"We'll have a lot more than we can do in an hour, but let's try to hear a poem as well as interpret its meaning, and we may find out that what we hear has a lot to do with its meaning. For example, the poet of 'The Wood-pile' sounds like a New England poet. Its scenery is New England and its cast of characters -- the woodcutter, the poet looking at the work of the woodcutter, the little bird, and even the woodpile itself seem to work together into a kind of mission. As if no matter how important the wood-pile, there are things more important. Something like that. But whatever is there, it all comes from New England local

color. And the wood-pile is important, too, because it leads the poet to think about a lot of things he might otherwise not have thought of.

"As we go along, you will find that I'm not going to be lecturing you about the life of the poet or about what the poem means, but I want you to discover the poet and his world for yourselves. I want you to hear poems as well as think of them as vessels full of meaning. The poem in itself must be considered as something in itself both musically and socially or philosophically."

The bell is ringing as I'm talking.

When students gather around my desk, Peter slips out. I don't stop him to ask his impression. I'm sure I haven't satisfied his desire to get something to fit into the History of American Philosophy.

-0-

After a party at the Bushmans' when Amy chooses to stay home with Laura, Mrs. Chase is given a ride by Angelo and Aili. They insist on carrying me home, and I get into the back seat with her. In shutting the door I nick the middle finger of my right hand when Angelo starts the car before I'm quite settled.

Mrs. Chase is excessively solicitous, "Your precious fingers. You must take better care of them. It would be tragic if anything happened to one of them."

"I nicked the fingernail, that's all."

"Nonsense! You have a great gift. You aren't even wearing gloves."

"I keep my hands warm in my pockets."

"Oh! you mustn't be so careless."

I'm thinking she's making a mountain out of a mole hill. I do practise almost every day, but I've given up serious practising and simply fuss around with a movement in a Beethoven Sonata or a work on a Bach invention, not seriously.

"Lyle, while I have this chance, I want to book you. I'm having an engagement party for Joe Conant and Alexandria, and I've been looking for a chance to ask if you will provide us with entertainment. It will be the Wednesday of spring vacation. I'm having a dinner party at the Student Center. There's a grand piano. Can I persuade you to come around eight o'clock to play for us? You are keeping up your practising, I hope."

"Nothing serious. I scratch around in something every day."

"What are you working on?"

"I'm working again on the three movements of the Mozart Sonata that goes with the <u>Fantasia</u> I played for

the faculty."

"Perfect! Then I can count on you? Please say yes."

She says nothing about Amy and me coming for dinner. In fact, she doesn't invite Amy. I cheerfully agree to play for her, flattered, I suppose to have her approval.

About a week later, Joe Conant calls just after lunch and asks if he can come in for a while to listen to my practising.

"Yes."

I wonder what's on his mind. I don't intend to let him listen to my jerky starts and stops in the Mozart.

He comes the next day, my free afternoon. I don't take his visit seriously. I whang away at the beginning of Beethoven's
First Sonata, Opus 2, working on the minor staccato notes leaping up to a turn at the top. I do the first righthand passage over and over, then go on to the variation, putting in the left hand when I come to it. I do the first bars over and over. After ten minutes of this finger exercise I go on in the movement -- hacking away at it. I try to apply myself as if Joe isn't there. I don't even talk to him. After three quarters of an hour, he excuses himself, and I put away the Beethoven and go to work on the third movement of the Mozart Sonata that I intend to play at the Student Center. Apparently, I'm providing the program. I feel as if I'm in the situation Paderewski used to describe -- of going to play at Isabel Stuart Gardner's in Boston and being put behind a screen while she and her guests chattered and rattled their silver and toasted each other. He furnished their background, their paid musician. It was all in that movie about him, how half whimsical, half annoyed, he realized he was being used for the pleasure of rich folks.

-o-

The night of the dinner, I arrive right on time for my part in it. I'm still slightly irritated because Amy and I weren't invited to dinner. I've been only once before to the Center, and wonder if I can find it. I recognize it when I come to it.

Mrs. Chase meets me at the door. "We're just ready for you. Are your hands warm?"

The guests have moved from the diningroom into the lounge. I can hear the hum of their voices. Mrs. Chase ushers me into their presence. I'm standing by the piano. There are the Sweets, the Bushmans, Peter

Bertocci and his wife, Angelo and Aili, Earl McGee and Lavinia Schaeffer, Bob Berkleman and Yvonne, and, of course, Joe Conant and Alexandra Frangedakis.

As if I'm the paid musician, Mrs. Chase introduces me: "I'm sure we're all delighted to have Lyle come to play for us. I will let him make his own introduction."

I take my time arranging my music then turn to m,y audience.

"I'm going to play Mozart's Fantasia and Sonata."

And then feeling foolish to be making this formal appearance before my colleagues, most of whom are my friends, I add as if under the influence of Brooks Quimby's admonition 'Have something to say to them,' I add, "Some of you heard me play the Fantasia last fall. The Fantasia and Sonata are the greatest compositions I know."

I'm thinking, 'What a stupid introduction! What an ass you are making of yourself! Here you are with your best faculty friends that you've known for five years, and you're talking to them as if you are a stranger coming to play to an audience you have never seen before. And you don't have anything sensible to say to them.'

I do like the music. I think the Fantasia goes well.

I'm not so sure of the Sonata. I manage to live through the first movement, then throw myself in to the Adagio that I really love. I know I play it with feeling. The last movement I'm not at all sure of. It goes on and on, and I play like a player piano, very mechanical.

When I finish there is polite applause. Mrs. Chase says, "There's a chair for you here, Lyle, between Aili and Paul Sweet."

It seems I'll be tolerated now I've paid my keep.

She has come to stand beside me and I go obediently to my chair. I'm surprised that Mrs. Chase continues to stand by the piano.

She says, "And now Yvonne Berkleman will play for us."

I feel even more of an ass. She had not mentioned there would be other performers. She asked me to play for them. What had she told them?

Mrs. Chase took her seat, settling herself with an expectant air. Yvonne slouched to the piano.

"I'll play one of Mendelssohn's Song without Words."

She plays about forty seconds, then flounces back

to her chair, as if very satisfied.

Sweetly, and I'm sure without irony, Anne Sweet leans around Paul, and says to me, "Lyle, I think you're remarkable. I'm always amazed to hear you play. Do you always use music? I notice that you don't play by memory."

Her sympathy relieves my tension: "I used to memorize everything. Before I got through practising a piece, I would have it memorized. But I've lost that knack. It's as if I can't memorize any more."

Peter Bertocci -- acidly, "If you can't memorize, how did you find your way to the student center tonight?"

He's a philosopher. He has deliberately crushed me. I think of a response. 'Peter, don't you know the difference between memory and recognition?' The resentment is gathering there in my mind. I don't voice it. I'm demoralized.

Peter continues, "I notice you always play your pieces at a slow tempo."

What's going on here? Nobody except Anne says anything friendly. I could have said, 'Peter, I didn't realize you were an authority on music.'

I sit there for a few minutes and listen to their sparkling conversation. Why did Mrs. Chase invite me?

After a few minutes, I mumble, "I have to go now." I get my music and my coat. Mrs. Chase follows along to the door.

"Thank you so much for coming to play for us."

I hold my voice steady, "You're welcome, Mrs. Chase."

Through it all, Joe Conant and Alexandra have sat in their corner without saying a word to me.

I can't believe what has happened. I can't believe the whole evening.

Amy is in bed when I get home. When I creep in beside her, she whispers huskily, "How did it go?"

"Fine."

She snuggles close. I'm still awake when Laura begins fretting for her two o'clock bottle. I crawl out and heat it in warm water and give her her feeding and burp her. She is already fast asleep when I tuck her in bed.

BOOK THREE.09WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Bates Chapter Nine
Late Spring, 1942 -o-

Last half of second semester always goes with a rush, all sorts of meetings, and I'm beginning to feel in limbo about next year. With Earl leaving it looks like a chance I'll stay on.

I've started a short story about a small boy waking up early in Northfield Farms to go fishing up Four Mile Brook. My intention is to piece out his day with nothing dramatic happening except the trivial but important incidents of walking into the woods, fishing the stream down and coming home to learn it's already late afternoon. I don't have anything planned except that sketchy outline in my head. I push through the happenings as if I'm that boy letting his day unravel about him, taking its shape from whatever pushes into his consciousness. I haven't the least idea how it will end, until I get toward the last pages where his hopefulness for the day slowly unravels without drama, simply a peeling away of time. I call it "Fisherman's Day" and send it with a self addressed stamped envelope to The New Yorker magazine that has become all the rage.

Eddie Wright sends a note that the English faculty would like to hear my poems, so I go to an evening reading at his house. The Department is there, and Angelo Bertocci, who, I learn, is also writing poems and has had one or two accepted. Peter is also there. I read mostly the poems that have been published by American Prefaces at the University of Iowa. There are over a half dozen, most all of them in the five years I've been at Bates. I don't mention my short story manuscript, nor that a week ago I read about a new poetry publisher, and typed up about twenty poems and

sent them to James Laughlin. It would be nice if I could have an acceptance of the story or the poems before the reading, but nothing that flattering occurs.

Peter seems to be most interested in the poem about

Mind on the white horse of its dreams

but he doesn't comment about it until I read the later one about

This boy born of a sorrowing mother.

Then he says, "Please read that sad little philosophical poem again."

So I read the sorrowing mother poem again, and he says, "I didn't quite get the philosophical poem that ends so sadly, and for some reason I think he really likes the "sorrowing" poem and read it a third time.

"No, that's not the one. We've already heard the 'sorrowing' poem three times. I want you to go back and read the one about the mind. You seem to be very pessimistic."

When I still look puzzled, Earl McGee chimes in, "He means the one with the Icarus image of soaring too near the sun." So I catch on and read that poem again. All Peter says is "Oh."

Angelo comments that he thinks my nature poems will be more popular than his intellectual poems, and he wants to hear again the one about trying to climb Mount David in the wintertime.

Eddie Wright remarks about my poem about Agnes Lockwood and her sister that he questions the accuracy in the last stanza of my image of the blueberry blossom peeling off to form the berry. "I have a row of blueberries in my garden, and I've watched them, and I don't believe what you say happens really does happen. If you're going to describe nature, you have to be sure to get it right, and that doesn't seem right."

All I can do is shrug: "I've picked bushels of low and half-high and high-bush blueberries, and that's the way I see it."

Partly to get revenge, I read a poem I've just written with a main image from living in the shanty, applied to the sharpness of wit Eddie Wright uses when he wants to hurt somebody:

His hedgehog wit is armored like a quill
with hooks that fasten more the more you jerk;
clumsy and vain, yet sly, he marks his quarry
and flicks his sheaf of pride, bone deep the

quick
and hairy barbs sink in, they do their work
instantly while the eyes are growing thick;
he watches for the barbs to set, be still,
you think, and let his infant wit miscarry.

You've seen their throats black with the ugly tips;
they snap in rage at his insufferable ball
of self-conceit, practice has taught him tight
defense, and though he preens himself in pride,
he keeps shut in what's not invulnerable;
his beady eyes shine out, his whole outside
bristles with horns nobody comes to grips
with but for grief, his timing is just right.

A dog whose throat is too stopped up for breathing
whines for relief, his master thrusts his head
between the spokes of an old wagonwheel
and works the pliers, some dogs are choked o death;
the wheel of self-scorn saves a man, in bed
he works the torturous pliers and fights for breath;
barbed in reverse, the quills are drawn, leaving
raw voids humor and time and luck may heal.

It's the last poem I read. Nobody comments.

-o-

The week after this meeting, I get "The Fisher" back with a note from The New Yorker, "Send us something shorter soon."

The next day I have my manuscript back from James Laughlin with his comment: "I've been carrying your poems around with me now for a month, and I haven't been able to make up my mind about them. I need an agent for the state of Maine, and wonder if you are interested. If you are, please let me know." Since I'm leaving Maine, his invitation is impossible.

These two rejections in a row are very disappointing. I had hoped to have something affirmative to show to Eddie Wright.

-o-

After Six Poets class one day in May, a stranger pushes his way into the group around my desk, and when the others finish their business, I have a chance to look at him and realize I know him. He is a small young man about my age with squinty eyes. He could suffer from astigmatism. He looks crosseyed. All I know about him is that somebody told me he is Eddie Wright's particular friend. He doesn't attract me. He asks if I have a bicycle, and when I say, "Yes," he wonders if I would like to go riding some day with him. I have a small surge of response in the groin, and wonder what is behind his approach. We walk out into the corridor and start down together. At the landing half way downstairs, there's a men's john that never in four and a half years I have entered. He is looking at me with his squinty eyes, and rather obviously lingers and goes into the john, looking back at me. I continue downstairs. A couple of days later, I have a phone call and agree to go bicycling with him on that long pathway along the riverside grove but for some reason we can't agree on a date.

The next day at noon, I look out of my second story window just in time to catch a glimpse of that tall organist at the Catholic Church scurrying along. I'm aroused in a minute and run down and hurry to catch up to him. We are talking rapidly, and turn east on Campus Avenue and are caught in a great wave of students pouring into the upperclass dininghall on the corner. In the crowd, gazing at us, is the little squint-eyed cyclist. We are in such earnest conversation, we push through the gang. Nobody need know we are together. We are hurrying as if to a rendezvous. I have a strange feeling that there were glances exchanged between the cross-eyed cyclist, Eddie Wright's friend, and the tall organist, but it's the merest inkling that I squelch in the back of my mind. A quarter mile along east of the dininghall, we turn left past the Men's Dormitory and into a grove of trees I've never before noticed. In there we find a thick clump of undergrowth and plunge into it and masturbate each other. When we finish, we separate and hurry back, he ahead and I following onto the Avenue where he turns west toward the dininghall and I take a cross street over to the first parallel street back to College Street and home and upstairs while Laura is still deep asleep in her afternoon nap. I am deeply shaken, both by the sex and by the memory of the squinteyed boy observing us, and by the fact that I left

the baby unwatched for a quarter hour. Nothing happened to her, but something could have. Furthermore I make a lot more of my non sequitur conjunction between my pursuit of the organist and the squinteyed boy for an instant observing us. I make up my mind that if he ever phones me again, I will pull out of our date to ride our bikes along the Androscoggin.

-o-

I have a letter from Harry Owen:

Dear Lyle,

You may have heard that President Moody has had trouble with the student body because he tried to persuade them that we should steer clear of the War. They have made such a protest that the Trustees have asked for his resignation. I have become a candidate and I'm testing the ground by asking for a few endorsements. If you will support me, I will be much obliged if you will please write a letter to:

Henry M. Saverstroke, Board of Trustees of Middlebury College
c/o Simon and Saverstroke, Brokers
257 Weybosset Street
Providence, Rhode Island

After talking it over with Amy I write the letter:

Dear Mr. Saverstroke:

I have a letter from Harry G. Owen, Professor of English at Middlebury College, and Director of the Bread Loaf Summer School requesting my endorsement for his candidacy to succeed Dr Moody as President of Middlebury.

As an undergraduate student, I had Professor Owen as my teacher in courses in Browning and History of Art. After graduation, in 1933-4 I became his graduate assistant for freshman English on campus in 1933-4. I am now teaching English at Bates College.

Last summer I took three graduate courses at Bread Loaf, and as a result of my getting top grades in courses taught by Donald Stauffer, Chairman of English at Princeton, and John Crowe Ransom of Kenyon College, as well as a seminar in the Arts and the Art of Criticism, taught by Mr. Ransom and Theodore Meyer Greene, Chairman of Art History at Princeton, Harry at

the request of Ransom and Greene, offered me the position of Coordinator of the Seminar for summer 1952, informing me that "to all intents and purposes" I would be listed as "a member of the teaching staff."

I accepted the offer with the provision that I would need to find on-campus or off-campus living for my wife and infant daughter.

In early fall, after a letter from Harry requesting word from me whether I still wanted the position, I told him I was sure we could find a way for my wife and child to come with me. Without further word, Harry wrote terminating the offer, on the ground that he had found another candidate. That was the first indication I had that I was still being considered a candidate for a position that was offered to me unconditionally.

I feel that Harry has shown bad judgment in requesting me to recommend him for President at Middlebury.

Yours sincerely,

Lyle Glazier

-o-

Each spring in freshman English, when we come to a unit on Expositional Prose in our great flat Brooks and Warren anthology Poetry and Prose, I am particularly impressed by an essay by Hayakawa on Semantics (an exploration of jargon in the market place) and another by Corliss Lamont defining the relation of Economic systems and political systems in a Communist and a so-called Democratic State. He points out that in both cases me must consider both the political organization and the economic and social organization of the States. He reasons that there are basic illogical conflicts in both the Soviet Union and the United States. A Communist State should logically have a Democratic political system. It is wholly illogical to try to couple an absolute dictatorship with economic equality. It is equally illogical to couple Free Enterprise Capitalism (economically the most elitist system imaginable) and the principle of Democratic equality. Both systems are bound to fail. I am thoroughly persuaded of his argument that a socialist economy, where labor is in control, is the most logical economic

system to be paired with political democracy. The greatest good to the greatest number of citizens (both as consumers and as a work force) could only be achieved by coupling Socialism and Democracy. The students are always amazed at any argument that our Democracy could be less than democratic, but Lamont's argument, it seems to me, is a perfect solution for the great debate between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, where --as Jefferson reasons -- in a Democracy the "True Aristocracy" of virtue and talents should be preferred to the "Artificial Aristocracy" of blood and wealth. Lamont, looking from a different perspective and using a different vocabulary, reaches the same conclusion that persuaded me to become a Socialist when I voted for Norman Thomas in 1932. And I have never changed my politico/economic allegiance.

It happens that this spring we are reading the Lamont essay exactly at the time that the Faculty Forum meets to hear a book review by our new young economist Dr. Justin Hallowell. He has been telling me frequently when we meet that every day of the week, Sunday's included, he adds at least two pages to his scholarly work in progress. Tonight he is reviewing a best seller that argues that the greatest waste in our society comes at the top of the social pyramid with the unfortunate erosion every year of a certain number of our leadership elite. Dr. Hallowell does an excellent job of summarizing the argument. When he concludes and asks for comment, Denham Sutcliffe, who is attending his first meeting, remarks on the book's extraordinary marriage of content and form. "It's the first time I've ever come across such eloquence in a social scientist." This corroboration of Professor Hallowell's enthusiasm seems to sweep across the meeting. Everybody seems impressed with the way our eminent Rhodes Scholar has put the mark of approval on the book and its reviewer. Nobody else can do more than elaborate on Denny's admiration. I sit there in great torment harboring an objection that struck me from beginning to end of the review, and finally, wondering if I'm making an ass of myself, I say, "I should think that in a capitalist Christian Society, it ought to be apparent that the great waste is at the bottom, not the top, of the social pyramid in the hundreds of thousands of people who fall by the wayside without ever having a chance to realize their potential." There is a silence, broken finally, I am happy to say, by our sociologist, Professor Myhrman, who remarks, "I have been sitting here holding exactly

the same opinion as Lyle."

During our coffee hour after the meeting, Denny confides in me that Oxford University has just granted him a doctoral degree for his study on "Forensic Style in British Eighteenth Century Prose." I'm not sure I know what "forensic" means.

I tell him enviously, "I didn't even know you were writing a dissertation."

"At Oxford if you get a first you can earn such a degree by writing a thesis in absentia. Here at Bates, I was able to write on this subject because Eddie Wright has made British Prose of the Eighteenth Century the English Department specialty in our library."

"I've heard him say our honors students must be prevented from writing on any subject later than the eighteenth century."

"That's because he feels scholarship ought to settle."

"I've heard him say that."

"Would you like to read my thesis?"

"Of course."

"It happens that I have my copy in my brief case." I carry it home and read it. It is very erudite in a field I know very little about. What impresses me most is the scholarly apparatus of footnotes and bibliography. Amy is less impressed than I by that achievement because she learned how to use footnotes in Professor Cady's undergraduate Shakespeare course, and she made use of that accomplishment when writing her thesis at Brown. She takes a look at the introduction and conclusion and bibliography of Denham's tome. I read every word of it and am filled with admiration.

-o-

Like last year, I've got together a handful of students who meet at our apartment once every two weeks to discuss our own poems. We call it a "Poetry Clinic." Regulars are Doc Kemp; one of my freshmen John Sanborn (a sort of all around freak with far-out wit and a love of poetry); Dante Possella, a starving, intense Italian scholarship student from Pittsfield, reminding me of myself at Middlebury because he has practically no money and hangs on from semester to semester by the skin of his genius in literature and philosophy that persuades the Bursar to lend him just enough to stay on; and Bert Smith, a sophomore with a Dionysian fragility. A few other students are in and out. Amy makes brownies and lemonade, and sits in at our meetings. Our procedure never varies. Everybody has been solicited during the

two weeks between meetings to submit a short poem of his own or from any poet, known or unknown. I type and put the poems together without author's name, and in haphazard order, and mimeograph enough copies to go around. We begin by my asking who wants to read a poem and begin a discussion of its meter, diction, imagery, sentence flow, or whatever approach comes to mind. When we finish the discussion, the author can identify himself, or we can try to guess him. Once in a great while, if it's a poem by Sanborn he leads his own discussion without identifying himself. I think everybody knows who wrote the poem even though he and I are the only ones who know for sure. If submissions are scant, I put in a poem of my own or some obscure poem by a famous or obscure poet.

No holds are barred, but the aim is to get at the meaning through a discussion of the mechanical means, or, in the jargon of current critical language to get at the "tenor" through discussing the "vehicle."

For example, if there have been few submissions this week, I may have put in two quatrains without title or author:

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Doc Kemp reads the poem aloud to us and remarks, "I want to read it again and see if I can bring out the sentence structure." When he finishes the second reading, he says, "What I noticed is the sentence that runs all the way through it. There is a break at the end of the first line. Then it picks up and goes on for five lines, and then concludes in the last two. It's a simple structure, but hard to get in the first reading. The second time through it's transparent. I don't know who wrote it but the archaic language -- 'thou' and "thy' and 'thy' again in the last line indicates it is probably not by a modern poet."

Sanborn says, "The word 'art' in the first line is also archaic. The slant rhymes in the first stanza -- 'sick' and 'night' and 'worm' and 'storm' could be Emily Dickinson, but somehow I don't feel it is her poem."

Dante Possella says, "'Crimson joy' -- that's pretty awful, isn't it? And 'dark secret' -- the adjectives are both almost cliches. I don't think anybody today wrote the poem."

Bert Smith: "Granted it's an old poem, I think I like it. The worm boring into the rose. That's not new, but it's true. The whole poem is built around that image. It's a symbol for the canker that destroys the beauty of life. It's universal, and it's true to nature. He hasn't manufactured a farfetched conceit, but has taken a simple natural fact that we can all recognize as true, and he makes a simple and absolute statement.

"I don't quite know whether I like it. The image seems trite, but the poem is certainly concentrated. I don't know whether it's important that I like it. It may be good whether I like it or not."

A chorus of "Who wrote it?"

"It's one of Blake's Songs of Experience. I put it in because I hardly know anything about Blake. Everybody knows 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright' and 'Little Lamb, who made thee?' but I don't think I ever noticed this poem before. The title is 'The Sick Rose.' I put it in partly because it's so short, and I thought it would give us something to talk about."

Dante Possella: "I want to read the next poem. I may as well admit I wrote it. It's not perfect, but the best I could do in a hurry, and I'd appreciate any help you can give me:

THE CONSTRUCTION OF TOWERS

to Lyle Glazier

Gay on the sunlit rug, your chubby
Laura, building a shaky tower
Of blocks, put each in place with baby
Hands uncertainly of power.

No block square placed but evenless,
Her work was bad but she enjoyed it;
She smiled and giggled in her bliss.
The column rose till toe destroyed it.

I sat beside and builded too;
Each block she watched my hand assign.
My tower (guarded from her toe)
Rose plumb-square, perfectly in line.

She sat with blue impassive eyes
Gazing at me and at the column,
No smile: and gazed so seeming wise,
Contemplative, and sceptic-solemn,

That I who was perfectionist
Am now more sparing of tirades
Against the slapdash done in bliss,
Wisdom out of the mouths of babes.

Kemp: "It's great, Dante. I think Mr. Glazier ought to have first crack at it."

I look over to where Laura is taking her bottle, her big eyes staring over the top, both hands gripping the bottle.

"I think Laura ought to tell us what she thinks of it, but she's busy. I've had a chance to read Dante's poem, and I wonder, Dante, about the meter. Did you have any trouble with it?"

"I wrote it in a hurry. I know something is wrong with it but can't tell what. I got off to a jerky start."

"That's what I think. It might be better if the whole poem were jerky, but after an uneven start, it settles down in the second quatrain to a fairly definite four-stress beat. In the first quatrain, the fourth line, you notice the word "uncertainly." It's an adverb form, but we seem to need an adjective. Could it be, possibly, something like this?

'hands uncertain of their power'?

"That's prosy but the meter is clear. If you worked on it, you might come up with something better."

Bert Smith: "In the first line of the second stanza, the world 'evenless' seems to be there to set up a rhyme with 'bliss.' You use 'perfectionist' and "bliss" in the last stanza, and that's perfect. Maybe you should scrap 'bliss' here. Find a whole new rhyme, but keep the idea. I thought of 'out of kilter' but I can't find a rhyme to go with it."

Sanborn: "How about rhyming 'crazy'?"

"No block square placed but real crazy..."
but now I'm stuck for a rhyme."

Amy: "You could try 'ups'a daisy.'

"Tongue in cheek, she piles blocks like crazy
"Her work was bad but she enjoyed it,
"She smiled and giggled -- 'Ups 'a daisy!'

Everybody: "Hey! that's great!

"She smiled and giggled -- 'Ups 'a daisy!'
"The column rose but toe destroyed it."

Smith: "I'd leave out the word 'the' in the last line --
'Wisdom out of mouths of babes.'"

. Dante: "Wait just a minute. I been trying to keep up with all of you. I want to read it to you all over again."

-o-

I make a new friend, a freshman. Almost at the end of the semester, Benjamin Benowitz stops after class and asks if I play chess. I tell him, "No." [My only contact with chess was in the quadrangle at Berkeley when Skip and I watched a genius almost running from table to table laid out with chessboards and, taking a minute to size up the layout, made a quick move and went on to the next player. He was playing against them all, and apparently having no trouble defeating them.]

"How would you like to learn?"

"Do you mean you can teach me?"

"I'll bring the board and ivories, you name the hour."

We decide on next day at one-thirty when I have an hour before my afternoon class.

I learn a lot about Benny. He is a nice little fellow, a good student with a B-plus first semester.

He teaches me that a castle is a rook, and a horse is a knight, and that the most important chessman is the pawn. "If you let your opponent take away your pawns, he's got you."

Benny shows up every afternoon. He says he lives in Winchester, and I think he means New Hampshire above Ashuelot.

"No, I mean the suburb of Boston. It's one of the exclusive neighborhoods. I was salutatorian of my high school class." Although he has only that B-plus average, I tell him he's doing well this semester.

"I have to get an A."

I start noticing that his work really has improved. I give him an A in the next paper, and an A in the final. He gets an A for the semester.

-o-

I meet Earl McGee on a crosswalk. He walks a way

with me, then stops. "Lyle, if I were you, I would get away from Bates as fast as you possibly can, and never come back again!"

-o-

All semester I've noticed that Malcolm Daggett has hardly said a word in class. He sits there across from Peter Bertocci and clams up even when I call on him. At the very end of the semester he's absent. I'm worried about him. I ask what is wrong with him, and get no answer except, "He's sick!"

I go home and tell Amy and wrap up the only first edition I own (actually given me by Amy) -- Frost's West Running Brook -- and carry it up to the senior dorm, where students are piling out on the way to dinner. I ask where I can find Malcolm Daggett.

I get a strange look, "He's sick!" Other students turn to look at me. I don't mention or show my gift. I can't understand what has happened to Daggett. Suddenly I feel defensive. He's a big rugged looking boy. But there's something incriminating in the way the students look at me -- as if I were involved in something unsavory.

When I get home, I'm still carrying the packet.

Amy notices and asks, "How is he?"

"I didn't see him. He's sick."

After all my grades are ready to be turned in, we have the last faculty meeting of the year where we meet to discuss Honors for seniors and other terminal business. The big problem, it turns out is Daggett

Dean Rowe announces, "Anybody who has Malcolm Daggett should know he has missed all his examinations. The rule must apply. A student who has not been officially excused gets F in a course if he misses the final."

It turns out he has had a nervous breakdown and is in a hospital. Nobody comes out and says so, but from a lot of whispers and sideglances, the whispers chiefly from Peter Bertocci, I guess the problem is sexual. I wonder if Peter is peaching on him the same way he did on Bowditch. I have noticed that although he was very open and talkative the first semesters, he hardly opened his mouth the second semester with Peter visiting every class. His class work has fallen off, but his papers are still good.. I think that depending on the exam he might still squeak by with the A he got first semester. Now it seems that everybody agrees that the rule must apply. Nobody speaks up for Daggett. It's as if he has something catching.

I raise my hand and say, "He was my best student in Six Poets first semester, one of a few A's."

Peter Bertocci says, "A student getting an A will have his grade reduced to D. Anything below A is F."

"Well, he's getting an A in my class."

I can't believe what I'm hearing. This boy is sick and he's being punished by the whole faculty. I don't ask, but from the way people are looking at me, I gather that I'm the only one giving Daggett a passing grade. Am I the only one here who thinks it criminal to punish a students who has a nervous breakdown?

-o-

I have a letter from Middlebury:

Lyle Glazier
31 College Street
Lewiston, Maine

Dear Lyle,

I'm short three waiters for Bread Loaf, and remembering last summer when you found Lysander Kemp, I wonder if he would be interested in returning, and could you find two others? I need to know immediately.

Yours Sincerely,

Harry Goddard Owen

When I show the letter to Amy, she thinks Harry is taking advantage of me, but I don't want Doc to miss another chance at Bread Loaf. Doc is ecstatic at the news. I think also of Dante Possella and Bert Smith, but Dante tells me he can't afford to miss out on the money he can make working in a factory in Pittsfield. Without that, he can't pay his tuition. Bert is as enthusiastic as Doc, but in a few hours he comes back and tells me that he can't go. He went to Eddie Wright with the news, and Eddie told him that as a senior next year, he can't afford to waste his time at Bread Loaf. If he has time hanging on his hands he should do some serious independent study.

I look up John Sanborn although he's only a freshman. He doesn't hesitate a minute.

Doc comes to report that Don Roberts, who is graduating, would love to be included. Although I've never had Don as a student, I take Doc's word, and send

all three names to Harry, and advise them all three to send written confirmation.

-o-

That was my last official act at Bates College, except to turn in my grades to the Registrar and march in the Commencement parade.

I am carrying the wrapped copy of West-Running Brook for Lysander Kemp. I walk where he is standing. He introduces me to his father and mother and teenage sister Shirley.

Mrs. Kemp says, "When President Gray asked us if Shirley is coming to Bates, I said, 'Not if Lyle Glazier won't be here.'"

I give Doc the package and he opens it and asks me to write in it. Because he comes from Cape Cod, my mind jumps to a stanza of Emily Dickinson:

Born as we among the mountains
will the sailor understand
the divine intoxication
of the first league out from land?

I write in Doc's book:

To Doc, whose outland cape
is sea and sky and bone
this northern speech and scrape
of inland scythe on stone

The very last thing, Doc takes me aside and says, "A group of us seniors petitioned Dean Rowe to remove Eddie Wright as chairman. As a teacher he's an utter failure. He tries to give sprightly lectures, a total waste of time. It's an insult to Bates to retain him as chairman."

BOOK THREE.10WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer 1942 Chapter Ten

-1-

I've written a one-page job application and Amy made a hundred copies to send to schools and colleges in eastern U.S., my most important asset the recommendations from my three professors in summer 1941:

At Bread last summer Glazier took my Seventeenth Century Lyric, and the Joint Seminar in Aesthetics and Criticism given by Professor T. M. Greene and myself. Professor Greene and I agreed that he was the best of all nineteen of our rather picked Seminar

students. He is a very close student of poetry and poetic theory, and apparently able to carry out any written assignment that a graduate class might require; though I have not seen any long unit of his work from him comparable to a dissertation. He has perfect scholarly method as well as imagination and sensitivity. I recommend him highly without a single qualification.

March, 1942, J. C. Ransom, Editor, The Kenyon Review, Gambier, Ohio

Last summer at Bread Loaf School of English I taught Mr. Glazier in a course on Spenser and the Elizabethans on the graduate level. He did by far the best work in a group of about ten students. He has an indefatigable ability to work, coupled with an economy of effort, a thoroughness in handling material, and literary judgment based on wide reading and teaching. He has not yet developed a sense of proportion, but aside from this I have the highest regard for his intellectual capabilities.

He has a real driving force. Serious, alert, self-educated, he is certain to go far in the profession. He is very pleasant, inquiring, and cooperative personally.

January, 1942, D. A. Stauffer, Department of English Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey

Mr. Glazier was in a joint seminar on literary criticism which Mr. John Ransom and I conducted last summer in the Bread Loaf School of English in Bread Loaf, Vermont. I got to know Mr. Glazier well and can testify to his genuine ability and great earnestness. He is a tremendously hard worker, very sensitive to literary values, unusually well informed for his age in his chosen field and allied fields, a man of marked scholarly and teaching ability.

January, 1942, T. M. Greene, Department of Philosophy, Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey

The recommendations also included generous but not quite so glowing tributes from my undergraduate teachers at Middlebury --Dr. Beers, Professor Brown, Doc Cook, and Dr. Adams, all dated February 1933 when I was applying without success for high school teaching.

Most interesting of all is the recommendation from

Eddie Wright, which is dated not 1942 but back in 1941 though I didn't see it until a year later, when all the recommendations were collected. On a visit to Middlebury, Professor Adams read Eddie's recommendation aloud to us through his study window while we were outside on the porch of his house on Seminary Street.

Since he came to Bates, Mr. Lyle Glazier has developed into an excellent teacher on the college level. His standards are high, his demands stimulatingly exacting, and his relations with the students those of friendly advisor and teacher. I have been pleased to note how the number of those who have spoken appreciatively of his classroom work has increased each year. He is most successful in arousing an interest in poetry even among those students who had supposed they were immune.

I should state that Mr. Glazier came to us on a temporary appointment. His place is to be taken by one of our own graduates who has now completed his graduate work at Oxford.

June, 1941. E.M.Wright, Department of English, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

-o-

A week after we mailed the first letters, we had two replies from the Boston area, one from Brookline High School, and the other from the Headmaster at Groton, whose cautious, scholarly reply made me decide not to accept his invitation: "...if you are traveling in this neighborhood, and have leisure, you are welcome to stop by for a chat." I decided I would at least temporarily put aside the possibility of going back to preparatory school teaching. Recalling my visit to Deerfield, I could rest assured that the heels of my shoes would not be runover, but at the same time, I doubted if I or Amy would be happy in such an erudite cosmopolitan and, doubtless, competitive atmosphere. What would a graduate of Number Four one-room school and Northfield High School find in common with an Ivy League prepschool faculty? I was leery about fitting in at Groton.

The visit to Brookline was remarkably congenial. I was met at the train station by the superintendent, Mr. Smithfield, a skinny, somewhat countrified, cordial man, who informed me on the way to the school that every candidate was expected to demonstrate his ability by teaching a class. We would be just in time for a

section of seniors. He had no idea what they were reading, but assured me that Miss Everstreet, the teacher, was a motherly soul and also a brilliant teacher:

"She'll make you feel at home. Unfortunately I have another appointment that will require my leaving after a quarter hour. There may be teachers dropping in and out of the class."

Brookline High School was enormous, with an imposing facade that I was rushed past and down a corridor to an open door from which there was a buzz of well-bred conversation. Miss Everstreet greeted me at the door as students were politely finding their seats.

It's a spacious room, well lighted through tall windows along the far wall. I'm ushered to the front, and a seating chart placed in front of me. The students quiet down. Miss Everstreet clears her throat and announces:

"Unexpectedly, we will have the privilege of Mr. Lyle Glazier of Bates College introducing us to Pope's Rape of the Lock. I hope everyone has had time to read the first canto." She gave me a copy of the anthology opened to the page, and took her seat in the back of the room with the superintendent.

I glance over the chart and quickly match it with, in front of me, the mix of coed students, looking eager and expectant. There are six rows of six seats with a center aisle, only three students on each side of the aisle, much less crowded than any of my classes at Bates. I'm used to seating charts, for I make one for the first sessions every semester, using it till I can match names and faces.

Now the students are settled, nobody is in the last row except the superintendent and Miss Everstreet. I take another quick survey of the names on the chart, then ask,

"Who would like to tell me what is a Heroic Couplet?"

Hands were raised everywhere.

I selected one of the urgent yet very mannerly young men:

"Dennis Mahoney."

"A heroic couplet is two rhyming lines of iambic pentameter."

"Very good. And who would like to define iambic pentameter?
-- Miss Eaton, way down here at the front."

"It's a line made up of five iambic feet."

"Very well, and what is iambic? Mr. Esterbrook, there over on the side."

"I think it is two syllables, the first one unaccented, and the second one accented."

"Go on -- and 'pentameter.'"

"I know it means there are five feet in a line."

"Right. 'Meter' means a measurement or a foot, and 'penta' means five, so 'iambic pentameter' means a line made up of five iambic feet. And now, let's look at the poem. Who will volunteer to read the first verse paragraph? -- Mr. Gaines."

He reads the first six lines.

"You notice that I called it a 'verse paragraph.' Why not call it a 'stanza'? -- This gentleman over here, Mr. Jones."

"Because a stanza is what you call it when you have a poem broken into several sections, each of which has the same pattern as all the others."

"That's right. For example, you probably all know this poem: I write it on the board as I read it:

Drink to me only with thine eyes
and I will pledge with mine
Or leave a kiss within the cup
and I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for mine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath
not so much honoring thee
as giving it the hope that there
it might not withered be

But thou thereon didst only breathe
and sent it back to me.
since when it smells, I swear,
not of itself but thee.

"How many stanzas? No, that's too easy. Do you happen to know the name for this stanza?"

Nobody raises a hand.

"If you count the lines in each stanza, how many?

Everybody, "Four."

"Very well, and just as 'penta' means 'five,' 'the prefix 'quatre' means --? In French, what is the

meaning of 'quatre'? Anybody!"

A chorus of "Four!"

"Yes, and the name for the stanza is a 'quatrain.' And now, can somebody tell me the rhyme scheme of these quatrains? Miss Stern."

"I think it is a b c b."

"Why not a b a b? -- Miss Engelwood.

"I think it's because the second and the fourth lines rhyme and the first and third don't?"

"Yes, and you will notice that the four quatrains have the same rhyme scheme. And now I have a confession to make. The poem I wrote on the board is by Ben Jonson, a contemporary of Shakespeare. It's called 'To Celia,' and there are really not four quatrains, there are only two stanzas, the first two com- bined, and the third and fourth combined. So I'll bracket the first two quatrains and the second two.

"If a five stress line is a pentameter, and a four line stanza is a quatrain, what should we call an eight-line stanza? Get at it this way: What is a 'pentagon'? -- Merrill?"

"It's a five-sided figure."

"Right. And an eight-sided figure? -- Miss Wentworth?"

"It's an octagon."

"Right you are. And an eight-line stanza is called an 'octet.' So there are two octets in Ben Jonson's song to Celia.

Now let's take another look at the first six lines of 'The Rape of the Lock.' We have called them iambic pentameter. One way to test iambics is to see whether the stress within words falls as naturally as in prose. If you look up words in a dictionary, you usually find that in words of more than one syllable every other syllable is accented.

"Mr. Gaines read these lines very well. They sounded right. If you will look at the words of more than one syllable -- the polysyllabic words -- you will notice that Pope has fitted them into his poem in such a way as not to violate the prose pronunciation. For example, how many polysyllabic words in the first line? -- Miss Eaton."

"Three."

"OK,if you will pronounce them, I'll write them on the board giving your accent."

! !

"The first one is 'offense,' the second 'am'rous,' the third !

WICKED THREE.10

glazier

is 'causes'"

"And the second line. -- Mr. Gaines."

   !   !   !
            "'mighty,' 'contents,' 'trivial.'"

"The third line -- Mr. Henryson.

                                !
"There's only one word -- 'Caryll'."

"Fourth line -- Miss Anderson."

     !   !
"'Belinda' and 'vouchsafe'."
                                                    !
"And to speed things up: "The fifth line: 'subject' and
                !   !
sixth line 'inspire' and 'approve.'

"So, you see if you're reading iambic poetry, one way to test your reading and the skill of the poet is to see if the accent falls right on words that are more than one syllable."

"And now, what is the rhyme scheme of 'The Rape of the Lock'? -- Miss Anderson."

"aa bb cc dd."

"And we call this kind of rhyme scheme? -- Mr.Waterhouse?"

"A couplet."

"Yes, and if you will look sharp and imagine yourself reading the couplets aloud, you will notice that each pair of two lines becomes a unit in itself. That doesn't mean they don't meld into a larger whole, but heroic couplets have a way of emphasizing their identity from the way the second rhyme so obviously complements the first: Notice how in the first couplet and the third couplet, the two rhyming lines fit together:

What dire offense from am'rous causes springs
What mighty contents rise from trivial things

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise
If she inspires, and he approves my lays.

"We call these couplets 'heroic' because this is the pattern used by eighteenth century poets for their

translations of Homer and Virgil, the Greek and Roman epic poets admired so much in that century. The century is sometimes called 'neo' or 'new' 'classical' so Poe's Rape of the Lock is a neoclassical poem, harking back to Greek and Roman times, admired in this century. It's sometimes called the neoclassical period. Do you think from what you have read that, judging by the characters, are they heroic characters? Is it a heroic epic?"

Chorus: "No, it is a mock epic?"

"Good. i see you have read your notes. You've noticed that I left out the second couplet, so let's look at that. You notice that although the first couplet is tied together by its rhymes, it is not end stopped but runs into the second couplet:

What mighty contents rise from trivial things
I sing...

"Pope is very skillful. After he gives you the effect of the second line completing the first, he takes you by surprise with the way the second line runs into the third. We call this a runover line.

"It's also an echo line. He is echoing an earlier poet. Is there anyone here who has studied Latin and remembers the first line of Virgil's Aeneid? -- Miss Jones:"

Miss Jones, quite satisfied with herself, as she has a right to be:

"'Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris...'

"'I sing of arms and the man who first from the shores of Troy...'"

"Very good. Your Latin teacher can be proud of you. So we have an echo of Virgil, who himself is echoing Homer. And there is another echo...

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
brought death into our world, and all our woe
with loss of Eden till one greater man
redeem us and restore the blessed seat
sing, heavenly muse...

"Who is the poet and what the poem? -- Miss Boutwell."

"It's John Milton's Paradise Lost."

"Good, and I'm sure Miss Everstreet is proud of you. And I'm sure you all noticed how in Milton's first lines, we have pentameter with every line running over into the next to let the sentence lead us on to 'I

sing.' In other words, although Paradise Lost is a heroic poem, Milton didn't write in heroic couplets. Does anybody know the name for unrhymed iambic pentameter? Miss Rearly:"

"Blank verse."

"Why 'blank'?"

"Is it because it is lacking something?"

"A very good answer. And so far, nobody in this class has blanked out on any of my questions...

"We've been spending a lot of time on the sound of poetry, or what critics today call one of its "vehicles" and I want to go on in a minute to the "argument" (as Milton called the message) or what the modern critic calls the "tenor."

I write on the board VEHICLE -- the meter, the rhyme scheme or other parts of the verbal music; also the imagery, the characters, the setting, and a whole host of other devices used as instruments to make the poem or story move along.

"And TENOR is the argument or the message or the main drift of the poem or story. These words may be new to you, but don't worry about them. I'm just making a point -- that you have devices and you have a main drift to every poem, and one can't get along without the other.

"We'll spend most of the remaining time defining 'mock epic.' But before we come to that I'd like to do one more exercise on the kind of meter, or the difference between the rhymed couplets we have here and those used in Keats's Endymion, a romantic poem with a classical subject.

"Please listen to the difference between Keats's rhymed couplets and those used by Pope. Here are the first lines of Endymion:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams...

"Let's put aside any attempt to evaluate the music or say one poem is musically better than the other, but simply notice the difference. You notice that at the end of the second line, instead of coming to rest, there's a pull into the third line. And the same thing happens at the end of the third and fourth lines. Keats writes couplets with the same runover effect Milton used

with unrhymed iambic pentameter blank verse. You're pulled along from one line to another. We call these 'runover' lines. They give a liquid, flowing effect.

"Pope's lines are different, his vocabulary is different, his tone of voice is different. He's sharp and witty and brisk where Keats is muted and thoughtfully emotional. Many of Pope's couplets are tight, epigrammatic statements, often memorable:

All are but parts of one tremendous whole,
Whose body Nature is and God the soul.

"So with that sketchy mention of Virgil and Milton and Keats, now let's hear from you how you can defend the claim that The Rape of the Lock is not a romantic but a neoclassical poem. From what you have read today, why is this a 'mock' epic? First. we have to define 'epic.' -- Miss Anderson."

"An epic is a long narrative poem with heroic characters, like Gods or noblemen or national heroes."

"Can anybody name some heroic epic?"

Volunteers: "Homer's Iliad."
"The Odyssey."
"Virgil's Aeneid."

"Who are the characters in these poems?"

"Greek and Trojan heroes."

"Such as..."

"Achilles."

"Agamemnon."

"Ulysses."

"Who are the characters in Canto I of The Rape of the Lock?
First of all, do we know their names?"

"There's Belinda."

"Is she heroic?"

"No. Pope is making fun of her."

"Who are the men?"

"Well, there's the 'well-bred Lord' in line 8 and apparently he will assault Belinda."

"Notice the witticism there. She is a 'belle' -- as in her name 'Belinda,'" -- in other words, 'Belle-inda,' a pun. Somebody defining 'pun' said, 'a bun is the lowest form of wheat."

There's a groan.

"Pope is so clever he can use a word with more than one punning effect. For example, we all know what "bellicose"
means. Is Belinda not only a "Belle" but is she also somewhat bellicose? Of course, she is, cleverly so."

I continue, "Now let's turn to another vehicle of heroic poetry. Are there supernatural figures in The Rape?"

"Yes -- there are the nymphs or sylphs."

"Unfortunately we are coming to the end of the hour. If we had more time, I would ask you if The Rape of the Lock is a morality story like a Morality Play. Is there a struggle between good and evil? Is there a victim and a villain? Does the poem lead to a triumph of Good or of Evil?. But we have no time for that."

The bell has rung. Several teachers have come in and stayed a few minutes and left. The Superintendent, Mr. Smithfield, has come back. Miss Everstreet has come hurrying forward to con- gratulate me:

"What a marvelous presentation! All that knowl- edge! And you got everybody involved. How lucky we will be if we can have you on our faculty."

The Superintendent is at her elbow to usher me to the Principal, who is down the hall near the entrance behind an open door disclosing a mammoth desk in a spacious office. The man working there rises from paper work, and greets me with an apology:

"I'm so sorry I couldn't get to hear you. Your visit was unexpected..."

I feel somewhat let down that he didn't get to class. I'm elated over my performance. I'm sure I will have an offer.

The superintendent excuses himself. I'm alone with Mr. Scott.

"Mr. Glazier. I'm sure you must have some questions. How do you like our school?"

"The students are wonderful."

"I must say they usually do themselves proud with a visitor. My faculty sometimes tell me they wish their students would shine every day the way they come up to scratch with a stranger. Have you had time to look around at our town? You may not know that Brookline is an incorporated township within the boundaries of Greater Boston. We have our separate government and raise our own taxes."

"From the little I saw of it, it must be expensive to live here."

"Oh, we do have our slum, but most of our children have the advantage of upper middle class families."

"Do your teachers live in Brookline? I mean, can they afford to? I mean, what kind of a salary are you offering?"

He is polite about it, but there's a visible change

in his manner. I've asked an impertinent question.

He doesn't answer, simply raises both hands as if to explain that I can be sure the salary will be adequate. He rings a bell, and the Superintendent returns and drives me back to the station, and stays with me a full half hour until my train comes. He is very communicative and flattering with his interest in my family and background. I become sure he has more than an ordinary interest in my candidacy. Why, otherwise, has he spent all this time with me? I wish I hadn't asked Principal Scott that mercenary question. I thought I would be lowering myself after five years at Bates if I became a high school teacher, but after my gaffe, I'm eager to know they want me.

-o-

A letter from Mr. Smithfield:

Dear Mr. Glazier:

Thank you for coming for an interview. Our decision has gone in favor of another Middlebury graduate, Spaulding Thompson, who has taught at Lawrence High School the past few years.

-o-

The Lewiston daily NEWS has an article on a speech Dr. Denham Sutcliffe, Rhodes Scholar and member of the Bates English Department, gave at Commencement for Lewiston High School.

"Dr. Sutcliffe has been offered a position of chairman of English at the High School."

-o-

In the same day's mail I have acceptances from Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania and Tufts College. Neither requests an interview. Both offer $300 more than I get at Bates -- $1500.

Amy and I hardly hesitate. We decide on Tufts, from where I intend to investigate parttime graduate work at Harvard. We get Mrs. Vosmus to babysit, and drive down to Somerville and visit a Realtor, who shows us a flat across from the College way out of our price range, We take the second flat we are shown, a firstfloor in a three-decker in West Medford, near the boarded-up railroad station, a noisy and dirty location but the inside is clean and considerable larger than our apartment over the Hoys, and the same rent. I learn that by a back road I can ride my bicycle to Tufts in

less than a half hour. We take out a year's lease, make a deposit and plan to move in the middle of July.

Back in Lewiston, we don't tell anybody at Bates except Mrs. Chase. Earl McGee, of course, has gone for the summer, and I have no intention of telling anybody else.

When I go to say goodbye to Mrs. Chase, she's very pleased for us. Elizabeth is there. She goes into the living room and comes back with two heavy volumes of Beethoven Sonatas edited by Artur Schnabel. She stands awkwardly, thrusting them at me.

"Are these for me?"

"Yeth, yeth."

"Oh, thank you, but they must be expensive. Do you really think I should take them?"

I look at Mrs. Chase. She says, "Elizabeth, I can't continue to buy expensive music for you to give away."

Elizabeth has relinquished her hold on the books. I have them weighing heavy in my arms. She's looking at me and then at her mother. I hardly know what to do.

"Are you are sure...?"

Mrs. Chase is looking sternly at Elizabeth.

I don't want to hurt the feelings of either but leave with the two volumes. It makes for an awkward goodbye.

-o-

During the week's wait for the movers, we have an invitation from Old Orchard from Ladora Davis and Arthur Blowditch, announcing that they got married right after graduation and have a honeymoon cottage, a gift from Harry Rowe for two weeks. They send us a map and invite us for lunch on the 15th, the day before the movers will come for our furniture.

It's the second time I've been to Old Orchard -- five summers since I was there for my interview with President Gray. Dean Rowe's cottage has a small boathouse, where Arthur and I change before going for a dip while Ladora and Amy prepare lunch. It has been four years since Arthur came to see me at Gramp's while I was waiting for Bread Loaf to be over before starting on the trip west with Skip. Arthur is still very feminine. As we're changing from our swim, I say,

"I don't know about you, but l'm still the way I used to be."

I'm surprised to be saying it. He and LaDora have a small church near Lisbon Falls, where for the summer Arthur is minister and Ladora social director. They

intend to go to Andover Theological Seminary where Arthur will take courses. Then they may return to their church. It's strange that somebody as feminine as Arthur can seem so satisfied with his marriage. I think Ladora is the one who decided what to do with his life. They are very happy to hear of our going to Tufts and are amazed that we have already found an apartment in West Medford, where we will stay a week getting settled, then go for a month or so on the farm. They are both delighted with Laura, and she seems to take to them.

BOOK THREE.11WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Fall 1942 Chapter Eleven
Tufts/Harvard -o-

West Medford Square is dirty, squalid tramping ground for a cat and Junie hates it, but we have to let him out. Tramps stalk him to the back door, scrawny vixens swell with kittens they drop in an alley, lop-eared Toms, victims and bullies, who have survived nights of squalling crescendos, wake the neighborhood.

We have been there two weeks, when Amy says, "Something is wrong with Junie. He limps and his left leg is puffed up above the knee. I hate to put him outside when he has to go."

In the phone book, we look up a Vet with an address just off the square, and I carry Junie there in my arms. The man has been drinking. It's strong on his breath. He seems to know cats.

"He's been in a brawl. See the swelling. I can't do anything till it bursts. Don't worry. He'll let you know when it becomes unbearable. Wait till it festers then bring him back."

It doesn't fester, and Junie doesn't "let us know." He's miserably trusting. After three days we carry him back to the Vet.

"You've waited too long. Leave him. I'll see what I can do about opening the wound. Come back tomorrow around noon."

When we return to get Junie, he's stretched on the table, bloody and gone. The smell of liquor is strong in the room. Amy carries Junie back in her arms. Her dress is smudged with his blood and pus. We eat bread

and butter and put Laura in the carrier on the front seat between us, and drive before dark to Bennington, where we get a spade and walk out west to the lane thickly bordered with browneyed Susans and purple asters in bloom. We dig in the rocky soil three feet down, line the grave with flowers and sweet smelling grasses and clover, and bury him under small boulders, his fresh mound looking down on the wetland where red-winged blackbirds at evening on tall stalks of swamp- grass above their nests shrill praise to the setting sun.

-o-

As the crow flies West Medford Square is about a mile from the College. I ride my bike over a sideroad and wait a minute before crossing a railroad track where guardrails are down. Impatient, afraid of being late for class, I'm about to drag my bike under the bars when the ground trembles and out of nowhere a passenger train heading east hurtles past, the ground quaking. I'm shaking: if I'd stepped onto the track pushing my bike, I'd have been mowed down without knowing what hit me. The mile-a-minute morning express from Albany sweeps past, and I turn to a foot traveler who has caught up to me:

"How would you like to tangle with that, hey?"

"You can say that again!"

-o-

Dr. Blanchard is in his office, smooth-faced, impeccably groomed. He gives me my schedule: three sections of freshmen men and one of Engineering English. He sends me to Myron Files who created the unit in Literature and Functional Description for the engineers. He shows me an example of a

FUNCTIONAL ANALYSIS:

A _____ is a means of _____.

The principal parts of a _____ are:

1. A ---- (diagram), which is a means of _____,

2. A ____ (diagram), which is a means of _____, &

3. A ____ (diagram), which is a means of _____.

It is assembled by

1. _____(diagram),

2. _____ (diagram), &

3. _____ (diagram).

It is operated by 1. _____ (diagram),

2. _____ (diagram), &

3. _____ (diagram).

A diagram of a _____ assembled for use.

WICKED THREE.11

glazier

I like Mr. Files immediately. A practical man, he is far from being an Ivy League scholar. He points out that his Functional Analysis serves several purposes:

"It makes the student think of a machine not only by what it looks like, but how it operates. Furthermore, to get at what it looks like, he gets into the habit of reasoning out the function of each of the component parts. Also it encourages the use of diagrams that give the student an opportunity for inventive art work. Another thing, the Analysis teaches him organization of a composition and correct punctuation. He is learning correct English expression without being told it is an exercise in Grammar.

"The gist of this course is to make engineering students see a machine as made up of means for accomplishing certain ends. You have to get them to think not in terms of the way the machine looks but the way it operates -- a means of doing this and that until finally you can see how the whole machine works for some purpose.

"I believe that students can be encouraged to realize that a course in English supplements their other courses by giving them a tool for understanding how a machine works, and describing it verbally. Through the process of analysis and description it's possible for the student to comprehend his mechanical knowledge and communicate it to his employers or a non-engineering layman. I intend it to be a practical course."

"I guess I will learn from it, too."

"I always do and at the same time they are showing me what they know better than I do, I have a chance at something I know better than they do. The literature text is an elementary introduction to fiction and poetry. They will resist it, but I tell them they have got to know more than engineering."

I have almost instantly got to respect this unassuming man. When I first heard about him I considered him a kind of crank and his Functional Analysis a waste of time for a teacher of literature. Not since as a senior at Middlebury when my math teacher Dr. Perkins asked me to challenge the English Department for not teaching math majors how to write had I given any thought to the Department of English as a means for teaching students in a service-oriented School like the Engineering School, where students may not realize that accurate communication is as important as for a liberal arts students. I've always known I have no mechanical aptitude, but I can see it may be fun to discover

whether I can learn with the students how to look at machines functionally.

Mr. Files tells me that he is also the teacher of a survey of American Literature, a large lecture course with a hundred or more students. Mr. Blanchard provides him with a hundred dollars a semester for a reader to read papers and make and give examinations, and has suggested that Amy -- with her background as a teacher and her impressive vita -- might be willing to act as his reader.

I think she will like the idea and I agree to inquire. When I get home, I ask Amy if I can borrow the screwdriver for my first class in Engineering English, and find out that she would like very much to be Mr. Files' reader,

-o-

Two weeks before classes start, I drive over to Cambridge to call on Dr. George Sherburn, chairman of English to obtain permission to take one graduate course a semester. I have already sent ahead my vita including the recommendations furnished by Dr. Adams' Middlebury Teachers' Bureau.

"I have my Bachelor of Arts from Middlebury, and an M.A. from Bread Loaf. Since I'm teaching at Tufts full time, I can't take a full load, but I'd like to get started toward a Ph. D." For a distinguished scholar, Dr. Sherburn is surprisingly old shoe:

"I'm a Vermonter myself. Your Bread Loaf record looks promising, but we don't allow graduate credit even for our own summer school, though concurrently we offer a few summer courses from our regular curriculum and those credits can be counted toward an advanced degree.

"This fall, it happens, because of the War, our enrolment is down and there are not many courses available. I don't know that I would encourage you to get into one, but I won't discourage you. Sometime along you will have to take a written matriculation examination to be formally accepted into the doctoral program, but meanwhile there's no reason you can't take a course if you want to and we can see what you look like."

I ask to see the schedule and find that his course in "NeoClassical Criticism of the late-Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century" meets Tuesday mornings at an hour when I'm free and on the spot I persuade him to let me sign up for the class.

-o-

I have a telegram from Wesleyan Connecticut offering me four sections of freshmen at a salary of

$2,000 (five hundred more than I'm getting at Tufts). I don't even consult Dr. Blanchard but write a refusal. It occurs to me that if the War hadn't interfered, I would have had a fellowship at Princeton, and now by teaching at Tufts, I'm already started at Harvard. Wesleyan would have been commuting distance from Yale. Not bad for a starter.

-o-

Dr. Blanchard has scheduled a meeting of the Department on Friday at 3:00 directly after my third and last section of Freshman English. Although all three classes have got off to a decent start, I have sensed that in this class I have the best students, and for some reason -- perhaps the last hour of the day and repeating the same lesson for the third time -- the class didn't seem to wake up till this Friday, when suddenly it came alive.

After class, half a dozen gather around my desk with questions. For a few minutes the department meeting slips my mind, and when I come to, I arrive fifteen minutes late. There's a hush when I enter, an awkwardness I pretend had nothing to do with my tardiness. After the meeting, Dr. Blanchard gathers his papers and hurries out before I can make an apology. Walking back to my office with Jack Dunbar, another of the new teachers, Jack tells me Dr. Blanchard was furious at my tardiness.

"He wanted to introduce us all to each other and he made a point of saying he hoped we would all realize how important it is to be on time to faculty meetings and not inconvenience our colleagues."

I hurry over to Dr, Blanchard's office but the door is locked so I have to sweat out the weekend.

Monday after class I scoot over there again and find him in.

"Dr. Blanchard, I'm sorry I was late for the meeting."

He hardly looks up.

"Sit down."

He waves his hand and keeps turning over papers. Finally he turns to me.

"Glazier, I take faculty meetings seriously, especially the first one of the year. You put my whole scheme off schedule. Whatever happened?"

"Dr. Blanchard, I know this is no excuse. I stayed after class to talk with students. I figured that was my best class, and for some reason I hadn't been able to get through to them. Friday we were discussing their

first papers I had just turned back, and everybody was talking and some had questions we didn't get to and came up after class."

"Myron Files tells me you are teaching a section of engineers. What do you think of them?"

"I think they believe English is a waste of time. In fact, one of them told me so in front of the class."

"What did you tell him?"

"I tried to make him see that English is important because no matter how good you are in your field, you will be communicating with people who aren't Engineers."

"What do you think of Myron's 'Functional Analysis'"?

"The first day I took our screw driver to class. Today they turned in their first papers. I haven't looked at them except to notice that some of their drawings are excellent. If they don't learn anything in the course, I will."

"I understand you are taking a course over in the Yard."

"Dr. Sherburn's 'NeoClassical Criticism.'"

"Both Myrick and I got our doctorates there. In fact, Kenneth Myrick's book on Shakespeare was published in their series on the Renaissance. Well, Glazier, the next time I schedule a meeting, see to it you're on time."

I'm half out the door when he calls me back;

"Do you always assign papers the first week?"

"It's the way I get to know students. I'm scheduling quarter-hour conferences for all three classes. A class looks entirely different after you've had a chance to talk one-on-one with them."

-o-

Among the students appearing for conferences is Joseph Conrad Korzeniovski. a shy, tall boy with flaxen hair, who has never raised his hand. He explains that his family migrated from Poland to the Ukraine before coming to the United States. He's a direct descendent from the family of the novelist. His favorite novel is Quo Vadis? by another Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz. He tries to persuade me to read it, and I promise to, without telling him I have heard that it is like Lew Wallace's Ben Hur, a Christian parable. I do tell him I'm a Socialist and an atheist, which makes him all the more eager to have me read Sienkiewicz. He writes well without any flare for imaginative expression, and I have a hunch at the end of our half hour that he has chosen me for his particular faculty friend.

-o-

Dr. Sherburn's lectures are informal but solidly scholarly. Early on he informs us that our chief responsibility will be to read widely in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century criticism and to choose a subject for a term paper due at the beginning of the last week. He will choose one paper to be read at our last meeting when we will be invited for tea in his Commonwealth Avenue apartment.

I've never written a term paper with footnotes, and can't seem to find a handbook on research paper form. I ask Amy and she doesn't know of one either. So I begin to make up my own rules. From lectures on "the Rules," and from Sherburn's discussion of "Imagination" and "Nature." I begin to collect information on Nature and the Rules. I'm looking for something to tie my research together and find it in Samuel Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare: "...his drama is the mirror of life" and "...contrary to the rules of criticism, ...there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature." This conflict or compact between the Rules and Nature, I decide early on, will be the theme of my paper. Now all I have to do is gather references to flesh it out. Pope's Essay On Criticism is another source:

Those rules of old discovered, not devise'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodize'd.

Until I began this course, I hadn't been sure I wanted to get a doctorate, but after the first month in Dr. Sherburn's course I have no doubt.

-o-

From Skip Henryson, I had a high opinion of John Holmes, the resident poet at Tufts, who had read some of my poems Skip showed him. I still remembered John's remark that one of my lyrics was "over-imaged." I looked up John and found him immediately friendly. When I told him my short story "The Fisher" had been rejected by The New Yorker with "Send us something shorter soon," John asked to read it, and then urged me to submit it to The Atlantic Monthly.

"Mention my name. I often drop in at their office on Arlington Street."

I was impressed with the thought that not only the editors of the Atlantic published his poems but he could "drop in" on them. After they had held the story a couple of weeks, John stopped by and reported they were

seriously considering it. However, in due time, it came back with a note I showed John.

"Lyle, most writers get a printed rejection from The Atlantic for their first submission. I know they liked your story. Do you have an idea how many stories are submitted to them? Hundreds.

"We are getting material together for a Spring 1943 issue of The Tuftonian. Would you let us print it? That doesn't mean you can't also submit it to another magazine. Publishing in a college journal isn't considered definitive."

I liked that word "definitive" and told him "Go ahead," and he introduced me to the student editor, Frank Treddinick, who liked it and wanted to print it, but objected to the place where the boy has flipped a fish out of the water up the bank into the brush and is saying under his breath, "Please, God, let me get there in time.

"Would he really say that?"

I said, "Yes, he would," and Tredinnick lowered his pencil and let the phrase stay.

For that issue of the Tuftonian, I am also enlisted against my will to write a brief conclusion to a an essay by a student poet Melvin Heller on T.S.Eliot's Prufrock, with footnotes by John Holmes. I try to write something aloof and above the fray as if I were John Crowe Ransom, but feel I've only succeeded in seeming pedantic. After reading my commentary, Heller came back to me with the objection that I had been unfair to John Holmes, but John called to say he liked what I did. I guess either he was flattering me or he liked it better than I did.

-o-

Toward the end of the semester, Myron Files asks if I would be interested in grading papers for his Course in Adult Education he is teaching Tuesday evenings at Harvard beginning in November and lasting till after Easter. I jump at the chance to earn more money, and Tuesday evenings find myself driving to Cambridge and finding my way to the corner room on the second floor of Emerson, the same building where, downstairs, Dr. Sherburn holds his lectures. I begin to feel at home in the Yard.

Mr. Files gives me a banner introduction the first night I attend. There are about twenty-five or thirty men and women from all over Boston. Many of them are artists and immigrants who have recently come to the States. Among them, the first night, a Viennese Jew, my

size, with a crippled right arm, after class catches up with me in front of Widener and walks me to my car.

He speaks English fluently but with an accent and an imaginative twist of vocabulary and syntax:

"Mr. Fil-es tells me you will maybe help me better speak English, will you do it?"

He is such a birdlike friendly little man, I like him immediately.

"I am Arnold Weinberger, I escape from Vienna to Berlin where nobody look for me and wear a swastika on my arm and go on a train to Paris. Nazi secret police on train. I am lucky. The Rothschild family help me come here to Harvard. I'm a Viennese Jew, a bibliographer. I work in Houghton Library."

He tells me he lives on Brattle Street -- in a roundabout way on my way home, so I drive him to his room in an eighteenth century mansion turned into a rooming house.

"The lady owner friend of my boss. You like to come see?"

"Not tonight."

"Next Tuesday after class, you come. We have conversation, you learn German, I learn English."

"I talk it over with my wife."

"You haf wife, I don't know that."

"Yes, a wife and two-year-old daughter."

"You Americans marry young. In my country young men not marry till finish education."

"I may not be so young as you think. Goodnight, Mr. Weinberger."

"I bibliographer and Doctor."

"Goodnight, Dr. Weinberger."

He climbs out and stands at the curb, waving me away. I think he looks lonely and disappointed I didn't come in with him. His eagerness is like a child wanting to know everything about his new country. I realize he is an erudite scholar in his field, and I think we can learn from each other. Simply by being with each other, he will be practising English even when he is tutoring me in German. But, as yet, I have hardly thought of trying to pass language examinations. For the first time I realize I must come to that. I will take the examinations in French and Latin, and probably German will be the third. Amy studied German at Middlebury, but it's all claptrap to me.

-o-

Because Mr. Files is not a scholar, but a very pragmatic man in his way he's an excellent teacher for

these middle-aged and elderly people. As I read their papers, I get to know something about them. There is a stained-glass artist from Middle Europe, from the Balkans. He writes about how as an American immigrant, he is adapting the artistry of medieval artisans, who created cathedral windows. He puts into his window things like fish and automobile wheels, and a scene from the old country or from New Hampshire where he went on vacation. He lives in Dorchester. At the end of his second paper he writes me a note inviting me to a party in the flat of another Hungarian, a sculptor. I think they would all like to have me for a friend. I wonder if they have the slightest idea what my life is like.

Mr. Files introduced me as a Harvard graduate student, and I think they believe I'm sophisticated and upper class well-to-do, picking up pin money by correcting papers for Mr. Files.

To get them started writing about their own lives, Mr. Files discusses a new novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" made up of loosely connected impressionistic sketches of an immigrant's life in the city. After reading a chapter, he suggests as an exercise they write from their own experience a sketch of life in a Boston suburb.

As for me, I'm fascinated and envious of Betty Smith, the novelist, and wish I could put together a book of poetic incidents from my life. For a few minutes I'm wishing I had not started graduate work but had the courage to stick to my writing. I could put together a bunch of episodes about Northfield Farms -- like "Fisherman's Day," for example.

In fact, I'm so taken with the idea that I begin to put together another story about Joey. He's a sophomore in high school, and comes out from the first day of classes, and finds everybody gathering around the schoolbus gossiping about how a child on the way home from Number Four Schoolhouse was struck by a car. Nobody knows whether he's alive or dead, but the tattling is infectious. It doesn't matter that Joey has nothing to add, he joins in the gossip, and it's only when riding home in the bus that he notices his older brother sitting there without saying anything, and remembers that today is his kid brother's first day of school. He begins to shut up and learns when the bus comes to a stop at Frank Woods's store, that it was indeed his little brother got run over.

On my way home from Mr. Files's class I am piecing together the story in my mind and wondering if the

Tuftonian might consider it for their next issue.

-o-

I'm attending every one of Mr. Files' Adult Education classes, partly to know his assignments so I can correct papers, and partly to be on hand at the end to pass back papers and confer with students. All of them seem eager for my friendship. After about six classes, one night I get up toward the end and wander down two flights to the Men's Room in the basement of Emerson. It's an ill-lighted damp room with a dozen cabinets along the back wall on the left as you enter, and on the front wall a dark metal causeway like a ridgepole gutter hung hip high by thin wires from the ceiling, It's slightly tilted from the door where you enter to slant down to its terminus in a drain with an elbow leading back along the west wall out of sight behind the last cabinet. Through this duct a minimal stream of water is always flowing. Since overhead lights are just in front of the cabinets, in evening hours there is minimal light at the urinal.

When I get there, only one patron is positioned halfway along the wall, standing back from the trough, his hips slightly jutted forward. I size him up as in his early thirties, probably not an undergraduate, dressed properly in impersonal dark professional attire. He could be a doctor or a lawyer or a teacher, but obviously not an undergraduate. His eyes shift immediately where I'm holding my cock, and I see he has a half hardon, and the interesting thing he is dripping. When he sees I have my eyes on him, the drip increases, like a tapped maple tree in spring thaw dripping from its spiggot.

I hastily complete my piss, zip my fly, and reach automatically for the handle of a flusher, but there is none. I leave hurriedly and am back in the second-floor classroom in time for Myron File's closing instructions.

-o-

From student Functional Analyses, I learn that our screwdriver is quite different from what it seems. Its principal function is to provide a means for turning the head of a screw to force the tapered and ridged screwpoint through one board into another to draw the two boards together. Or the driver tip can be used to pry apart one board from another, or serve to gouge out a cavity for a screwhead to enter, so as to be sunk in a smooth bed where it won't snag a coatsleeve or wound the palm of a hand. Its principal parts are:

1. A handle or grip for transmitting power

from the hand of the user to the handle of the screw driver,

2. A metal rod connecting the handle (the longer the rod the more power can be transmitted) to...

3. A flanged driver-end manufactured to apply torque to the groove of a screw, or to serve as a means for gouging a board, or for prying one board from another.

(There is considerable debate in class as to the exact wording of this description. I am pleased to discover how important it becomes to settle this debate with a terminology satisfactory to everybody.)

Some of the diagrams are beautifully constructed works of art fit for display in a gallery. I can see that Mr. Files struck paydirt with his "Functional Analysis."

Nevertheless, every day at the beginning of the hour, there's a complaint from Littlejohn in the back row over the waste of time in this course. He informs his classmates that their class time would be much better spent on assignments for classes in Physic, or Drawing, or Surveying. Every day I learn to expect Littlejohn's complaint and to hold my temper and give my rejoinder about the practical value of knowing exactly the function of a machine and being able to describe it accurately.

The Wednesday before Thanksgiving, Littlejohn is particularly acidulous and intense in his complaint.

On the Monday after the holiday, when he raises his hand, I'm prepared for his usual begrudging rigmarole.

He even stands up instead of, as usual, slouching in his chair as if the effort to sit up straight is unworthy of his disdain for this class:

"Mr. Glazier. I want to tell the class I had Thanksgiving with my uncle in New York City, Head of the engineering firm of Littlejohn, Littlejohn, and Littlejohn."

He enunciates the names with pride as if sure everybody in the class will have heard of this internationally-known engineering firm.

"We were listening to my father's toast to the firm and to Uncle John, who replied by turning to me and asking, 'John, what are you learning back there at Tufts?'

"I explain my course in Physics with Dr. Sauerbach, and my course in Mechanical Drawing with Dr. Witherspoon, and my course in Surveying with Dr.

Ingoldsby. Since I know they are all internationally known authorities, I expect him to be impressed.

"Instead, he asks, 'Is that all?'

"I say, 'What do you mean?'

"And he says, 'I take for granted that at Tufts, like at every qualified engineering school in the country, you will have adequate training in Engineering courses. What I want to know is what do you have besides? What course are you taking that will equip you for communicating with clients who are not engineers but will ask for your help? Do you have any course that will enrich your general knowledge or will sharpen your ability to explain your expertise to a layman?'

"I tell him, 'I have this course in Engineering English.' "He wants to know about you as a teacher, and I tell him how insistent you are that we choose the right word, and see to it our diagrams mean something to somebody who knows nothing about engineering.

"Uncle John says, 'That's the only course you've mentioned that makes me think Tufts has a good Engineering School.'

"Mr. Glazier, I never expected to tell you this, but he even told me to soak up the literature, as much as I can, because the clients I deal with at Littlejohn, Littlejohn, and Littlejohn -- if I'm lucky enough to be hired there -- will respect me only if my general knowledge makes it possible for me to carry on an intelligent conversation over and above my specialization."

This speech was one turning point in the class. They took to Keats and Robert Frost, and by the end of the semester, I brought my bicycle, and they swarmed around the desk to pore over it in order to describe the principal parts and the purpose of every bit of metal and rubber. Reading their term papers, I really learned from them about the principal parts of my bicycle, wheeled to class, and propped on my desk for their analysis.

-o-

I park the coupe a half block from the address on Commonwealth Avenue, and find the entrance and take the elevator upstairs, where the maid is standing at the open door to admit us to Dr. Sherburn's apartment. A dozen Radcliffe and Harvard students are ahead of me, and Dr. Sherburn is responding to their exclamations over hand-woven dark red Bokhara rugs imported from Istanbul, spindle-legged Queen Anne furniture imported from London, and a mantle piece decorated with original

eighteenth Century dark blue Wedgewood pottery with raised classical decorative white-robed figures, some of them carrying a bow and arrow or wearing a Grecian helmet, and now and them a barefoot female endowed with graceful, elongated wings.

When I move back my chair to sit, I jar on its unfolded wooden standard a bronze tray large as a cartwheel, its surface laced with intricate oriental designs, and its standard inlaid with pearl. I have to right a delicate Spode teacup, one of a dozen fragile as windflowers each on its fingernail-thin saucer. Slightly embarrassed at my clumsiness, I listen to the conversation and, having always just made it to class and forced to leave in a hurry, study the faces. Which one will be invited to read his term paper? They seem to know each other but I haven't had a chance to know any of their names.

When a half dozen more have come in, Dr. Sherburn clears his throat and announces that everybody is now here, and as he informed us, he has chosen a paper to be read.

He pauses and we all lean forward in our minds, if not in fact:

"Mr. Glazier will read his paper on "Look through Nature up to Nature's God, a discussion of Eighteenth Century conceptions of Nature and the Rules."

I thread my way in and out among footnotes, most of which I don't mention, and feel my way through sentences with carefully-contrived parenthetical asides. When I finish, Dr. Sherburn says wickedly,

"Glazier, you read that as if you were executing a minuet."

I can feel blood rushing up my throat to my face. There are a few polite questions and then, at Dr. Sherburn's signal, the maid brings in tea. I sneak a look at the last sheet and find a carefully executed A-minus.

BOOK THREE.12WICKED ...and Spotless as the Lamb
Tufts/Harvard Chapter Twelve
Spring, 1943 -o-

During Christmas vacation at the farm, I borrow Mother's Aeneid and beginning with a few lines, gradually work up to 100 lines a day, completing the first three books.

-o-

Having got back early with a week before classes, we invite Marshall and Barbara Swan for dinner. A warm spell, I have long ago started our furnace in the basement, but fully exposed pipes for the second and third floor flats climb our wall and throw off so much heat, I have to go down and damp down my bed of coals. The friendly young Italian living on the third floor happens to come down to tend his furnace, and sees what I am doing.

"So that's why we've been burning twice the coal as last year!"

"What would you have me do? Your pipes are so hot they're driving us out of our livingroom."

"That's your story! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

I can hear our doorbell. The Swans have arrived.

"I'll talk with you later."

I hurry upstairs. Amy and Laura are welcoming our first guests. Laura is standing arms akimbo regarding Swanny's pink trousers. "Pitty pants!"

We have farm fare -- potroast, boiled potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, and one of Dad's sweet turnips. I have bought a bottle of red wine. "Table," I say, when I notice Marshall studying the label.

Marshall has just got his doctorate at Harvard.

"Had orals last summer, just got the degree. Blanchard has given me a class in Eighteenth Century Romanticism next semester. I'll have only three sections of freshmen. Somebody else will get my three o'clock Monday, Wednesday and Friday."

"I'm getting it. Last semester I had a section of Engineers."

"How unfortunate!"

"Actually not so bad. I learned a lot about analyzing the principal parts of a washing machine."

Barbara is learning about farm cooking. "You mean you cook all this in one pot!"

"Except the beets. You have to boil them separate or everything would be dyed red."

"The beets are delicious. Wherever do you find them? Our grocer has only the tiny kind."

"They come from my dad's farm in Bennington, Vermont. Lyle insists on having them so we can have red flannel hash."

Marshall: "And what is red flannel hash?"

Amy: "Well, you have heard of red flannel underwear. Red flannel hash is hash with beets in it. After a pot roast like this, we chop up the leavings and have hash for breakfast with a dropped egg."

Barbara: "You drop the egg?"

Lyle: "That's the farm way of saying, 'poached egg.'"

-o-

Larry shows up on our doorstep and asks if we can give him board and room till he goes in the airforce. Like his Middlebury roommate freshman year, he has been accepted for pilot training when they call him. Every day he takes the subway to Park Street hunting for work. Chief problem is that he has to explain he will be temporary. At the end of a week he has landed a job cleaning a pet shop downtown.

"There's a long-tailed monkey. Would you like to have him?
You can learn a lot from a monkey."

"Lyle might like to have him, but I think he would be a bad influence on Laura."

"If Lyle were still teaching the course for engineers, he could take have them analyze the principal parts of Ringo. Every day when I eat lunch in front of his cage, he's after me."

-o-

When classes start, I go to my Monday 3;00 o'clock and find Marshall there saying goodbye to his students. I poke my head in and he waves to me from the desk but doesn't address me.

He's saying, "Oh, Forsyth, did you actually manage to stick it out? I thought you'd be sacked." And

"Herschell, I suppose you got all A's."

"Wha'dya'mean, you gave me A'minus."

"What's the matter? I thought I was doing you a favor. Harvard graduate school never gives anything above A-minus. You really were B-plus. ....Polhemus, are you going to sit in the same seat as last semester? I'll dream of you in that exact same chair. I see you managed to make it on time. You never quite made it last semester."

I can see he has got a long way to go. Neither he

nor the class pay any attention to me. I hang around outside and can still hear their chatter at 3:15. I go back to my office and come back. When I push the door open again at 3:30, Marshall doesn't even notice. He's following up some debate he must have started with the man across the room in the last row.

When at 3;50 I march in and put my books on the desk, and take out my assignment sheet, Marshall seems to resent it, and the class seems willing to chat with him forever. I give my assignment and leave, and Marshall is still standing in the back of the room and comes forward to the desk when I leave. I wonder if I can ever wean them away from him.

-o-

I'm taking Whiting's Middle English, which comes at the right time. Our chief text is Wright's Middle English Grammar, which is chiefly a reader. Whiting explains there is really no adequate grammar. He puts us to work immediately reading from the Gospel of St. Mark, which turns out to be fairly easy for anybody who knows the Bible. It seems a clever device to put us to work first on a passage that is already familiar to most of the class. In addition to the text, we will have to read in the Widener Reference room The Pearl and Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight. I'm glad I had Beers' Chaucer at Middlebury. I try to make a living language of it and hear the words as well as translate them.

I already have a carrel in the stacks, and can find extra copies of our outside reading without spending time in the reserve room and waiting for somebody else to finish and turn in the book. It's a large class, and as usual I barely make it in time and leave immediately after for the library. I don't have time to get acquainted with anybody.

Whiting is a small, dry man, very young and distant. Nobody ever asks him a question. I don't have much interest in philology but find the texts very interesting and from my Chaucer course am used to piecing out the text as much as I can unaided before consulting the glossary at the back.

-o-

Language exams for the Department are held in Warren House, headquarters of English A (freshman English), a small building along a path in back of Emerson. As I go in the front door, I see a marker over the first door on the right indicating it's Ted Morrison's office, but I don't stop, going instead up-stairs to the Latin examination, that I prepared for by

reviewing my translation of the first three books of the Aeneid.

I'm shaken to discover that the longest passage turns out to be the first hundred lines of Book IV. If only I had turned one more page, I could easy as not have just finished preparing these hundred lines. I'm so demoralized I can't make anything of it. I don't even submit a paper, though the proctor had to register my name. You are allowed to bring a dictionary, and can take these exams as often as you need to until finally you pass or give up. All I can think, if only I had turned the page, I would have had it down perfect.

I stop by Ted's room and find him free, and go in past his secretary to see him. He has heard I have started to take courses.

"I heard you did well with Sherburn. I washed out before I got through the first course. I had Old English with Kittredge with his long whiskers looking like Hrothgar himself. He put the fear of god in us."

"Maybe I'm lucky to have Whiting."

"Kittredge was a terror. Although this didn't happen in my class, there's a story that he called on a student, who began by clearing his throat...

"'Wellll...'

"'Mr. Gregory, what do you mean WELL? Do you mean the adverb, the noun receptacle for ink, the WELL it's as deep as, or to WELL, the verb equivalent for a gusher? Now, Mr. Gregory, please read the passage.'

"'Wellll....'

"I was scared to death of him and after a week of it, dropped out of the program. I had no ambition to become a linguist, and could see no way I would ever qualify to be admitted to Kittredge's lectures on Shakespeare."

-o-

This semester, with four classes of composition, and 30 students in each class, and a 500-word paper required of each, I'm reading and grading 60,000 words of freshman writing every week. Until I get a doctor's degree, I don't see any way ever to teach an advanced course. I still read every page of every composition and make comments in margins and summarize at the end.

Larry brings home a pedigreed Cocker Spaniel puppy, feathered at the ankles, and wiggling all over with love. I name him Ajax shortened to Jax. Laura and I love him, but Amy doesn't like dogs and he knows it. We take him in the car for spring vacation, stopping to visit Gramma Briggs at Aunt Gloria's. As usual, I'm

driving, Laura's in the middle in her carrier, and Amy on the passenger side. Jax has ridden all the way on the shelf behind us, his head hanging overlooking our seat. As we come to a halt alongside the schoolhouse in Moores Corner, he shifts his head from the space behind the baby and, opening his jaws with a YAWP, spills his breakfast of soured dogfood into Amy's lap. Amy gets out in a hurry and dries herself as best she can with her handkerchief. I hurry around but she won't let me help. I take Jax for a walk, and chain him to the back bumper when we go in to see Gramma. Amy doesn't want to go in.

A half hour later, we pull into Grampa Glazier's driveway. Having heard our motor he comes out the side door. He's eighty-two. He begs us to stay overnight, and we do. He gives Amy directions to find potatoes and bacon and eggs and a bowl of package vanilla pudding Aunt Helen mixed up for his supper. I can see how pleased Amy is to show him how good she is at using a farm Sears Roebuck six-holer nickel-plated kitchen range, just like the one in Bennington. We eat supper under the mantle lamp hanging over the big table.

Gramp is talking about his age, "I don't know nawthin.' Someday they will have a man walk up there on the moon. I won't live to see it, but you will."

When Amy takes Laura up the crooked stairs to sleep in the front bedroom over the side door, we can hear her running back and forth on the thin carpet.

"I love to hear their little feet trotting back and forth up there in the open attic between the bedrooms. I used to hear Lil up there with our little ones. Come back and see me again, Lyle. I hear you're down there in the big time, but don't forget me."

"We'll make a point of it, Gramp. We'll come back to see you next year."

After breakfast we leave early to drive to Northfield to call on Clayton and Rena and Donna and Little Betsy. They have moved into the long white house at the foot of Parker Avenue just below Webber's before the road twists left past the station and then right over the crossing to the meadow where I used to be handler for Joe Bilman spearing tobacco to hang in Webber's big tobacco-drying barn.

Clayt admires Jax even though he calls him a city slicker. "But he would make a bird dog. With those feathers on his legs he would point a partridge if I had him out shooting. How long is Larry going to have to wait? Has he heard yet?"

"He's expecting to get his orders any day now. He hates the waiting, but we like having him."

"Well, can't you stay for dinner?"

"No, Amy's father and mother are expecting us. We have to be there by noon. We'll stay in Bennington overnight and be back in West Medford tomorrow night. I don't imagine Larry will have supper waiting for us."

-o-

Good days riding my bike to Harvard, I go out Powder House Boulevard to the powder house, turn right on College through Davis Square, swing onto Elm, then, instead of turning right to get onto Massachusetts Ave, I go straight ahead a half mile, and across the dry bridge to Porter Square, where I pick up the top of Oxford Street that carries me all the way down to Kirkland running diagonally along the north edge of the Yard.

In April, after my legs get limber, I love the feel of calf muscles working the pedals. One day, coming back through Davis Square, I draw up beside a truck, waiting to speed ahead when the light changes. The driver up there in the cab is looking down, studying me. Just as I meet his eye, he lets out a stream of tobacco juice catching me full in the face. At that minute, the green light gives him the signal to shift gears and jump away leaving me to clean off my glasses with my handkerchief. I can figure out his opinion of the Harvard whippersnapper in his good suit, green baize bag over his handlebars, waiting to get a jump on the six-wheeler.

-o-

Peter Birk stops at my office to walk me to a department meeting. Although I hardly ever see him or Genevieve, I'm surprised how friendly he is. A number of years ago he and Genevieve came to Tufts as I did to teach freshman English and married and both managed to stay on. He's a tall man, quite good looking but not rugged enough to be handsome.

This afternoon he knocks on my door a bit early and seems anxious to be at the meeting in time. It crosses my mind Blanchard sent him so I won't be late as I was last fall, but I really don't believe it. It's late afternoon and classes are over, the building deserted. We have to go outside across to another building, but Peter steers me into the john. At first I don't think I have to go, but he motions me to the urinal beside his, and even though I always find it hard to urinate when somebody is watching, I take out my cock. He hardly

seems to be doing anything except gently stroking a gorgeous, half-erected cock, with his eyes on mine. It's more than I can endure. I don't think he is up to anything but if he's really inviting me, I'm not up to it. With a married man, almost total stranger, I don't trust him enough to risk it. I fold my cock back into its sack and zip up, flushing the toilet. Immediately, Peter puts his away, and we walk on together as if nothing particular has been happening.

He wants to know about my work at Harvard, and I tell him I finished the course with Sherburn, and am well along with Whiting's Middle English. He tells me that K. O. Myrick's dissertation on Shakespeare was published by Harvard University Press, something I already know from Blanchard. The Department are obviously proud of Myrick. He and Genevieve and most of the students would have chosen Myrick over Blanchard to succeed their old Chair when he resigned. However, the new President, Carmichael, was buttered up by Blanchard, who had just married a rich woman in Arlington and could invite the President to her fine home. Myrick, on his salary and with a family to support, had nothing so sumptuous to offer, and Blanchard got the nod.

-0-

I meet a young, strikingly handsome assistant professor of drama, Jack Woodruff, who, on the strength of having read my story in Tuftonian, invites me to dinner in Medford when he learns that Amy has gone home to Bennington with Laura for a week to help at the farm. "Mother" has some sort of stomach complaint that sent her to the hospital for observation. I happen to mention I'm getting my own meals, and Jack invites me to dinner a Friday night when I don't intend to drive to Bennington for the weekend.

I can't figure out the situation. He and his wife have just had a baby boy, and his wife isn't at table. Jack is feeding the baby in a high chair. The only other guest is a student, who dominates the conversation by talking about last Saturday night's evening at a Singles Bar over toward Washington Street in the network of cross streets beyond the corner of Boylston and Tremont.

Jack seems very amused by the story and grills the student on details of men dancing with men every Saturday night. I hardly say a word, and can't figure out whether the student and Jack are extremely close friends, or it's only a question of teacher and student.

The ambiguity of their relationship is increased by Mrs. Woodruff's absence and Jack's expert feeding of the baby. No explanation is made why she isn't there.

I say very little beyond answers to questions where Amy and Laura are and whether I intend to drive there tomorrow, a question I had supposed Jack already knew the answer to. I can't make out whether he's showing an interest in going to the bar or whether grueling the student is simply curiosity. The kid is obviously enjoying telling his tale, and, it seems to me, he is infatuated with Woodruff.

"How did you learn about the bar?"

"My friend Sam Spellman knows about it. I went with him."

"A full house?"

"Not quite, but reasonable. Most of the men are middle-aged or older. They're crazy to dance with young students. I would be dancing with one of them, and he would be pushing in tight, and it would be going great, when there would be somebody tapping his shoulder and I would have a new partner."

"Is it dark there, dimly lighted?"

"They turn the lights low, and the music is dreamy -- they have piano and sax and a vocalist. My partners all want me to go upstairs where the john is and where one of them told me there are lounging rooms off the corridor leading to the john. You can go into one of these rooms and take a siesta."

"A siesta!"

"Oh, you aren't supposed to close the door, but if you get tired of dancing, you can go in there and rest."

"Did anybody take you up there?"

"I had plenty of chances. It was my first time, and I didn't care about doing it."

"Who are these men?"

"Most of them are very nice. I danced with a lawyer, and a teacher at M.I.T. and a ballet dancer who was really well built. Everybody wanted to dance with him, but he wanted to dance with me. He wanted me to go upstairs, but I said, No thanks, but I thought afterward maybe I should have."

"Is it expensive?"

"Only three-dollars-and-a-half cover, and you get one drink. Any more you pay extra. Everybody wanted to buy me drinks."

-o-

Saturday evening after early supper, I shower and dress in slacks and my mohair black sweater and walk

down through Davis Square to the Mass. Ave. platform, and take the trolley in to Harvard Square, where it goes underground. I get out at Park and switch to Boylston and get out there. It has just settled into dark. I walk around the network of streets south of the subway but can't find the Bar, so I return to Boylston and Tremont and ask a taxi driver if he knows how to get to "Club Napoleon," thinking he will direct me.

He gives me a knowing look and says, "Hop in. I'll take you."

We're off, tires screeching. Instead of taking me toward Washington, he runs along Tremont to the end of the Common, then takes me south to Faneuil Hall, and swings through a crazy grid of streets, many of them one way. I'm completely fuddled. When he lets me out in front of the bar, I've run up a dollar and a half.

Inside, there's a woman at the cash register, and she takes one look at me and calls to a big friendly man at the bar, motioning as if something is the matter. I feel very uncomfortable.

He comes over and takes a look at my sweater, and says, "Sorry, kid, we can't let you in in a sweater. You have to wear a jacket, and you have to be over eighteen, or I can't admit you."

"I'm over eighteen."

I'm taking out my wallet to show him my driver's license.

He puts his arm across my shoulder and leads me toward the entrance. We are standing at the foot of the stairs leading up toward the john. He pulls me toward him and puts his right hand in his pants pocket. The woman at the cash register is studying us. It's so early there's practically nobody at the bar. I'm thinking I could ask if I could use the john. His eye is on the woman. He gives me another squeeze and lets go of me, giving me a push toward the door.

"Come back next Saturday wearing a jacket."

It has got dark outdoors. I take my bearings, find Washington Street and walk along it, then realize I'm going the wrong way, and turn back and take a cross street and in a minute am at the corner of Tremont and Boylston. The cab driver took me on a wild goose chase and brought me back within a couple blocks of where I started.

I take the subway back to Park Street and catch the Harvard Square Arlington Heights Line beyond where it comes out above ground, and get out at the platform across from the foot of Day Street where I got on

earlier that evening. When I get home, it is still only eight-forty-five. I pick up a stack of papers and start correcting them, feeling miserably cheated till it occurs to me that all I need do is change into a jacket and go back.

There's a different woman cashier who doesn't even recognize me. It's not very exciting. There's a small crowd. I order gin and tonic and sip it forever. There are a lot of unattractive middle-aged men who are dancing together, no sign of the attractive crowd described by the student. I would dance with any one of them but they don't give me a tumble, and I'm too shy to try to catch anybody's eye.

Finally I have to go to the john. Upstairs I go along the corridor past half-open doors into dark chambers but if anybody is in there, I don't know. I feel as if I have to be absolutely on guard, yet I'm disappointed that nobody paid me any attention. There are two urinals, one at the very end of the room on a platform and the first one you come to on a lower level a half a dozen feet in front of the other. Nobody is there so I go to the higher level, and wait around but nobody comes upstairs for a long time.

I start back toward the entrance and have to stand aside to let past a thirtyish man in a black suit who looks at me and then goes past the first urinal to the higher level. I can see him taking out his cock and looking back over his shoulder. Finally I go to the other urinal where I have my back to him. I can feel his eyes on me. Still facing the urinal, I turn to look over my shoulder. He is busy up there, but doesn't turn to face me. I remember that earlier in the evening the barkeep thought I was under eighteen. Is this man scared of me? Why doesn't he give me a sign? All he does is stand there looking back over his shoulder both hands on his cock. I don't have the nerve to twist around partway facing him. He doesn't show me his cock, and I don't show him mine. He's older than I am, and I imagine he has been here before. Maybe he thinks I'm jail bait. I don't know whether I can trust him. We stand there fifteen minutes to a half hour doing nothing that amounts to anything. I'm not strongly attracted, yet I have an erection and would show him if he gave me a sign, but he keeps himself to himself except looking back over his shoulder. I don't know how to cope with this. Finally, I give the flusher a long flush, and zip up without keeping my eyes on his face. I look into one of the dark rooms, which seems to be empty. I go back

downstairs and nurse another drink for a half hour, then go back upstairs and there's nobody. I hurry about my business and this time when I go down I turn out at the entrance and walk back and take the subway at Boylston to Park where I switch to the Harvard/Arlington Heights line. At ten thirty, I'm back home frustrated. I'm really glad Jack Woodruff's student friend didn't show up. I wouldn't want the news to get back to Jack Woodruff that I couldn't wait to come downtown to the singles bar.

-o-

Jack Woodruff stops by my office, and we talk about the draft. My number hasn't ever been called. What surprises me about Jack, he's younger than I and yet has avoided the draft. I don't ask how and he doesn't tell me how he gets away with it. He seems very comfortable with the thought that he will never be in the army. I don't worry about it either. But I guess if I'm ever called, I will face up to it and see what happens. I'm pretty sure I'll never apply for an exception. I hope it never reaches that point because I don't know what will become of Amy if she and Laura have to go back to Bennington and live with her folks on the farm. It would look like a perfect solution -- nothing to worry about -- plenty of food, and a comfortable bed, but the way she feels about her mother and father I don't believe she could stand it.

-o-

While my students are preparing for their final examinations, I'm preparing for mine, rereading all the scattered fragments of Middlle English, and going on to read "The Pearl" and "Gawain and the Green Knight" that we never got to. I feel good about the exam and don't have much trouble with the translations. After a week at the farm, when we get back to West Medford, I find my mail at the College. I got A-minus.

-o-

Larry finally got orders and has gone to become a pilot. writes about the stiff discipline, and the scuttlebutt that more than half the candidates will wash out. He and his Middlebury roommate are determined to succeed.

-o-

Apparently I've been doing all right at Tufts. Dr. Blanchard called me in for an end of the year conference.

"Dean Wessel and I decided that on the basis of your contributions to the Tuftonian and reports he has

had from students in the Engineering School as well as Liberal Arts, you deserve a salary increase. We have decided on $300 more, bringing your salary to $1800 the first of September. I'd like to suggest that, since we are not giving increases to any of the other new teachers, you keep this information under your hat."

-o-

I use the car evenings when I go to study at Widener, where I have a carrel. Arnold and I have become friends. We often meet at the Square for coffee and then walk back to Warren house where I've parked the car on a cross street from Mass Ave to Kirkland. I drive Arnold to his room on Brattle.

I think he likes me, in fact, the first night I went there to have our formal German/English exchange, toward the end of May, it was so hot and breathless I peeled off my shirt. He left his door open.

"You haf to put on your shirt. My landlady will look in. I don't haf a young man here for company with the door shut."

A week later I found him distraught, "I haf to tell you. I go to London Bath near Washington. I am there sometimes all night. I am vigorous at the Bath. This night you maybe read in the paper about the President of Houghton College. Just become President, strangled. I went to showers and come back and look in door across the corridor. Two sailors strangle old man I think they don't see me. I hurry get dressed, leave. Next day read in the papers. Police haf no clue. How can I tell? I would be called witness. I haf no reason to be there. I lose my job at the Library. My boss Mr. Hofer fire me. I can tell nobody. I haf to tell somebody. I tell you."

-o-

The very last thing in the semester, we are talking of finding an apartment in a less dreary neighborhood nearer campus. With my salary raise we can afford it. We have only started looking for leads in the papers when I have a letter from Arthur Bowditch from Lisbon Falls, back at their old parsonage. He has finished his degree work at Andover Theological Seminary and will be getting a degree. He sends us an invitation for Commencement, but the big news is that they have a month-old baby, Martha. After consulting with Amy, we invite him and Ladora and the baby to stay overnight with us two nights -- before and after the ceremony.

It turns out that Ladora and Martha stay with Amy

and Laura, and Arthur and I go alone to his graduation. I can't speak for him, but two young married men with wife and family, we neither of us give any sign of ever having been more than a couple of male buddies who are getting together to celebrate one more event in a long friendship.

BOOK THREE.13WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer, Fall 1943 Chapter Thirteen
Tufts/Harvard -o-

We have the good luck to find a new apartment near the west end of Powder House Boulevard that runs along the southern edge of the campus. There are no houses along the north side of the street, simply a large open field that lies below the college on the hill.

It's a second- and third-floor apartment that has just been completely remodeled. The best thing it's under price control and rent is the same as for our miserable groundfloor flat in West Medford. I won't have to ride my bicycle to classes, except from Powder House Boulevard to classes at Harvard.

The house is the sixth in from the corner of Packard Avenue that runs uphill past the President's House. Almost across the road from the President is a patch of Victory Gardens, and we have our patch next to the President's, Jax goes with us when Amy and I push Laura there in her gocart, and Dr. Carmichael, working his patch, comes over to admire our pedigreed Cocker. He also admires the way Amy and I work our piece of land planted to early peas, carrots, beets, stringed beans, lettuce, a couple of Dad's winter squash vines, and a border of sweet pea and nasturtiums,

"You folks are born farmers."

"Amy's father is a Vermont farmer, and I grew up in Northfield Farms and worked out for our neighbors planting and weeding and harvesting."

"Your squashes are way beyond mine."

"My Dad grew prize winter squashes, and we've planted some of the seed."

"Who's the farmer, you or your husband?"

"Oh, we both grew up in farming country."

"Yes, but Amy's the farmer. When I was a boy I did farm work, but only as a hired hand."

"That's a prize cocker, for sure."

"My brother lived with us last semester before going into the airforce. He worked in a petshop just off the Common and one day brought Jax home with him."

-o-

Our house is a Boston Flat, the downstairs tenants having living rooms on the ground floor, and an inside staircase leading up to two bedrooms and bath on the west side of the second floor. As upstairs tenants we have our own staircase leading up to a front hall, livingroom and large kitchen on the second floor, with a door opening from the kitchen onto a porch that runs along the second floor south, with stairs leading down into a grassless back yard between our street and the next street. A two-car garage is in the corner on the southeast of this vacant lot. On the third floor we have a large bedroom across the front, looking toward the College, and in the middle space, a large bath on the west, balanced by a goodsized bedroom for Laura on the east, and to the rear, a very large bedroom, running the length of the south side looking out over the yard into the windows of the house opposite. The floors have been refinished and the walls repainted or papered.

Almost the best of it is that the downstairs tenants are Mr. and Mrs. Fred and Prudence Eaton, who lived and worked in Lewiston throughout their lives and took early retirement. Their only daughter Dorothy is a librarian in Portland. They take parental interest in the young Maniacs who have moved into the apartment upstairs, and look on Laura as their granddaughter. Mrs. Eaton keeps an eye on Laura when she plays on the front lawn in her playpen outside the Eaton front window. We sometimes hitch Jax to the front doorpost with a chain. Laura is three years old this July and Mrs. Eaton watches over her like a baby sitter:

"She and that little girl in the next house are always playing house together in their separate playpens. They play keeping house, and you wouldn't think it, but at their age, they know the whole language of house keeping. One of them takes turns being the father, and the other the mother. There's nothing they don't know."

-o-

Halfway through the first lecture in Sherburn's summer session Swift & Pope, he is well launched in his

glazier

exposition of The Battle of the Books, when he interrupts himself with a snuffle, and begins to dig with his right forefinger up his left nostril till the finger gradually emerges drawing with it, triumphantly, an extraordinary exhibit of snot that he edges down where he can observe it. Twisting his hand, without halting the flow of language, he lays it reflectively on the front of his desk. By this time we have all lost the drift of his lecture, intent on the goober that has been disclosed, and absorbed in the social and psychological implications of a scholar who knows his subject so well he can explore it at the same time he is subconsciously scrutinizing a physiological specimen that nobody but a great scholar would consider appropriate for public exhibition. The wonder is that we watch his skilful manipulation of both scholarship and infantile curiosity without in the least losing our admiration of the great man.

At the close of the class he announces our three written assignments -- "...in two weeks a two-page quick summary of Swift's A Modest Proposal, a midsemester ten-page paper on Gulliver's Travels, and a week before the end of the semester five pages on the language of Pope's Dunciad."

I've taught A Modest Proposal and think I know exactly what I will write.

-o-

Coming home from an evening in the Widener stacks, at half-past ten or eleven I ease through the front door, tiptoe to the second floor, where I have a glass of cold milk, then tiptoe upstairs and down the hall -- looking into Laura's bedroom -- where she's asleep on her stomach, her head couched on her right arm. In our bedroom, I silently undress and hang my clothes in the closet without putting on the light. Without any clothes on, I slide into bed and snuggle up to Amy. To my pleasure, after a minute, she is turning toward me and asking if I "want sumpin?'

I find that I do, and ask, "Are you ready?"

She whispers, "I want to ask you, do you mind if I don't use the diaphragm? If we're going to have a family, now's the time to start thinking about it..."

We finish at the same time and don't have to turn out together and creep past Laura into the bathroom where, ordinarily, Amy would climb into the tub while I fill the douche bag with warm water at the sink, and hand her the nozzle. Three-quarters asleep, I'd prop up the rubber bag while the water slowly empties. Tonight

all we have to do after we finish is kiss and she turns over and I pull her against me, my right arm cradling her soft breasts. We drop off to sleep.

-o-

It seems a relief to be teaching only one section of freshmen in summer school and taking the course at Harvard. I write my paper on A Modest Proposal, beginning where Swift gives his main, Ciceronian positive statement, pretending like the Latin orator that this argument is a waste of time:

"...let no man talk to me of other expedients of taxing our absentees at 5s. a pound, of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth or manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from the LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious in not selling our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness nor could ever yet be brought to one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

"Therefore, I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice."

Judging from many classes I have taught, thousands of readers become so enraged at Swift's ironic proposal to solve Irish problems of poverty and starvation among the masses by selling their children to the meat market that by the time they reach this segment of the proposal, their tempers are so inflamed they skip past it without reading it, or at least without taking it seriously.

-o-

For my paper on Gulliver, I wrote on the serious, human side of Swift's humor, how underneath the satire

on human foibles there runs all through the book a deep sympathy for the character of Gulliver who becomes not simply funny but naive and charming, like every healthy man infatuated with his masculinity. The story is as much a soul journey as one of the chapters in The Faerie Queene. Gulliver is not so much gullible as curious and empathetic. He identifies with all the strange people he encounters, and even when, for example, he stands above the Lilliputians putting out the fire on their shipping, he is proud of his male prowess in exhibiting such a penis. And in the end when he finds the perfect society among the Houyhnhnms and is invited to stay with them, he refuses the invitation because he realizes that if he has any contribution to make toward improving the world, it must be with his own people.

I fleshed out this humanistic proposal with a lot of examples, and passed it in on the due date, when Sherburn gave his windup lecture on the novel, and to my surprise talked on exactly the same subject; Gulliver's Travels as essentially a morality fable on the natural goodness of Gulliver as an Everyman figure and his discovery of the wickedness of the world while at the same time realizing that he cannot escape from his humanity and his mission to try to reform it.

We got our papers back on the day of our first assignment on Pope, and somebody -- I suppose Sherburn's graduate student assistant -- had written on mine: "Smells of the Lamp. A-minus." Indicating, I thought, that I pilfered my ideas from Sherburn's final lecture. It crossed my mind to remind Sherburn that the papers were passed in at the beginning of that last lecture, but I decided against it.

-o-

First thing in the Fall, I'm invited by President and Mrs. Carmichael to a reception for incoming freshmen the middle of September. There are at least a hundred young men milling around in the livingroom. I try to introduce myself and make myself agreeable to as many as possible. They are on their best behavior. Toward the end of the evening I'm cornered by a young dental student, who has to complete two years in the College before transferring to the Dental School. He is boyishly on the top edge of adolescence and almost blushes in his eagerness to keep my attention. I ask what is his interest in dentistry.

"I guess I inherited it. My father is a dentist in Woburn. He makes a good living, and he's

getting on, and I can go into practice with him. Why not? He has made a comfortable living."

"Won't you find it boring?"

"I guess everybody thinks I'll spend my life looking into the mouths of dental patients. But I like music and reading.

One of my teachers got me interested in Hemingway. I've read A Farewell to Arms and The Sun Also Rises and some of his short stories like the Indian stories in the Michigan woods, and I like "'The Killers.'"

"Do you consider him macho?"

"That's an interesting question. I think there's a hardboiled side to his stories, but there's a feminine side also. It's not the killers you identify with, but with the hunted. And, also with the boy who's watching it all happen. Most of all, his sympathy is with the old fighter who's at the end of his rope and can't take it any longer and got into trouble with gamblers. He's been running away and now it's time to give up. He'll allow himself to be murdered. The boy has this terrible feeling there's nothing anybody can do to help. It shows an ugly side of the world.

"And in The Sun Also Rises you have a very masculine character who has lost his manhood from being wounded in an act of heroism on the northern front between Italy and Austria. Do you like Hemingway?"

"Very much, and for the reason you like him."

"There's a tenderness in, say, Frederic Henry as well as in Jake Barnes."

"You talk like an English major."

"Just because I'm going to be a dentist, I don't have to be ignorant. I like music and painting. I have a collection of records -- Beethoven, and Bach. Do you have a collection?"

"I'm afraid you have me there. I like music, but I've never had money enough to collect. I don't even have a decent record player."

"My father gave me one when I graduated from grammar school. Maybe if I call you, some night you can come listen to my records."

"I'm pretty busy. I'm taking a graduate course at Harvard, and I have to spend some time with my family."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, and have a daughter who was three in July."

"Where do you live?"

"Down just off campus. Powderhouse Boulevard."

"Could I come see you?"

"For the moment, I'm very busy. And my wife and

daughter have to go to Vermont in a couple of weeks, to spend some time with my mother-in-law."

"Maybe I could give you a ring some time. Are you listed in the phone book?"

"Yes, of course."

-o-

A week from the reception, with Amy and Laura in Bennington, the phone rings. I've just finished supper.

"Dr. Glazier? This is Phil Wentworth. Are you busy?"

I'm scratching around in my mind to remember Phil Wentworth.

"You know, at the President's reception. We were talking about Hemingway."

"Oh yes, you're the predental student with the record player."

"I was wondering if I could come over."

"My wife and daughter are in Bennington."

"I can bring a bottle of wine."

I have a moment of regret that I'll have to put off reading the very end of Pope's Dunciad Book I but I answer, "Why not?"

"I know where you live. You gave me your address."

"On the second floor."

"I know. I walked past earlier this evening on a walk to the Powder House, and there wasn't any light upstairs, but when I came back there was. I thought you might be home alone."

"I'm doing dishes. I'll put on the light in the hallway and unlock the front door. Just ring and walk upstairs."

We killed the bottle of wine over talk about the significance of where Jake Barnes was wounded, and then it came out that his favorite of all poets was Hart Crane, and I got out my copy of Untermeyer, and he read aloud "Voyages" and I read aloud "To Brooklyn Bridge," and we talked about Crane's tragic death by jumping overboard from a freighter in the Gulf of Mexico.

I was beginning to notice the time and wishing either to be rid of him or to translate our flirtation into action. He had been sneaking glances at my music on the piano and asked if I played, and I played the Mozart Fantasia while he stretched out on the couch, then got up and sat on the piano bench and turned pages. It was getting on toward eleven-thirty when I walked him downstairs past the darkened flat of the Eatons, and in the cool fresh air, we sat on the raised framework of

the front stairs, our hands straying until finally his right hand touched my left, and we went hurriedly all the way upstairs to the back and undressed.

In bed, I never knew anybody shiver the way he was shivering. I held him in the dark until he stopped trembling. He was utterly passive. I began to massage his back till he quieted and then we turned six/nine and took each other, and lay together another half hour till we hurriedly gathered together our scattered clothing and dressed. I went down with him where we pressed hands and parted without another word.

-o-

Because of gas rationing I don't use the car in order to save coupons for the trip back and forth to Bennington. With Amy and Laura away, I have freedom to explore Boston. Sometimes I walk to Mass. Ave. and take the subway in to the city. I discover the Sunday afternoon concert at Isabella Stewart Gardner Gallery near the Fenway.

On clear days I ride my bicycle to Harvard, but one rainy day, when I have taken the trolley from the platform south of Davis Square, plunging underground into the dark before reaching Harvard Square station, I have to take a piss, and in the suddenly-empty exit corridor find a john and hurry in to a cubicle with only a urinal and wash basin and somebody ahead of me, a muscular young man in the uniform of a common laborer.

Without much time to waste, I'm about to leave, when I notice him looking back over his shoulder and turning his hips to reveal the erection he is working on. Instantly on fire, I crowd up to the sink and he reaches around and unzips me, while I lean down to stroke his hard pecker.

It's a beautiful, long cock, with a bulbous cope large enough to make me loosen my fingers each time I come to the rim, then tighten them going back down. Hardly looking at the man except to manipulate him, I become absorbed. He leans back against the wall to accommodate me, while at the same time he is bringing me up hard until I'm afraid I can't hold off any longer.

It's too much. I'm about to come, when he heaves his hips and with his free hand pushes mine all the way down against his balls while I tighten my fingers as he shoots.

I am still grasping him, holding him till he grows limp, withdraws, zips his fly, and is gone, the door clanging behind him. I zip, wash my hands, hurry out into the corridor and upstairs and outside into the

drizzle, momentarily satisfied, sponging my mind of the event as if it never happened.

In bed with Amy I lie awake. I am in love with the young laborer, his gentle, unassuming length and vigor. He was shy, impressed with my Harvard baize bag. I should have asked for his name. We will never meet again, and I'll remember him for ever. I come up strong thinking of him.

-o-

September 13, 1943, a sad day. I have a phone call on the twelfth that Grampa Glazier died the day before. The funeral is held not in Moores Corner but in the North Leverett Church across from the mill. I drive to Bennington and pick up Amy leaving Laura with her grandmother, and we find a great crowd on the common. Gramma Briggs is there, and I sit between her and Amy, and in my sentimental mood, throw my left arm across the back of the seat where Gramma is sitting. In a minute, very carefully, she lifts my fingers off her shoulder and raises my forearm, and I realize I've made a mistake. I withdraw my arm and sit there a moment not hearing anything said, then throw my right arm around Amy and hug her. Gramma is sitting very quiet, her hands clasped in her lap.

There's a long line of autos following the hearse. Gramp is buried next to Gram in the old cemetery near the brook back toward the west fence from where Jonathan Glazier and Azubah Nye are buried. Nearby I find a Lyle Felton, born January 13, 1896 and died seven years later. His mother was Carrie Glazier Felton, Gramp's sister. I have been thinking my name came from some dime novel, but now I think it came from here, within the family. I wonder if Pop and Mom named me to make Carrie and her husband feel better. I used to see them once a year at Gramp's at Thanksgiving. It's a strange feeling to think you're named for some unknown boy who never got beyond his seventh year. I wonder what he was like. Am I like him? I wish I could see him, but never did, never will. The funeral sermon is preached by Mr. Truesdale, who also presides at the grave side. Gramp was born in August, 1860, and had just reached a week over 83 -- "...in my 84th year," he would have said, born and died in the same house. He lived 9 years after Gram died, physically most of the time hale and hearty, but looking on the dark side. I wonder what it was like. What would it have been like for him sexually,

especially after Gram died and he had all those years by himself? Did he masturbate? I often wonder about that. Nobody in my family ever mentioned sex -- as if it never existed, but as I grow older I knew it existed for all of them, as much a central part of their lives as it is for mine.

After the mourners have left, I go back to look at the tombstone, with Grampa's birth date, but not his death date. Something I never before looked at, not to see: -- on the same stone -- Myrtie S., Mar. 1989 - "d. after 7 mo. and 19 days"
-- so many children in those days never got beyond the first few months of their lives -- like Miriam, Mom's little daughter, who couldn't take cow's milk and died in her first month, poor thing. Gramma Briggs must have known about the other Mertie, and named her daughter after Dan and Lil's but changing the spelling. Is that why Mom always hated her first name? What happened anyway in that house, the night she and Pop got married? Were Perry and Maude and Morris and Glawn Watson and God knows how many more snickering outside the bedroom serenading with a shivaree? Did they frighten Mom to death on her wedding night, the first time, probably she ever had sex? And how did Harry handle it? Did he secretly at first jibe with his brothers and sister. And what difference would it have made in all our lives, if the shivaree never happened? Would Mom and Pop have lived in the house? As oldest son, Pop might have become Gramp's right hand man, maybe his bookkeeper, so there would never have been any need to hook up with Mr. Caldwell, and we kids would have grown up in that house. But it's foolish to imagine it. It would all have been different, and who knows if Mel and I and Clayt and Larry would ever have been what we became. Everything might have been different. Mom would never have shied away from that house the way she does now except once a year at Thanksgiving.

-o-

The War has caught up with our campus. Instead of four sections of freshmen as I had spring semester, I'm back with a section of Engineers, only instead of the beginning course of Functional Analysis, I'm given a section of Literature for Engineers, a World Literature course designed by Genevieve Birk, who decided to give me the second semester section after Myron Files told her what a whiz I was with my freshman Engineering course fall semester last year.

In World Literature we read everything under the

sun in moderation -- from a chunk of Plato to one of James Joyce's short stories -- and although the class is small, I find that the advanced students are even more rebellious than my last year's class. Especially, there's a Chinese/American who sneers at everything, especially our selection from Plato's Republic, the myth of the cave, that I'm in the midst of explaining when there is a scratching at our groundfloor window beside my table, as if somebody is scrabbling up trying pry up the window frame to come in. When I go there, book in hand, to investigate, I find the window pushed up and on the sill a candy bar that I pick up and place on my table.

Steve Chow is standing at his place, "That's my candy, Mr. Glazier."

I understand immediately that he had one of his friends place the candy there for him.

"You can have it at the end of the hour."

"I want it now."

I place it in the drawer of the table. "You can have it when the class is over."

I go on with my explanation, but hardly anybody is listening, and the irony is that I'm fully as skeptical as they are -- if not more than they -- about Platonic absolutism, but Chow has no interest in discussing it, or listening to my opinion.

At the end of the hour, Chow claims his candy, and Smithson stops a minute, "Mr. Glazier, I couldn't believe we would have this myth of Plato's. We had to read it in high school, and today's the first time I begin to understand anything about it, but you have your work cut out of it if you're going to persuade anybody here that Plato has any relevance for an Engineer."

I say, "The point is you're going to have to communicate with people who are not engineers, and that means you've got to have some sort of background."

"I know that, and you know that, but the fellows in this class don't want to know that. You have to realize that half the students in this class barely scraped by last year in Genevieve Birk's course in Functional Analysis and they are taking your section of Literature not to be in hers."

A few days later Genevieve came by to talk to me about Chow who had complained to her, and I told her he was well on his way to failing.

"That's what he told me. Maybe he wants to make an issue of it."

"What would you do in my case?"

"I would probably give him a low pass. He's very bright, a top student in his Engineering courses, and we have to realize that Engineering is more important than English for the War effort."

-o-

When the phone rings it's Phil Wentworth inviting me to skip over to his dormitory. Most of the other guys are gone for the weekend, and he has a new recording of the Brandenburg Concerti he wants me to hear.

"I really can't tonight, Phil."

"Oh, come on, I'm alone here. You needn't stay more than a few minutes."

I run upstairs and find Amy deep in her drowse.

"I have to run out for a half hour."

"Don't be gone long."

"I won't."

In three quarters of an hour, I'm back.

-o-

Besides Engineering Literature, I have two sections of regular freshman English for the Arts college, and, to fill out my load, something new for Tufts a section of Navy trainees, transfers mostly from Boston College, attending class in uniform. First of all, I have to teach a unit of Public Speaking, which doesn't thrill me any more than it did to teach it to seniors in Middlebury High School. I want to get it out of the way as soon as possible and go on to the main part of our course -- Functional Reading and Functional Writing. It's supposed to be a very practical course to improve skills for these Officer Candidates destined for leadership roles in the Navy.

One of the Boston College catholics makes his speech on the birth control fiat conferred to laymen by the Church through the Priest in confession.

"All other forms of birth control -- like condoms and diaphragm and penis withdrawal -- are against the Will of God. Sex is to have children unless a married woman learns the only authorized method of birth control told to her by the Priest in Confession. The Pope is the absolute Head of the Church, and everything he says comes from God. 'Ex cathedra' means 'from the cathedral' and what comes from the Bishop in the cathedral is by him passed on to the parish priest. If we follow his ruling on when it is safe to have sex we are following the Divine Law of God.

"Five days in the month when a woman is having her period are the time she can become pregnant. The Father

tells a married woman what those days are for her and she tells her husband, and if they stop having sex those five days, they can be sure not to take the risk of having a baby. Nobody but the Priest has a right to advise a woman, so we see how the Church makes it possible for a family to practise birth control without breaking the Law of God."

In the discussion period there were a few questions, chiefly from the two Jews, who didn't come from Boston College.

At the very end, I praised the speech for its clarity, organization and sincerity. Then I went to the blackboard and drew a line on the board and said, "This line represents 28 days of the monthly menstrual period." Then I marked off a short part of the line, "This segment represents the three to five days of fertility when the egg is passing into the womb. What I want to know is, if the only legitimate reason for sex is to have children, why doesn't the Priest counsel the woman to persuade her husband to hit the nail on the head every time?"

-o-

I use the car evenings when I go to study at Widener, where I have a carrel. Arnold and I have become friends. We often meet at the Square for coffee and then walk back to Warren house where I've parked the car on a cross street from Mass Ave to Kirkland. I drive Arnold to his room on Brattle.

I think he likes me. The first night I went there for our German/English exchange it was so hot and breathless he had left his door open. I peeled off my shirt.

"I can't have you here bare. You haf to put on your shirt. My landlady will look in. I don't haf a young man here for company with the door shut."

About the fourth or fifth week, toward the end of August, he is distraught, "I haf to tell you. I go to London Bath near Washington Street. I am there sometimes all night. I am vigorous at the Bath. You maybe read in the paper about the President of Houlton College in Maine. Just become President, strangled. I was there that night. After I went to showers, I come back and look in door across the corridor. Two sailors strangle old man I think don't see me. I hurry get dressed, leave. Next day read in papers. Police haf no clue. How can I tell? I would be called witness. I haf no reason to be there. I lose my job at the Library. My boss Mr. Hofer fire me. I can tell nobody.

I haf to tell somebody. I tell you."
(Thanks Giving, 1943) -o-

The bird finally roasted, done to a turn, with lacquered crust and aroma of drippings, Laura at four in her high chair is drawn up beside her mother, eyes bulging at Arnold and the bird, and me sitting at the head, prepared to carve with the steel blade she watched me that morning sharpen . Amy, flushed with pride now the chicken has browned to a crisp, faces a beaming Arnold, shriveled right arm in his lap, left arm laid on the cloth.

"Pleze. I say grace."

We bow our heads.

"Mon ame benit l'Eternel, et n'oublie aucun de ses bienfaits."

I plunge the knife, which ricochets off the glazed surface.

Amy: "Oh dear! I just knew it was an old hen. The clerk told me spring chicken!"

Arnold: "The smell iss delicious."

While I carve, Arnold tells a story of his experience during "compulsory military duty" in Austria before Hitler's invasion. As an educated man, he was an officer. "Efrybody haf to swerve two year. I vas leftenant, know nothing, I raise schwerd, my Serjeant yell, 'Sqvad rechter,' I march left and the sqvad and Serjeant march other vey. I am no good soldier."

Giblet gravy and mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce, pickles, olives, baked squash, boiled onions make up for the overdone bird. Arnold's Linzertorte is <u>really</u> delicious.

After we all do dishes, Amy putting them away, Laura helping, Arnold reads aloud his next paper for Mr. Files --

"<u>My New Live in America</u>

"My new live in America iss different from Vienna. In Vienna I go evening to coffee shop. I sing with my friends. In America I haf no friends. It iss all strange for me. Ze Var it change efryting..."

I interrupt. "Try it again, Arnold. Your spelling is OK but your pronunciation is terrible. "The word is <u>life</u>, not <u>live</u>, and you need to keep practicing <u>have</u> with a <u>v</u> not <u>f</u>, and <u>is</u> with a <u>z</u>. Try it -- <u>have have have</u>..."

"<u>Haff haff haff</u>..."

"No, <u>v v v</u>..."

"<u>V v v</u>..."

"Now <u>Have have have</u>..."

glazier

"Have haf haf.

"Very variable visible have have have izz izz izz...

"Very variable visible have have haff iss iss iss...

"Z z z -- Thouzandz of thornz there be in rozez where gozez the Zebra of zee..."

"Touzandz of Tornz zere be in ze rozez where gozez ze zebra uff Zee."

After another half hour of exercises, we work for three quarters of an hour translating a sonnet by Holderlin -- all guttural consonants, the nouns, and ejaculative verbs of the poem I found in the Widener reference room in a stack of old examinations on reserve for English graduate students boning up for the reading examination. In nine copies of German language examinations, the Holderlin sonnet appeared in three of them, so I work hard to master the poem, the examiner either naive or deliberately trying us out on such a difficult poem.

Word for word of my wretched translation when we get through the last line, Arnold exclaims "Ach! now ve vill en-choy it!"

We call it a day. After Arnold leaves, I continue work on the poem, trying to get it to go more smoothly. On Saturday and Sunday I go over it again, and it begins to make sense.

-o-

I got another A-Minus in Swift and Pope and on the strength of a casual conversation with a member of the class who is concentrating in Old and Middle English, signed for a fall course in Middle English Lyric with F. P. Magoun, the head of the Anglo Saxon and Middle English section of the department. To my surprise, my new friend Bill Simmerson and I are the only students in the class. We each choose our lyrics and report once a week and read to each other with Magoun in his Widener Library office. It is all perfunctory and at random. Bill has been taking tutorial with Magoun for several semesters and is more advanced than I, but I enjoy the informality and start putting together my own bibliography of Middle English lyrics, including the Pearl poet, a collection of small lyrics among them "The Cuckoo Song" and "O winter wind, when wilt thou blow..."; Arthurian poems, including "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," and "Le Morte D'Arthur"; lots of patriotic, religious and secular lyrics, and the Prologue to Piers the Ploughman that I began a transla-

tion of into modern equivalent of alliterative/accentual verse:

In summer when the sun shone soft
I pulled on my breeches prepared for a pilgrimage
in a hermit's habit, one of the lay brothers,
went abroad in the world, watchful for wonders...

As a major in Old and Middle English, Simmerson is far ahead of me and got an A, whereas I got my usual A-minus.

-0-

Although Larry never can tell us where he is based, it is obviously on a large island north of Australia, Borneo I think. He has just been through an ordeal and is being rewarded after nine missions with a furlough to Sydney. He has quite a tale to tell.

Returning from a bombing mission, his plane damaged by flak lagged farther and farther behind the main mass of the planes, and suddenly the laggard is attacked by Zeros, coming in like a cloud of hornets looking for a nest. The small planes close in around them from above, below, ahead, behind, wherever the pilots can find a clear path. Larry in his bubble on the belly of the planc can see the grinning faces of the gunners, their small faces twisted in glee. At the first attack, Larry has to lock off the bubble from his exit to the front, but not his connection to the rear gunners, who seem to be shot, both of them, and in great pain. Larry, as officer in charge of emergency medical relief for the underbelly of the plane, has crawl back through the connecting tube, and finds both tail gunners bleeding from wounds, one of them obviously so bad there's no hope for him, so Larry tries to apply dressings to the other whose wounds seem more superficial.

Meanwhile the bomber is zigzagging to outwit its pursuers, and makes for a spit of land suddenly projecting from nowhere into the ocean, the only visible refuge, a triangular peninsula projecting from a growing in size island. Too busy with his ministrations to the less seriously wounded gunner, Larry is only vaguely aware of the landmass zooming ahead of them. The gunner he is working on gurgles up a torrent of black blood from unseen, invisible wounds, and Larry frantically sets to work on the other, who also dies just as the plane, wavering in flight careens in on a tiny clearing suddenly opening below them. The landing gear not

working, they make a belly landing, with muck and mud and sand billowing in through the body of the plane like a tornado through a tobacco barn. Lucky to have left the bubble in midsection the area Larry is in is protected some by the diminishing bulk of the tail. When he staggers out through the hole opened before him and stands upright, to his astonishment he is face to face with one of the Americans who have within the week wrenched a toehold away from the Japanese controlling most of Leyte. The soldier in front of him is equally astonished. They look at each other in disbelief. It's Frank Tie from Northfield, Larry's closest friend during the year we were living there while I was Principal of the Center Graded School and Larry a freshman in high school in 1934-5.

BOOK THREE.14WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Spring, 1944 Chapter Fourteen

-o-

Meeting Dr. Sherburn in the quadrangle between Widener and the Chapel, he hailed me, "Glazier, I've a message from the faculty, who have decided that it's unfair to students who take a full load of four courses for you to come in and take one course a semester and get nothing but A-minus. So, I'm instructed to inform you of a new rule that parttime students may use their credits toward an M. A. but not a doctorate."

"Dr. Sherburn, I have an M.A. from Middlebury. I've just passed my reading exams in French and Latin, and I've passed the general written exam in English and American Literature, and I don't want an M. A. from Harvard."

"Then, what will you do?"

"I'll apply for admission to American Studies."

-o-

When I call the American Literature department to ask about admission, the secretary set me up with a conference with Arthur Meyer Schlesinger, the celebrated senior professor in American History, who is interested in my reason for dropping out of the English Department. He is also interested in my being married with a second child expected in late March or April. When he asks me about my draft status, I tell him my name so far has never been called by the draft board. His own son,

Arthur Meyer Schlesinger, Jr. is also married with a family, and Dr. Schlesinger offers the opinion I will have no trouble getting an exemption. On his recommendation I soon am notified of acceptance into American Studies, and almost immediately take their French examination and pass it.

I register for Dr. Schlesinger's graduate lecture in American Social and Intellectual History and discover that his coordinating premise is that the United States under the New Deal is becoming Socialist, a direction so inevitable it can never be countermanded. I have never enjoyed a course so much, and spend hours in the great Widener Reserve Book Room, reading the syllabus bolstering my own prejudice toward grass-roots American Socialism.

-o-

I am called in to the Somerville draft board, elderly businessmen who, when they learn I have recently moved from Maine, have no interest in me beyond recording the mere facts that I teach at Tufts, study at Harvard, have a three-going-on-four-year-old daughter and a pregnant wife.

-o-

On April 15, the baby. a second daughter is born at the Boston Lying-In Hospital. I'm allowed to visit the next evening, and Olive and her Malden High School colleague, Richard Amberson, come to babysit Laura, Amberson, a rawboned bushy-eyebrowed predator with hawk claws. Amy has taken an instant dislike to him. Olive has been talking about him as if he is her last hope, and I think I will allow plenty time for them to be alone by themselves.

When I find my way to her hospital room, Amy is sleepy, the nurse busy, and since it's not time to feed the baby, I can only look through the glass viewing window and see Susan held up for me at a distance, not even brought to the front. At this distance I can hardly see her. Very disappointing, but I try to be understanding since in wartime, the hospital is short of funds and shorthanded. I go to a movie but don't pick up anybody, and it's only ten o'clock when I get back to Davis Square so I drop into the local theatre and don't find anybody there in the men's room so after a half hour go home, finding Olive grumpy because I stayed out so long.

-o-

I'm an iron filing scrambling for the magnet. I'm dragged along moment by moment with only time to respond

to circumstances controlling my life. This semester I'm lucky in my class schedule. With 8 and 9 o'clocks Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, I take care of my two liberal arts freshman English sections. At 11 the same days, I have my Engineering English Literature with Chow still interrupting with sotto voce comments on the foolishness of having to read Yeats's "To a Child Dancing in the wind" and Joyce's "Araby" both in our anthology. One day when I'm suggesting a topic for a composition, he accuses me of voyeurism. I had been talking about the way Joyce could zero in on a random experience like catching a fleeting glimpse of a woman crossing the street among puddles in a downpour, and make a prose poem: "unda her brella, mid piddle, med peddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by." I suggested a subject could be found by walking along a Somerville street after dark and looking into the lighted front windows of houses for a glance into the private life of a family:

"My god! he wants to make us peeping Toms!"

I'm always glad when the class is over and I can dash home for a "Hello" to Amy, a sandwich, before I grab my green baize bag and ride my bike back streets of Somerville through Davis Square, then east along Holland, veer right across the overpass into Cambridge. then down Oxford to Kirkland and into the Yard, arriving just in time for Schlesinger's meticulously crafted lecture on "The Rise of the Cities." Fortunately, the class meets in the Harvard fashion of "Monday, Wednesday -- and Friday at the pleasure of the instructor" and for full professors with advanced classes, the instructor never pleases.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, I have only my Naval English class at 10 o'clock, after which I'm free to read papers for an hour, have lunch, skip over to Harvard for reading from the list for Schlesinger in the Reserve Reading Room.

With Amy in the hospital with the baby, and Laura home from first grade, being babysat by Mrs. Eaton, I have my whole afternoon of Tuesday and Thursday free. Sometimes on a cloudy afternoon I drive the car to stretch out time before I have to be home to get supper for Laura.

One Thursday, having finished my reading early, I come out of Widener at 3:30, intending to go home to finish a pile of freshman compositions. Instead, in front of the Coop, I link eye to eye with a handsome sailor in tight fitting blues, leaning indolently

against the brick wall. Without saying a word, we understand one another and he falls in beside to where I have my car parked on Garden Street around the corner.

I can't take him home, but he gives me directions out Mass Ave to East Arlington and an Alewife overlook. He has opened my pants, handling me all the way, crouching over to concentrate, while I concentrate on driving. Our destination is a tree-bor-dered parking lot on the east bluff looking back on the city. The afternoon has lowered into early dusk. There is only one other parked car, its occupants invisible.

He has me ready and he is ready to take me. In a moment, he has me laid back and unfastens my belt, humps up my midriff and pulls my pants down to my knees. I"m so far gone I don't tell him his teeth are mashing my foreskin. He removes his mouth and looks up, "Don't hurry!" I prolong it as long as I can. When I spurt, it is hurting like Hell.

He is still lapping and mouthing. I push him away, rearranging my clothes. He has slouched back to his side, grabs my left hand and puts it on his cock. I turn on the engine, back the hell out, while he is protesting, "I'm hot as the hinges of Hell!"

When I let him out by the Coop where we met, he has rolled down the window on his side, leans in, and gives me a furious glare, "I'm still hot as hell!"

I go home, put the car in the garage, get Laura from Mrs. Eaton, go upstairs and prepare our meat and vegetables and store cooky and ice cream, read to her for an hour, then put her upstairs to bed. She is talking about a prayer her teacher has taught the class:

"Blessed Jesus, meek and mild
give your blessing on this child."

I ask her to repeat it, and she does, looking as if she expects me to praise her.

In my big bedroom at the back of the house I undress, then go to the bathroom, and in the glare of the overhead light study my foreskin. red and raw. It hurts all night and Friday morning is still hurting. I get Laura dressed for school, give her breakfast, walk her to school, teach all three classes as if I'm a robot. By afternoon, I'm so alarmed, thinking of Amy coming home Saturday with little Susan. I have to have somebody take a look before having sex with Amy.

In the <u>Physicians</u> section of the phone book, I find a pair of "Young General Practitioners, Rouark and Smith, Confidential and Considerate Advice, Your Friendly Consultants." I make an appointment for three,

tell Mrs. Eaton I may be a little late getting back from Harvard, and am at the downtown Back Bay office on time.

Mr. Smith is so refreshingly young and confiding that I blurt out my whole story, more than I should, perhaps, holding nothing back of my professional, sexual, and family background.

"Let me look."

Then, after having me piss in a beaker and excusing himself to study the specimen in his laboratory: "I think you're unduly worried. I'm giving you a prescription for a sedative from the drugstore downstairs. Take one tablet immediately, one at bedtime, and tomorrow morning, noon, and night. Let me know Monday if you are not fully recovered."

I like him immensely. so grateful I can hardly speak. I take the pills as he said, one, then, one at bedtime, and after a refreshing sleep, another before breakfast, but I hardly think I need it. Saturday morning until class time, I spend getting things ready in Laura's bedroom for the new baby.

-o-

Mrs. Eaton takes Laura when I leave for class, driving the car because I'm supposed to be at the Lying In-Hospital on Longwood Avenue at 11:30. It's the first real look I have at my
new daughter, and she is a fully-developed little person already. It's so good to have Amy back home, the two of us with our family.

I put Amy upstairs to bed, get Susan's formula and prepare it and feed her, Laura watching as I burp the baby, holding her against my shoulder and patting her back. When she has wet her diapers, I change them and put her to bed in her crib with fresh sheets. Laura feels like a big girl, watching everything.

When I say, "Hush!" and close the door, leaving it open a crack, we go downstairs, and I let Laura help me get supper. I carry upstairs a tray of milk toast with dried beef gravy and the side dish of baked apple, and get Amy propped up and settled in bed, Laura following me around. Back downstairs, she helps put our food on the table. Then we do dishes together, put them away, take a peek into the darkened bedroom on Susan sound asleep on her stomach. I read to Laura from her <u>Wind in the Willows</u>, send her up for her bath while I tuck Amy in for a nap, help Laura mop up spilled water on the bathroom floor, get into her nighty, and we both tiptoe whispering into the bedroom across the hall, and in the half dark I tuck her in, and go downstairs and pick up

my stack of freshman compositions and start correcting.

At midnight, everything quiet, I look in on the children, tiptoe into our bedroom, undress in the dark, and crawl into bed, Amy snuggling against me. In no time, we're both asleep till I hear Susan fretting and go down to the kitchen and prepare her three o'clock bottle.

-o-

In the Boston Navy Yard Induction Center, a thousand men, most in their late teens or early twenties, have been given tags and lockers, and are undressed, and lined up to be measured, weighed, poked in the chest, gaped at between the legs and buttocks, then in britches, in an enormous room, seated at tables for a true/false Yes or No psychological test. I'm unsure how to mark two questions differently worded and spaced far apart on whether or not I ever chew my finger nails. The word "ever" is what gets me. As a pianist I seldom do because I don't like the looks or the feel of callused fingertips. I go back to check and find there are indeed two quite similar questions, as if it is important. I decide to be painfully honest and don't mark often or never but seldom. After we are dressed and have a long tirade on patriotism and honor and sacrifice, my name is one of those read to consult with a psychiatrist.

He asks a lot of personal, family questions, and in short order I give him a pretty wellrounded picture of my family situation. He asks whether my father is living, then asks the date of his death, and then goes through the same routine for Mom, and at once notices they died the same day.

"A coincidence? Were they killed in an accident?

I can feel the involuntary tightening of my voice. "No, they committed suicide after my father lost his job."

"Want to talk about it?"

"Pop was called into the front office and was told he was fired, and jumped into the Model A, drove ten miles 'back home,' got the doublebarreled shotgun from the 'little buttery,' went out behind the barn and shot himself. When my mother got the news, she walked down the ferry road to the Connecticut River, walked out at the landing, and let the current carry her away."

"When did this happen?"

"During the Depression, in October, 1933, eleven years ago."

The upshot: he says, "You're in good physical

shape, and if you want terribly to get into uniform, I can mark you qualified." "I'm not actually burning rubber to get in."

He reflected a moment. "You seem to have your hands full.
I'm going to recommend you stay out."

I'm allowed to dress and show my pass to leave. The very attractive young uniformed sailor at the departure desk, takes a look at my pass, giving me a shrewd look. I notice the fit of his trousers. He gives me another straight look, then waves me away.

-o-

Susan has come down with a bad chest cold which has taken a turn for convulsions. We call in an elderly doctor we have had for Laura, and he is alarmed. " She has very high fever, I don't like the looks of it. I'm going to get her admitted to Massachusetts General. She needs to be examined for Epilepsy. I've never seen anything quite like it."

He gets on the phone and calls the hospital, then calls an ambulance, everything taken out of our hands. We have to bundle up Susan for the ambulance, leave Laura with Mrs. Eaton, get onto Mass Ave past Harvard, swing left on Main Street along the north edge of MIT to Longfellow Bridge, and turn left and we are there. Dr, Luther Sanford is assigned to the case. We have to wait a couple of hours for a conference with him in the main waiting room. Susan has been admitted and since it is Sunday, we are allowed to go see her. Weekdays we can make an appointment to meet Dr. Sanford for a report any afternoon, but we can see Susan only Sundays from two to three o'clock. Today she is so sick we can only reach down and touch her and sit around and watch the nurses come and go. At three, precisely we are ordered to leave, feeling absolutely helpless. She is in a second story room on the south side and by going out the main entrance and turning left along the high iron palings guarding the yard, we can count off the number of her room. The afternoon has turned lowering, and lights are not yet turned on. We can see nothing beyond the pale shine of the window. Midweek we go to see Dr. Sanford, who reports that Susan is a very sick girl, and he tells us how lucky we are to have brought her in time. Standing outside on the sidewalk, in bright sunlight our angled view can catch a glimpse of one elbowed corner of the crib.

-o-

Thursday, hurrying from Dr. Schlesinger's lecture,

I meet Dr. Sherburn on the crosswalk.

"I was about to write you. The Department has had another meeting. We have dropped the requirement that candidates for the doctoral must take a full load. Since you have already taken a number of courses, we wonder if you'd like to come back to us."

When I get home, the phone is ringing.

"I'm Theodore Spencer of the English Department. I have heard about you through Dr. Sherburn. Would you be interested in assisting me in my Shakespeare course? The class size runs about three hundred. We can offer you $1800 for the three semester year. You would begin this coming summer."

Eighteen hundred is what I'm paid at Tufts for four sections of freshman English!

Dr. Spencer continues. "You'd be required to set midsemester and final examinations and grade the papers, and also proctor the tests on memory passages from each of the plays. If this interests you, can we meet at three at my office in Widener tomorrow afternoon?"

-o-

There has been cheating from two students in my Navy English Composition class. I've been showing them how to analyze an essay by outlining, and after illustrating by giving them a reading assignment, and working with them to outline it on the board, I assigned them another essay with the assignment to make their own outline.

Leonard Adler and Theodore Ostrowsky were absent the day the papers came in when I collected papers and wrote my own outline on the board to give them an idea how it might have been worked out. I tell them, "Don't be alarmed if your paper didn't come out at all like mine. I'm just giving you an idea of the main points in each paragraph. I expect your wording to be entirely different. No two people, working alone, could possibly come out with exactly the same result.

There's no trouble with the papers when I come to read them, except that a few have missed the main points altogether, but I expected that

The real trouble came at the next meeting of the class when I got late papers from Adler and Ostrowsky, and they had copied my outline word for word, must be from one of their classmates who had copied it from the blackboard.

I call them up front after class the next day and remind them that at the beginning of the semester I had

given them my usual warning on Plagiarism, and explained the departmental ruling that it would result in expulsion from the class. I tell them I will have to report them to Dr. Blanchard for cheating unless they admit their guilt and do the paper over with another essay I will assign them. Both deny they copied their papers. When I show them their papers and mine side by side with exactly the same wording, they still deny having done anything wrong.

Therefore, I carry their papers and mine to Dr. Blanchard, and he asks to keep them to show to the Lieutenant in charge of the Naval Training Program. I suddenly realize that this is not at all an informal peacetime breach of discipline to be settled between me and the chairman but that it could be extremely serious. I'm starting in on, "Anyone can make this sort of mistake once and I believe these men should have a chance to do the work over, but if they plagiarizes again, they should be penalized."

Dr. Blanchard brushes aside my argument. "You have done exactly right to bring the evidence to me. I will get in touch with Lieutenant McCabe. You let us handle it.

-o-

In response to a letter of mine, I have this advice from Bennington:

"Dear Lyle,

Walter and I have talked over your offer of a job from Harvard that would give you the same salary for assisting the Shakespeare course as you have been getting for teaching four sections of freshman English at Tufts. You were wondering if it would be a mistake to give up a teaching job for the assistantship. We realize that Tufts is a very good college and, as you say, you are lucky to have got the job there when you had to leave Bates. Also, you say that you have been counting on getting extra pay for teaching summer school at Tufts, and for that reason, if you are going to resign, you wonder if it's a good idea to tell Dr. Blanchard now that you intend to leave at the end of the summer. You say that your friend Peter Birk has advised you to wait and give notice in August.

We don't see that you could be making a mistake to take the Harvard job if the salary will be exactly the same -- $1800 --- and it looks like a much lighter load. Since you have to take a full load of 4 courses if you want to get a Doctor's degree we think you should take the assistantship and wait until towards the end of

August to tell Dr. Blanchard.

We hope everything is going well with you both and the girls. We are looking forward to seeing Susan. From what you and Amy say, she's healthy now and good tempered and that's what's important. I am having some more trouble with my asthma. Except for that we are both well. My doctor thinks I am having some kind of stomach complaint that makes my breathing so short.

We hope you can all come for at least a week when your classes are over in June. Your father says you can help with the hoeing, and I can always use you weeding my flowerbeds.

Love to you and Amy and Laura and our new granddaughter,

Your Mother,
Laura Stafford Niles

It's the best letter I ever had from Amy's mother and I have already decided to follow her advice to take the assistantship, which was our intention even before I wrote to her.

I'm slightly curious about another envelope, marked Office of the President, Dr. Leonard Carmichael. Amy and I have been reading Mother's letter together. Now I find my cheeks coloring as we read, Amy looking over my shoulder.

"Dear Professor Glazier,

"I have been having some conversations with Dr. Louis B. Shepherdson, former Chair, Department of Psychiatry in our Medical School, and now Head Psychiatrist for the Navy, Boston District. We wonder if you have time to see him at 3:30 pm Friday afternoon in his office at the Boston Navy Yard. Please call the following number for an appointment if this hour is impossible."

With Amy reading over my shoulder, I'm scrambling around in my head for an explanation. I start talking, hoping I'll work through to something persuasive.

"While you were in the hospital, I went to see a doctor over an irritation I had on my foreskin, and I guess he jumped to the conclusion I had been with a prostitute. He was a graduate of Tufts Medical School and must have reported it to Dr. Shepherdson."

Amy is indignant not over my explanation but over their officious request: "I don't see why they jumped to such a conclusion."

"I don't either. I'll go in and set their minds at rest."

It's already Wednesday. I have only two days to wait. I know perfectly well why Dr. Smith called Dr. Shepherdson, probably to inflate his importance by confiding in his former chairman. I know it's a breach of the law on confidentiality between patient and doctor, but the damage has been done and I'll have to tread lightly if I don't want to dig my grave professionally.

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My interview with Theodore Spencer goes smoothly. He has obviously looked into my record and is disposed in my favor. He wants me to go to work this summer.

The next day I am summoned to a Court Martial for Adler and Ostrowsky. It's a very formal occasion. Lieutenant McCabe sits behind a desk and Dr, Blanchard outlines the case of the English Department versus the two sailors. I have no part in it except to confirm that the two student papers shown to me as Exhibit A are indeed what were turned in to me, and that Exhibit B, is my own outline as I copied it on the blackboard for the class the day the outlines were turned in.

The lieutenant has his routine carefully engineered. One at a time Adler and Ostrowsky are asked if they had been present in class at the beginning of the semester when I explained what plagiarism is and the rule about expulsion. Both acknowledge they were. They also agree they were present the day I illustrated the technique of outlining an essay as a means of analysis, and gave them an assignment of an essay to outline. Without being asked to explain why they were absent the day the outline was due, they both admit their absence.

Lieutenant McCabe asks Adler to come forward and identify his outline in Exhibit A.

"Is this your outline?"

"Yes, Sir. it is."

Holding up Exhibit B and turning to me: "Professor Glazier, Is this your outline of the same essay?"

"Yes, Lieutenant, it is."

"Did you copy it on the blackboard the day Adler and McCabe were absent?"

"Yes, Lieutenant, I did."

"In your opinion, Professor Glazier, are the two outlines identical with yours in every way?"

"Yes, Lieutenant, I have examined them and they are mine word for word."

"Is it your belief that it would be possible for someone to come up with a verbatim facsimile of your

outline without copying it?"

"No, Lieutenant, I don't believe it possible."

"Now, Mr. Adler, can you explain to us how it was possible for you to turn in an exact copy of Professor Glazier's outline without copying it?"

"No, Sir, I cannot explain it."

Mr. Adler is excused and allowed to sit down while Mr. Ostrowski is given exactly the same interrogation with exactly the same answers.

Both are excused from the room.

Lieutenant McCabe and Dr. Blanchard congratulate me on my diligence and expertise. It's such a trivial offense. I'm feeling sorry for the two trainees.

Mr. McCabe stuffs the documents inside his briefcase, and turns back obviously feeling very satisfied with the way he has conducted the business. He turns toward Dr. Blanchard, "You notice his name is Adler and I wouldn't be surprised if Ostrowsky belongs to the same tribe of Abraham."

I have an impulse to go up and ask to have my outline back and refuse to have any part in this racial slur. I don't do it.

The two young men are called back and asked, "Do you have anything more to say for yourselves?"

Both are silent.

"It will be my recommendation to the Admiralty that you both be expelled from the Naval Training Service."

They leave. I am congratulated again on my diligence and expertise. I have a feeling that the Lieutenant is congratulating himself on being able to demonstrate his diligence and expertise to his superior officers. He has obviously proven that the program at Tufts is no cake walk.

Outside in the halfway, Adler and Ostrowsky are waiting. Adler doubles up his fists and approaches me.

Ostrowsky holds him back by the arm. "That won't do any good, Len."

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I'm on time for my summons to Dr. Shepherdson's office at the Navy Yard, and I'm not kept waiting. A largeboned, bluff man, hospitable and friendly, but also a commanding presence, obviously a man to be admired, he rises from his chair, holds out his hand for a warm handshake. He seems not in the least condemnatory. After we have shaken hands, he asks me to go back to the door, and walk back to him.

"I must say, there is nothing effeminate in your walk."

"Dr. Shepherdson, I know where you got your information, and I resent it. Dr. Smith had no legal right to betray the confidence of a client."

"Technically, you're right, but in this case, Dr. Smith shares an office with his office mate, and in this case, as sometimes happens, papers belonging to the client of one get scrambled with those of the other."

"You mean, the report to you came not from Dr. Smith but from his partner?" If my voice sounded skeptical, I meant that it should.

"Professor Glazier, we have men come to this office, who have been caught redhanded. The lieutenant in charge of the program at Harvard got caught in bed with a trainee, and denied it."

"Nothing like that happened to me."

"I see by your vita that you used to teach at Bates. I have a summer cottage nextdoor to Dean Rowe on Old Orchard Beach, and I can give him a ring and ask him about you."

Knowing how Eddie Wright tried to frame me, I am not eager to drive Mr. Shepherdson to make such a phone call.

"I got my job at Tufts partly on the strength of my recommendation from my chairman at Bates."

"Yes, I've read your vita and you have strong recommendations. I believe you are married and have a daughter."

"Our second daughter was born a couple weeks ago at the Boston Lying-in Hospital."

"Congratulations. I understand you are taking graduate courses at Harvard. Doing well?"

"Yes. I have taken four English courses over four semesters, and this semester I have a History course with Theodore Meyer Schlesinger."

"I know him. A fine man."

"An inspiring teacher."

"Mr. Glazier, I told Dr. Carmichael I would talk with you and perhaps recommend whether he and you shouldn't have a talk. I'm going to call him and recommend he have a talk with you. If you can give me your office hours I'll have him get in touch with you there."

I like this man, as I've always liked President Carmichael. Suddenly I have the desire above all things to remain at Tufts and prove myself. I will devote myself to my work and give up cruising for sex. I say nothing of this. He walks me to the door where my hand is shaken warmly as I leave.

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On Thursday afternoon, Amy and I drive over Longfellow Bridge and walk into the sanitized waiting room of the hugely impersonal Massachusetts General Hospital to consult with Dr. Sanford, who sends word he's on call for an operation and cannot come to us, but the nurse who gives us the message will bring us to his office. She leads us along the mile-long corridor where, on the left we pass the southern-exposure room where Susan is a patient. We both crane our necks but the door is only partly ajar, and we catch no sight of our daughter.

Although our consultation is routine, with Dr. Sanford's mind obviously occupied with coming surgery, he makes a supreme effort to give the effect of having Susan's medical history in the forefront of his mind:

"Susan is coming along famously. You can see for yourself on Sunday how much she is improved. We think that in two weeks at the most she can be released and you can carry her home."

As we return along the corridor, we can hear a racket growing louder as we approach Susan's door. Looking in we catch sight of her facing us at the foot of the crib, shaking its bars furiously, her face against the slats. Our companion nurse has a firm hold on us and propels us along.

"You can't go in! No visiting hours today!"

She conducts us to the front door and sees us down the stairs to the front sidewalk, where, turning right and counting off windows, our angle of vision is right so we can see, or imagine we see, a tuft of blond hair in a shaft of sunlight above the top of Susan's crib.

Amy says, "We've had all we can take!"

When we go back in, the Information-desk clerk informs us that Dr. Sanford is in surgery. Nothing can be done without his approval. She looks at a schedule. "He will be here Saturday afternoon from two to three before surgery. You might try calling him then."

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My appointment with President Carmichael Friday after my afternoon class is a model of decorum. By accident I've come across the information that he's a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers. He meets me at the door, and closes it carefully between us and his secretary, then goes behind his great desk and sits there relaxed and friendly as if treating a patient with

a psychological complaint. Attentively, he leans back and waits till I reach the end of my report which concludes..."And so, I will be turning in my resignation to Dr. Blanchard at the end of summer school, where I'm scheduled to teach one section of freshman composition."

"Is that class part of your regular schedule for 1943-4?"

"It's part of our agreement. Dr. Blanchard is counting on me. I get paid $150 above my regular salary."

"When does your Shakespeare assistantship begin."

"Dr. Spencer wants me to begin for summer school."

"So, technically, your contract for Harvard begins this summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"I see no reason why you should inconvenience Dr. Blanchard. He and Kenneth Myrick and Myron Files all have high opinions of you. I guess we can afford to pay you $150 for the summer."

"Thank you."

We haven't even mentioned his letter to me and my interview with Dr. Shepherdson at Boston Navy Yard. He thrusts out his hand, I shake it, and he comes around his desk and ushers me to the door, shaking my hand again before he shuts the door.

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Sunday we go for our 2:00 o'clock visiting hour with Susan. Her little bottom is red with dots of the needle where she has been punctured with hypodermic injections. The nurse on duty tells us how well our baby is doing, When she goes on an errand, Amy glides to the foot of the bed and riffles through the daily reports hanging from a metal clamp.

"Look at this:

"Monday: not taking her dinner.

"Tuesday, fussing.

"Wednesday, 10 pm, needs a second injection before sleeping.

"Thursday afternoon, real bad time after she catches sight of her parents. Give her a strong sedative. Goes to sleep, wakes off and on all night,

"Friday. Another bad day.

"Saturday. No better."

Hearing the nurse's footsteps approaching, Amy lets the papers drop back in place.

As the nurse enters, I say to her, "Who do we have to talk to about taking Susan home?"

"It would be against the advice of the Hospital."

"Who do we have to talk to?"

On Monday we carry blankets to keep her warm and carry her home. The first thing, upstairs, after we put her in the playpen and give her toys to her, she throws every one of them she had at the hospital as hard as she can across the room.

She eats a good supper, and settles down for the night, and on Monday, we look up a pediatrician in the book, and he agrees to see her late that afternoon. After listening to our story, and examining her, he says, "Your doctor seems ill informed if he has never seen a baby with convulsions from high fever. It's a common symptom from a hard cold, and has nothing to do with epilepsy. Just to be sure, I'm going to have each of you take an electrocardiogram to compare with hers, but even if there is some correspondence, I hazard a guess Susan suffered only from fever. She seems to be coming along well today, and although I can't take responsibility for your removing her from the hospital, in my opinion you made the right move."

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I still have the bee in my bonnet that I like Dr. Shepherdson and Dr. Carmichael so much I can't bear to have them think I resigned because of Dr. Smith's accusation. Actually, I have proof in Mother's letter (that reached me before the one from President Carmichael) that my resignstion from Tufts had nothing to do with their inquiry. This idea is planted so inextricably that I call the President"s office and make an appointment to see him again, and a second call to Dr. Shepherdson's for late afternoon the same day.

This time, the atmosphere at the President's office is glacial. He makes a point of leaving the door open between us and the secretary and talks loud enough for her to overhear. I can see immediately how foolish I have been to think I should make a heroic effort to put myself back into their favor by proving my innocence.

Lowering my voice, I approach the President's desk and in a half whisper, ask him to notice the dates of Mother's letter and his to me. "You notice her letter reached me before yours, and therefore I had decided to leave Tufts before any charges were brought against me."

President Carmichael looked at the letters, stood up, and held out his hand, once more cordial, "Mr. Glazier, I have no doubt you will have a distinguished career, and wish you well."

Back at my office, I called Dr, Shepherdson's secretary at the Navy Yard, and canceled my appointment.

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Never having had a course in Shakespeare, I'm working hard in Ted Spencer's summer class. There are over 300 students, and the first day he introduces me as his assistant and invites them to come to me if they have questions. This summer he concentrates on the tragedies, using the Kittredge editions of Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Anthony and Cleopatra, recommending also that we buy the one-volume Cambridge Edition of the Complete Plays. In class he follows the handy and very readable individual editions by Kittredge, and I use interleaving paper to transcribe my voluminous notes from Ted's explications of key passages with references to classical and current scholarship. He is a handsome man with a theatrical voice and actor's manner, having been an actor himself as a graduate student at Cambridge. Somewhat enviously, Dr, Sherburn calls him "the Rudy Vallee of the English Department." Ted makes a point of assigning at least one passage for memorization for each play. For these passages, it's my job to proctor and correct and return written tests given during the last quarter hour of a class after an abbreviated lecture. I have also to prepare a written midsemester examination and a three hour examination at the end of the course. Ted seemed to have full confidence in my competence and made scarcely any changes in my midsemester, after which I was allowed a quarter hour of classtime to recommend ways for improving their results, posting for their study an example of an A paper.

After the final examination Ted and I met in his Widener office to correct "two or three" (he proposed) papers together and, as he said, "calibrate" our results. Actually, we stopped this comparison when, correcting the first paper we discovered that for the first question where he had B-plus, I had 89, for the second question his B-minus compared to my 80, and for the third, his B matched my 84. He seemed very pleased with this correspondence. "I think we need go no further."

BOOK THREE.15WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer, 1944 Chapter Fifteen

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Toward the end of summer, I have another phone call on a Friday night from Phil Wentworth inviting me to

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listen to music that evening. Instead, I suggest since Saturday promises to be a fine day, he come to our house in early afternoon, and he and I can ride Amy's and my wartime-issue men's bicycles into the Fells. In 1992 we had bought them in Lewiston when they were advertised as surplus war-effort means of transportation for workers in the Armory, and it turned out they had an overstock of men's bikes when -- with the draft of males into the army -- fully half of their employees were drafted and replaced by women. Amy learned to ride but didn't find the high crosspiece comfortable and after the children came stopped riding. Today she looked down from our front window, as Phil joined me and we glided away, waving up to her and Laura and the baby looking down.

There is nothing like a good bicycle for muscular enjoyment, and the slight upgrade west of our house, followed by a long downgrade was just right to tone up muscles and get the blood flowing. Bending our bodies left and right around curves, feeling the smooth response of the bikes, we were united with our machines climbing or coasting through Medford Hillside and across the peninsula into West Medford and the Middlesex Fells.

Once in the forest, we began to come across signs warning us that public access was prohibited, and after a mile and a half or so we came upgrade to a pillbox with an armed soldier on guard. He seemed to be cautiously delighted with our company. A young fellow in khaki, he looked enviously at our civilian blue jeans.

"You're not supposed to go any further."

"You mean it's posted?"

"Yes. From here on the no-trespassing signs are for real. I can't let you by unless you have a pass."

"Don't you get lonely?"

"You're the first I've seen all day."

He seemed somewhat uncomfortable as if he might be consorting with the enemy.

"Is it all right if we go back a ways and eat our sandwiches and drink our root beer?"

"As long as you don't go past this guardpost I can't stop you."

Although early afternoon light was streaming down through high, densely-cushioned branches, the woods seemed less friendly. We could have invited him to share our food and drink, but we went back a quarter mile and found a heavily wooded glade off the roadway, and spent a half hour eating and drinking and fooling

around.

"I feel as if somebody is watching," Phil said. "You noticed he had a telephone in his pillbox. "I suppose he has reported we're here."

"Something to think about! He didn't look suspicious. I don't think he was about to call in a brigade, but you never can tell."

Back home, when I stowed the bikes away in a corner of the garage and went up to Amy, she said, "It must be fun to spend an afternoon riding in the woods with one of your favorite students."

I told her about the soldier on guard at the pillbox.

"It wasn't like walking in the woods around the farm. There was always a chance the lookout could have thought we were Germans. And another thing, Phil was never one of my students. He's a dental school candidate I met at President Carmichael's reception last fall. After two years he will drop out of Arts and Sciences. He likes literature and music but when he gets through school, he will take over his father's dental practice." "You have all those interesting young men you get to know.
So many get to know and like you."

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In comparison to Ted's Shakespeare, my summer school composition class at Tufts is dull. Genevieve, who directs Freshman English as well as Engineering English Literature, has requested that we do something for the war effort by stressing a term paper with footnotes, so towards the middle of July, halfway through, I put them to work on a research paper, complete with footnotes and bibliography. Everybody chooses his own subject, and with a large class of thirty-five, after I get them started with research mechanics, I let them do their writing in class, and circulate among them for consultation. Toward the end of each hour, I call a halt and read them some passage from a poem or play or essay, and we have a group discussion.

Sometimes it's fun, but sometimes everything goes foul, as on the day I read the famous paragraph from Walden beginning, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

There's a priest in the class who has been grumbling over the research assignment because I've pushed off all the work on them and am not giving them a full hour's guidance on the term paper. When I finish

reading the paragraph, he raises his hand and lashes out at Thoreau as a complete ignoramus: "The mass of men are happy heads of families. Last Saturday I organized an outing on the edge of Middlesex Fells where there are picnic tables, and we had happy families from grandparents to week-old infants having a lovely time together, with old folks gossiping in the shade, young men and boys playing softball, and women and girls organizing salads and entrees and desserts they had each brought, making coffee, setting table until it was time for us all to have lunch. Where was the quiet desperation?"

I realized I had not allowed enough time either for reading a sufficiently autonomous passage, or for discussion. Everybody sat there looking back and forth from the intensely outraged priest to me as if for some absolute resolution. I glanced at my watch -- three minutes left in the hour. I said, "Thoreau was not talking about annual picnics..."

The priest grabbed the initiative, "Don't you believe in God!"

That was Monday before the Wednesday when their assignment was to turn in their term papers for me to correct in two days and return for a final summing up. On Friday the priest was absent but sent word for me to return his paper through a friend.

-o-

When I went to tell Blanchard I had accepted an offer from Harvard to assist Ted Spencer, he asked, "What was this business between you and Carmichael?"

I said, "It was all settled amicably."

"If there's anything I can do..."

"I can go to Harvard full time."

"Myrick and Files and the Birks and John Holmes have a high opinion of you."

"You have all been good to me."

"Have you heard that Swan is also leaving? He has a job as curator of a museum in Baltimore."

BOOK THREE.16WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Fall, 1944 Chapter Sixteen

WICKED THREE.15

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Somewhat to my surprise, Assistant Dean Wessell's office calls in early September to ask if we have a spare room we can rent to a freshman. The Navy trainees have put such a strain on the Housing office that they're very short and would consider it a great favor if we could rent a room. I ask if they know I'm no longer teaching at Tufts, and I hear "Just a minute," followed by a buzz of question and answer, then

"Yes, we do know, but we will appreciate any help you can give us."

"Wait a minute. 'Amy, this is Dean Wessell's office asking if we can take a roomer, a freshman.'"

"How much do they pay? And are we expected to provide linen and do the housekeeping?"

"We do have a large room on the third floor front, facing the campus, but the student will have to furnish linen and blankets and provide his own housekeeping. He should know that we have two daughters, a baby and a four year old.. Our own bedrooms are on the third floor, also. We have only one bath."

"He can pay ten dollars a week and will supply blankets and linen and take care of cleaning his room."

After consultation, we decide to take him.

He arrives within an hour with two huge traveling bags, almost too heavy to lug upstairs.

"My name is Lewis Spofford. I come from Lewiston, Maine, and these are Prof. Rob's traveling bags I bought from him. He sends you his love."

He's a quiet boy and we see nothing at all of him except once a month when he pays his rent. The third time he pays me, he asks if I know a sophomore, Phil Wentworth, who has become his best friend. "He says he borrowed one of your bikes and you rode over through Medford into the Middlesex Fells."

I make the briefest possible reply. That's the only real conversation we have, except one night when he's in the bathroom and the pipes start to hammer, shaking the whole house. I run upstairs, rattle the doorknob, and call, "Turn on the cold water. Let some cold into the pipes, and they'll stop hammering."

A dead silence is followed by a gradual lessening in the pounding.

-o-

I like Ted Spencer so much I ask him if he will take me on for an independent study term paper for one of my Fall courses.

"What do you have in mind?"

"At Bread Loaf three years ago, I had a course on Spenser with Donald Stauffer of Princeton. Do you know him?"

"I've met him, yes. Small man, somewhat physically handicapped. Good scholar. Wrote a book on reading poetry. One of the better books."

"I have some ideas about The Faerie Queene. Not what Stauffer taught us, but something I thought about. That summer I had a course also with John Crowe Ransom, and a seminar in The New Criticism with Ransom and Theodore Meyer Greene, a specialist in the Art of criticism. What I have in mind is a paper on the difference between imagery in the lyric and in a moral allegory. Everybody talks about The Faerie Queene as a picture gallery, but it's also a soul journey..."

"Yes, of course."

"A whole series of soul journeys -- in each book a Psychomachia, or struggle of the soul in pursuit of perfection.
My idea is to write a paper on Book I."

"Go ahead. See what you can make of it. I'll gladly read it."

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I'm taking a course also with Dr. Sherburn in the Eighteenth Century novel. We have a list of 13 novels beginning with Defoe's Moll Flanders and I also read Robinson Crusoe for the first time. And we have to read Richardson's Pamela , and for background, a novel I've always wanted to read Cervantes Don Quixote. It seems to me a case could be made for calling them all soul journeys. It's an undergraduate course I'm taking for graduate credit, so I have to write a term paper, and get Sherburn's approval to write on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress that is also a psychomachia. In high school we had a chance to write about this book for a prize, and I started reading it but gave up it was so religious, but now I want to try it again.

My third course is Levin's British Drama from the Middle Ages through the Elizabethans, and if I continue into the second semester it goes on through the Seventeenth Century. Ted tells me Levin writes out every lecture and practices reading them in his basement. They're great friends, but Ted is critical of his reading lectures:

"I tell him it's the worst way to teach, but he keeps on doing it."

My last course is Restoration Nondramatic

Literature with Nurdoch. Sherburn tells me that it's possible to submit the same term paper for two professors if you get permission, so I talk with Murdoch's assistant, and in a week have permission to write on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress for both professors. It's a timely topic because one of Murdoch's lectures is on the theme of redemption: it seems that even a rake like Rochester could become a target for religious crusaders searching for the moral high ground that would be theirs if they could persuade His Lordship to repent with a deathbed confession.

For Murdoch's course, we had not only a term paper but also a final examination. We were given twelve topics from which six would be listed on the Examination, where you could write on all six or any number of them down to a single one if you dared take the risk of putting all your eggs in one basket. I spent hours memorizing brief passages from satirical poems, and was fortunate enough to find the question on "Restoration Satire" one of our choices. My paper was larded with quotations interlarded with comments, and late I met one of the assistants, who on being introduced to me, remarked, "I've been wondering how anybody could possibly have carried around in his head all those quotations."

Ted Spencer gave me an A on my paper on "Spenser's Imagery: the Struggle between Good and Evil in the First Book of The Faerie Queene." Halfway along in the semester we had one brief conference, when we met on the front steps of Widener as I was descending and he climbing the staircase. He asked, "How are you making out on your paper?"

I answered, "Very well, thanks."

I got only A-minuses from Murdoch and Sherburn, but from Harry Levin an A, which -- coming from Levin -- was considered a great plum by some of my classmates.

-o-

On the second Monday in December, my classes over, I'm sleeping late after Amy has got up to take care of the children, bathing them and ushering them downstairs. Perhaps it's their noisy progress downstairs that brings me out of my slumber, suddenly wide awake, facing the thirdfloor back window of the house on the next street over parallel to Powderhouse Boulevard. I've never before even noticed that window, but this morning I'm caught by a movement, and discover it's a muscular teenage boy apparently standing on his bed naked and masturbating, his eyes fixed on something or someone

probably lower down in the second floor window on the west side of the house east of ours. He is so intent and so obviously enraptured with the way his stiff cock is responding to the sweeps of his tightly-cupped hand, that I have an erection in a minute. Leaping out to catch his attention, my cock in my hand, I withdraw out of sight when across the room in back of him, the door opens on a much younger boy peering in his mouth open as, too far away to be heard, he shouts to his older brother.

The big boy jumps down and crosses the room, and slams the door in the face of the child. Then he comes back and stands there cock in hand looking across the space between us. I am about to reveal myself when my attention is distracted by a movement downstairs in the second floor window directly under the other one. The little brother is gawping up toward my window where I'm standing out of sight behind the curtain. After a minute the little boy disappears and the big one is visible only from the shoulders where he is on his knees, apparently swabbing the floor in front of where he was standing.

I dress hurriedly and go downstairs for breakfast.

Late that afternoon, when the children are napping and Amy is busy in the kitchen getting dinner, I go back up, quietly close our bedroom door, and stretch out on the bed, watching for activity across the space between our house and the other. As if on cue, the door opens, and the big boy comes in as if from school, stashes his armload of books, and comes directly to the window, his eyes on our third-floor back. He snaps the roller shade to the top of the frame, then climbs on the edge of his bed, busily drawing back the thin curtain all the way to the edge of the frame and, reaching across to push back its matching curtain on the other side. He jumps off the bed and comes to stand in facing me as if to see into our room and draw me out of hiding.

Suddenly the door is flung open. It's the little boy once more shouting unheard warnings at the big boy, who dashes across and slams the door on his little brother. Deeply aroused, though, I hope, invisible, I escape into the hall and downstairs to help Amy by peeling and slicing an onion, scrubbing carrots and bringing water to a boil to skin a ripe, red tomato for our salad. I'm not sure how much the little boy has seen, but I'm so attracted and so disturbed at the intensity of my feeling that all the time we're preparing dinner, I'm resisting the impulse to go

upstairs and accept the boy's invitation. He is so willing and eager that I'm trying to persuade myself it would be no fault of mine if I accommodate him.

-o-

Although my classes are over, Laura still has a week and three days before Christmas. She is very independent and is fast learning her way a block and a half to school, where Amy has been walking with her, pushing the baby carriage now that Susan is back home. I decide to walk with Laura one morning and talk to her Principal about her teacher's drilling the children on those Catholic prayers. I pretend I have forgotten the way and let Laura guide me to the front door where she darts down a corridor to her room, and I make for the Principal's office. A very pleasant man, he obviously wants to please everybody, and listens patiently to my complaint, then leans back in his swivel chair, and offers me a smoke, that I refuse.

"It's this way, Mr. Glazier. Mrs. Callaghan is an excellent teacher."

"Yes, I know. Laura likes her very much."

"Well, the point is she's very religious and used to teach in a parochial school. The majority of our children come from Catholic families. I've spoken to her about going light on those prayers. But in her mind it's hard to separate her concern for the children's minds from her concern for their souls. I don't suppose her piety does the children much harm."

"I used to teach in an elementary school myself. We used to say the Lord's prayers, but that was about as far as we went."

"Let me speak to her again. Perhaps during spring term you and Mrs. Glazier would like to come to our Parents' Night and meet Mrs. Callaghan."

"Thank you very much if you will speak to her. And I'll speak to Amy about our attending your Parents' Night."

"We'll see to it you and your wife have an invitation."

I'm feeling good about having done my patriotic duty coming to speak to him about separation of church and state. It has been a friendly occasion for us both.

BOOK THREE.17 WICKED...and Spotless as the Lamb
Spring, 1945 Chapter Seventeen

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I've decided to take second semester of Magoun's

Chaucer. From Annabelle Wooster, graduate student and highest ranking student in Spenser's Shakespeare, I learn Magoun spent the first semester on Troilus and Criseyde and will devote the spring term to The Canterbury Tales that I read with Beers in senior year at Middlebury. From way back then I remember that the key to reading Chaucer is vocabulary: there are words that have kept their Middle English meaning, and almost as many that look modern but had a different meaning. So I spend Christmas vacation reviewing Chaucer vocabulary, something I can do at home.

Working upstairs in our bedroom, looking down on the snow-covered backyard, and across at the third-floor bedroom of the teenage exhibitionist, I fortunately hardly ever see the masturbating boy, as if he has gone on vacation.

Like all Ph. D. candidates, I have to take Magoun's Beowulf, where I will be at a disadvantage because most students will have come from Introduction to Old and Middle English taught this year by Magoun, not by Whiting who taught it two years ago.

I'm thinking also of taking Medieval Lyrics II, chiefly because both Annabelle Wooster and Bill Simmerson persuaded me. All students planning to take the course are supposed to meet Magoun in his Emerson classroom the week before Christmas.

When I go for permission from Douglas Bush to take his course in Backgrounds of Christian Humanism, he looks at my schedule and asks, "Are you planning to do your thesis in Old or Middle English?"

I realize immediately I'm overloaded and cross out Medieval Lyrics II and substitute Levin's second semester Medieval and Renaissance Drama I wanted to take anyway.

A week later, running into Annabelle in the stacks, she tells me, "Magoun was disturbed you didn't come to our organization meeting. We waited twenty minutes and you didn't turn up."

"You mean three of us were all who planned to register?"

"Yes, Simmerson and I told him you planned to take the course. Nobody else came. We waited a half hour for you."

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I guess Magoun's first semester course must have concentrated entirely on Old English, and no Middle English the way Whiting taught it. The first day in class I found myself swamped by the text of Beowulf,

which seemed not to bother the other students because they had looked at it first semester. I was so lost, I called F. O. Myrick at Tufts and asked if I could come for help. "Lyle, of course, I will see you, but I haven't kept up with Old English. Come anyway. Can you come this afternoon at four? We've been hearing how well you're doing at Harvard."

He was awfully helpful, though not so much with the Beowulf as giving a general lift to my morale. Working together we did make some sense out of the first assignment, and I realized I could manage, even though I had been swamped by the Germanic mouthfuls and the appearance of the type on the page. If I work hard on glossary and notes, it'll begin to make sense.

Myrick and I had a good visit. He was impressed with my record. "I don't know anybody who had two semesters of work at Harvard and nothing under A-minus. What's your aim when you get your degree?"

"I think I'ld like to find a small college in a small town and settle there. Amy and I both have had all we can stomach of city life."

"I envy you. I never intended to settle down at Tufts, but here I am. With your heavy load of courses and the Shakespeare assistantship, and your growing family, I don't suppose you have much time for writing. We all admired your short stories in the Tuftonian. 'Fisherman's Day' carried me back to my boyhood."

"With John Holmes' help, the story had serious consideration at the Atlantic, but was finally rejected. I've just had word that Story has accepted it. They asked me to send another, and I mailed them that other Tuftonian story about my kid brother being run over by a Model T going home from his first day in school. I owe John a lot for his encouragement in getting those stories published here."

"It's unusual to do well at the same time in graduate work and creative writing . We're all rooting for you."

"Compared to getting your Shakespeare dissertation published at Harvard, I haven't done anything yet."

"That was a stroke of luck. I suppose it's one reason I stayed here. Myron tells me you're correcting papers for his adult education course, and Amy is his reader for American Literature. Both children well?"

"Laura's in first grade, and after some trouble last spring, Susan's coming along well."

"Enjoy them while they're small. Before you know it, they'll be grown like mine, and beginning to leave

home."

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On the first day of Chaucer, toward the end of the hour Magoun passes out a 50-word vocabulary check/list and asks us to give the modern equivalent. I feel lucky to have spent the holiday reviewing, and am able to fill out every item. I'm sitting beside Annabelle near the left in the third row of a very large class. We're supposed to pass our papers to the right and after I've sent mine along, Annabelle whispers that first semester they had instructions to fold the paper lengthwise and write their name on the outside. So, I motion to the person halfway along the aisle to send my paper back, and elaborately in full view of everybody, simply fold the paper and write my name on it and send it back. Annabelle is worried that somebody will think I added to my list after checking with her. I suppose it could look as if I cheated.

"You could have just waited till next time."

I brush off her worry, but later, it nags me, partly because I like the class so much I'd hate to do anything to spoil it. Magoun is a genius in his line-by-line explications of text. In a short time I begin to feel it's not an obsolete language I'm reading. It's partly because, having read all those medieval dramas in Levin's course, I think my family must have originated from glazier members of the Building Trades Guild who after the Norman Conquest got their last names from their trade, in the same way my mother's family became Briggs because they lived near a bridge.

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In Bush's seminar, we have to read and report on a whole raft of important classical and medieval writers who influenced Christian Humanism. When a Jesuit gives the first report on the writings of Thomas Aquinas, Bush asks each of us to respond by writing two questions. At first I'm overwhelmed with the idea, but then I prompt myself with the thought that this is exactly the kind of thing I've done for years with my own classes, so I imagine I'm the teacher and quickly jot down my questions.

After giving us five minutes, Bush asks if anybody has a question to share with the class, but we are all too shy to respond, so he reads his first question, and, to my surprise, it's exactly the same as one of mine. The same thing happens with his second question. I realize what an opportunity I missed, but I don't ever mention to anybody what a dumb bunny I was not to speak

glazier

up. It was as if his hand and brain controlled me -- as if I had mental telepathy.

Later in the semester, when it comes my turn, I elect to give a report on Book II of The Faerie Queene, using as my focal point the famous description of the Aristotelian Golden Mean in Canto ii, and going on to generalize that Book II is Aristotelian, not like Book I concluding with a Platonic triumph of Beauty, Truth and Holiness, but ending in the disorderly Bower of Bliss.

Bush commented, "I'm sure Mr. Glazier will agree that Spenser's main drift is Platonic, not Aristotelian."

Nobody bothered to write any notes on my report, but they wrote furiously on Bush's comment. Having the semester before written that paper for Ted Spencer on the Platonic essence of Book I, I could have followed up Bush's comment and explained the difference between Books I and II, but didn't, afraid it would look like trying to correct the teacher. At the end of the semester, I wrote my term paper on the same subject, trying to work in the contrast between the two books, but whoever graded the paper gave it a B, and I got B in the course.

After the Beowulf got under way, Magoun's procedure was to ask students to translate short passages. It was a very stiff and formal procedure with nobody ever cracking a joke. One time I got a passage that could be translated, "I go down to the seas again," and told Amy I hoped I would be called on: "I will say, there seems some evidence of plagiarism here, meaning that the Beowulf poet must have plagiarized Masefield. Damned if I didn't get that passage, and didn't have the nerve to break the icejam in that class, but gave a literal prosy translation, "I will again go down to the sea." I was enough out of patience with my lack of courage, so that I raised my hand, and said, "Dr. Magoun, I have a question about the syntax." In a reproving voice, he replied, "You don't mean syntax, you mean construction," and I didn't have the nerve to insist that I had no question about the construction of any word but how the words were made to fit together. Magoun got enormous pleasure out of correcting me, and the class also enjoyed it.

In the Beowulf, I gradually learned to read the same way I read Latin at Middlebury, by translating not word by word but by whole swatches of text, taking a leaf from that years-ago course with Pa White. Reviewing for the Beowulf exam, I reread the whole poem

until I could make it flow as if reading a poem in modern English. Trying to get the total effect of the narrative, I added the long section of the descent into the underworld (the pursuit of Grendal's Dam) not assigned us. Very interesting -- I wouldn't have missed it!

It was the Chaucer course, however, that gave me most pleasure, even though I had made myself another problem. Halfway through, we had a midsemester exam, and that day turned out to be stormy with one of those New England spring rains that freeze and turn roads and sidewalks to glare ice. Backing our car out of the garage I got it twisted off course crossways of the driveway, and finally in desperation, called a taxi and arrived twenty minutes late. Magoun saw my late arrival, and looked at me disapprovingly as I whispered my excuse and set to work feverishly. I was only three-quarters through at the end of the hour. I had been writing as fast as I could and had no trouble, except not enough time, and clung to my paper as others left, until Magoun came and had to insist on my handing it in. When papers were returned, although I did well enough, I could see by Magoun's comment that he was outraged at my having stayed beyond the end of the hour. The worst of it was that I knew he was perfectly right to be angry. In this what I considered to be the greatest course I ever had anywhere, everything I did seemed to conspire against me.

I'm still assisting Ted Spenser in the Shakespeare, and halfway through the semester, he invites me to the Faculty Club to meet some important faculty and right afterward I'm invited to a Faculty Subcommittee Meeting where I field a lot of questions and afterward am notified I can have a teaching fellowship, whatever that means. Almost immediately, Ted Morrison, who attended that meeting, called me in and offered me $2500 in 1945-6 if I wanted to teach two sections of Freshman English (English A) in the Fall semester, and one in the second. It will give me a chance to work under Ted, and the load is so much better than Tufts' and the salary better than I get from the Shakespeare. So, after talking with Amy I accept, and at the same time continue assisting in the Shakespeare for the summer session while Ted Spenser finds somebody to take my place. I suggest Annabelle Wooster and for the summer she and I split the fee, though, actually, with Amy's help I could just as well have done it without her, especially since for some reason she doesn't want to carry the whole load that

coming Fall, and Ted chooses two men, asking me if I will help proctor their first final examination by reading some of the papers. Both men are what I call Gold Coast (Ivy League) matriculants and feel vastly superior, and at the end of that Fall semester I intend to break my connection with the Shakespeare.

When I get grades for spring semester, I'm disappointed to have only one A-minus (with Levin) and two B-plus and one B. I still think Magoun is a great teacher. He taught me to read The Canterbury Tales as if Chaucer's Middle English was my native language. And in spite of Bush's low opinion of my interpretation of Faerie Queene II as essentially Aristotelian, I learned an awful lot from his wide-ranging syllabus on the Christian Humanistic backgrounds for the Renaissance.

With no more required courses, I decide to zero in on getting the German requirement out of the way, and audit a non-credit course chiefly in Goethe, and for the first time begin to read the prose without being utterly confused by the script. I am still meeting regularly with Arnold, and each week we labor over one of the English department German language reading exams on file in the reserve room. It seems as if every other exam has the Holderlin sonnet, and although I never come to "enjoy it,"
I begin to translate it with some skill.

BOOK THREE.18WICKED and Spotless as the Lamb
Summer/Fall, 1947 Chapter Eighteen

Ted Morrison calls me in for a conference, and approves of my selection of the American Writers' Series, Tom Paine, Whitman's Leaves of Grass, and King Lear. I'm to have one section of Radcliffe students meeting on their campus, and one section of Harvard men meeting at Warren House, where I share an office on the third floor. To my surprise, on the way up with a handful of books, I'm hailed by Denham Sutcliffe, standing in the doorway of the large office across the hall.

"Hi, Lyle, Ted told me you are my neighbor."

"I'm moving in."

"I'm editing the letters of E. A Robinson for Houghton Library, and Ted offered me two sections of freshman English. Come in for a minute."

His room on the east side is completely blanketed with shelves, and every space is filled. It's very impressive. He's wearing a Scottish weave jacket with

leather patches at the elbows.

"Ted tells me you've finished your courses. You know, years ago he started graduate work but dropped out at the end of a year. He admires you for sticking it out."

"He told me Old English under Kittredge was too much for him. He was my teacher at Bread Loaf."

"I know. He tells me you are a poet."

"I haven't any time to write poetry."

"You were already publishing at Bates."

"Yes, American Prefaces, but I haven't sent them anything since coming here. I just had a short story published by STORY."

"Wonderful!"

"I wrote it at Bates in the spring of 1942, and submitted it to The New Yorker. After keeping it a month they sent it back with a letter 'Send us something shorter soon.'"

"Incredible! Did you tell Eddie Wright?"

"No. John Holmes had it published in the Tuftonian, and had me submit it to the Atlantic. They almost took it."

"Story is a great place to be published."

"It came out in June. I sent a copy to Berkleman, and to Earl McGee."

"I suppose you know Earl declined to return to Bates. He could have."

"I took a chance and wrote him in Memphis. He spent most of the war in Central and South America. Lysander Kemp met him there. They had both toured the Galapagos Islands. Separately. They had dinner together some time afterwards. Doc said they never once mentioned Bates. All they talked about was Darwin and the islands. Doc was transferred to Puerto Rico right after that."

"Have you heard from him lately?"

"He's at Bates now, this weekend being interviewed by Eddie Wright. He's trying to finish a book about his Puerto Rican experiences."

"Autobiography?"

"In a way. Poetry. He kept in touch with me during the war. When he got to Puerto Rico he started sending these wonderful poems about the peasants. Not preachy, but reacting to our exploitation of Latin America."

"He should try to see if Ted has room for him here."

"That's what I told him. He's coming for lunch to

see us after returning from Lewiston. I think he wants to stay in this area and take a graduate course in creative writing at Boston University. He wants to whip his book into shape, and apparently there's a creative writing teacher at BU has a reputation for helping young writers get published."

"Bates would be a dead end. You were lucky to leave it."

"I can thank John Crowe Ransom for that."

"Did you know Ransom?"

"I had two courses at Bread Loaf with him in summer 1941. Seventeenth Century Poets, and a seminar with him and Theodore Meyer Greene of Princeton on The Arts and the Art of Criticism."

"Ransom is one of the Fugitive Poets."

"Yes, I know. I used The World's Body as background for Six Poets. I went to Bread Loaf to take courses with him."

"You didn't tell anybody at Bates."

"Eddie knew."

"The World's Body is one of my source books. I met Brooks and Warren on shipboard on the way back from Oxford."

"We used their freshman English text the first two years I taught at Bates."

"I spotted their names on the passenger list, and looked them up. You know, I had a first at Oxford. Brooks and Warren were Oxonians. I saw them on deck and went over to introduce myself. They were very superior, very cool. They cut me off --hardly spoke to me."

"My third course at Bread Loaf was with Donald Stauffer, chairman at Princeton. He offered me a full scholarship for 1942-3. I got his letter the first of December, 1941, and a week later another from their Dean. After Pearl Harbor all their scholarships were going to graduates in departments that could make direct contribution to the war effort."

"Eddie never told me."

"I never told him. The two Princeton letters came one after the other. Stauffer and Ransom and Greene were how I got my job at Tufts."

"Eddie thought you would go back to prep school teaching."

"Yes, he wrote me a letter to that effect."

"Everybody was surprised when you went to Tufts."

"I had offers from Connecticut Wesleyan and LaFayette. Wesleyan offered me $500 more than the offer I'd just accepted at Tufts. If I'd gone there, I would

have tried to get into Yale.

"Princeton, Yale, and Harvard -- quite a choice! Ted tells me you have done very well here."

"I've been lucky."

"Let me know if you hear anything about how Kemp fares at Bates."

"He told me Eddie practically offered him a job teaching freshman English and poetry."

"Let me know how it turns out."

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After lunch with Doc Kemp, Amy excused herself to go to campus for a conference with Myron Files, who wanted her to continue reading papers for his American Literature lectures. We had put Laura and Susan in the bedroom for a nap. Doc and I did dishes and had our first chance to discuss what happened in Lewiston.

"Well, how was Eddie Wright?"

"He offered me a job teaching Am Lit, Six Poets, and three sections of freshmen. I turned him down."

"Why?"

"Because partly I'm looking into this course at BU in creative writing. You may have heard of Gerald Warner Brace. I'm trying to get my Puerto Rican poems together."

"I think they're remarkable. I've never read any poems that look at Latin America the way yours do. It's a great feather in your cap to have a poem accepted by Ransom and another at Poetry Magazine."

"I might have accepted Eddie's offer but I couldn't work for him."

"I remember back when you graduated, you and some others petitioned Harry Rowe to have him fired for incompetence."

"He was a terrible teacher. But that's not the trouble. He put me up in his annex, in that room in the breezeway between the house and the garage. He told me he designed the room for a houseboy. It's not used during summer. So that's where he put me. After dinner with him and his wife, he and I had a conference in the study, and he made me an offer. I was lying in bed in the dark thinking it over when he knocked on the door, came in, and offered to give me a massage. He said he often massaged the legs and back of his houseboy."

"Doc, Eddie was away on a trip when I got the job at Bates, but he wrote me inviting me to spend the first week with him while I found a place to live. Fortunately, I had already arranged to live with Mrs. Ireland on Mountain Avenue. When I got there a week

before classes was the first time I met Eddie. He invited me to meet the department at dinner where he was then living in an apartment on Campus Avenue. Then afterward, he made a great thing of driving me back to Mountain Avenue just down from where I was living, and stopping on the way to look at the new house he was building. He made a point of showing me the breezeway apartment he had built for a houseboy. After showing me over the house, he showed me the houseboy's apartment. He didn't actually proposition me. I managed so he couldn't. He had me sit on the mattress to try it out, and then offered to give me a massage. I got off the mattress in a hurry."

"I was more vulnerable lying there in the dark in my pajamas. He didn't put on the light, just sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over me. He seemed to assume I would accept it. He brought you into it. He told me Bates had to get rid of you because you were a homosexual. You of all people!"

"Ah! How did you manage?"

"I pulled away and ordered him out of the room. The next morning we had a cool breakfast. In front of Elizabeth he tried to pretend we were still negotiating, but I told him straight out I had decided to stay in Boston."

"Would you like to have me take you in to see Ted Morrison?
Denny Sutcliffe and I were talking about the possibility Ted might offer you a job teaching English A."

"I'm not sure I want to teach this year. With the GI Bill, and money I put aside during the last three years, I can take a course in creative writing at B.U. They have a teacher -- Gerald Warner Brace -- who is famous for helping creative writers get started. I think I would like that right now better than teaching. What kind of teaching load do you have?"

"Two sections one semester and one the next. The salary is $2500."

"That's seven hundred more than Eddie offered."

"Why don't you come around tomorrow afternoon? Come to Warren House, third floor. I'll get you an appointment."

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I made arrangements with Ted for the next day. I felt a bit embarrassed that Doc was dressed in a rumpled jacket and rather-loud brown-and-orange plaid slacks,

probably something left over from before the war. Ted remembered him from Bread Loaf. The meeting was polite and friendly. Neither one of them made it easy for me to broker an interest of either in the other. Kemp kept referring to the course at BU, and Ted encouraged him: "If you want to be a writer, probably the best thing is for you to get started. I try to write at least one Atlantic article a year, but I'm too busy to be a writer."

"I have this book of poems I want to get published. I've heard that the best way is to get into some graduate course in creative writing. I'm told a lot of books are published like that. Editors don't seem to feel secure judging poetry. If I were a midwesterner, I'd go to the University of Iowa. My folks live in Canton. They'd like to have me with them for a while. I could live at home and take the course at B.U."

"What does your father do?"

"He's retired. He used to be the head physician at a rehabilitation school for teenage boys in Canton. He's not well. Cancer."

It was a very polite but on my part not a wholly revelatory half hour.

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Larry in trouble, still island hopping at some island base in the Pacific. His best friend copilot of another plane doesn't return from mission. Larry waiting on edge of airport after all other planes have returned -- learns missing plane shot down on mountain in Mindanao. On his next mission Larry shaking all the way out all the way back. Tells captain he can't go on another mission. In a followup letter he says he was called before his squadron commander and threatened with court martial. Terrible interview, Larry forced to brace as if in boot camp and made to feel incompetent and cowardly. I write a long letter back assuring him of my support and trying to make him believe that since he has fulfilled all his service and even has good conduct citations he should have nothing to fear from a court martial, but really with my lack of experience in the army, I can't find much to say that will comfort him.

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The week before classes, English A teachers get a bundle of essays by incoming freshmen petitioning to waive the requirement for the course. Two days later,

on Thursday we meet in the large second floor lecture room to decide if any of them write a good enough essay to be excused. Ted is there to give us instructions and to supervise. Anyone having a paper he thinks qualifies reads it and there are either a chorus of groans or enthusiastic approval. I don't read any paper but two I picked out as likely were both approved. I'm trying to size up the other instructors. There must be forty to fifty, some with condescending voices trained at the great prep schools. Many are from ivy League colleges, now candidates for Harvard degrees. Some, like me, keep silent. I'm especially taken with a small fellow named Scott Elledge from Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. He's the first to speak up and read -- an exceptional paper, witty, perfectly organized, and full of apt phrases. I imagined myself back in Maine at one of the annual meetings of the English faculties from all over Maine, when we had one of our sessions to grade specimen freshman English papers. Nearly every year we discovered that grades for the same paper sometimes ranged all the way from A to F. Today, too some of our discussions are often heated, but there was no voice raised to dispute Scott Elledge's recommendation to excuse the writer of that paper. We were off to a good start. The same approval went to another paper read by Wayne Burns, who came to English A from Cornell, where he had been teaching. But the third paper, read in a very cultivated tone of voice by George Adam Smith, a doctoral candidate from Yale, drew a chorus of boos before he got halfway through it. A terrible paper, and I didn't like the voice of the reader, and was glad to see him put down.

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After the session, when I went up to my office, Denny was waiting in his doorway.

"Have you heard whether Kemp took the job at Bates?"

"He decided against it."

"Why?"

"Well, he told me Eddie Wright tried to seduce him."

"I want to hear about it. Do you have a few minutes?"

He went to his chair behind the desk, and I sat in the easy chair by the window. Denny sat there as if thinking, then went on talking.

"Lyle, this is something I've kept to myself, but I want you to hear it. Do you remember that night Eddie

brought you over to see me when you had just arrived at Bates?"

"Your mother served us homemade vanilla ice cream on fresh apple pie."

"Yes, pie a la mode was her way of welcoming important guests like Eddie and you. We were back country, and she gave Eddie credit for changing my life. What really changed my life was growing up there in the home of E. A. Robinson. I had started memorizing his poems when in high school. In my interview with the Rhodes Scholarship Committee, I was lucky enough to get a question that steered me in the right direction, and I steam rollered them. It was growing up there on the edge of Gardiner that did it. But my mother gave Eddie a lot of credit. She was very proud after I got the Rhodes Scholarship, and she thought it wonderful of him to pay all expenses for that trip to Washington. I never told her what I'm about to tell you. She was a realist about most thing, but not about people like Eddie who, she thought, did so much for her son. To have told her would have wrecked her opinion of the right order of the universe.

"The first night out he came to my bed and tried to give me a rub down. I got out of bed and sat all night in a chair by the window. I was shaking. He went back to bed and may have slept. I didn't. We never mentioned it. Never.

"But this treatment of Kemp is more important. Eddie spoiled a chance for Bates to hire a promising teacher. I have to report this to Harry Rowe. We can't have this sort of thing happening. As an alumnus and former Bates teacher I have to report it."

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The Friday before classes, English A instructors are assembled in the groundfloor lecture room where students can come to sign up for courses. Many of them are GI's, some in fatigues, but most of them out of uniform. You can tell them because they are restless and eager, and they aren't dressed Ivy League in that careless informality camouflaging a knowledge of exactly the right button in exactly the right place.

One of the GIs surprises me by being interested in my having Tom Paine on the reading list. He wants to know if there will be a lot of reading and writing. And I tell him <u>Yes</u>. (I am thinking but don't tell him I'll use for Tom Paine the same method I used with Navy trainees at Tufts . We'll be reading a good chunk every day, and I'll ask them to underline the topic sentence

in each paragraph, so that by reviewing their underlinings they'll be able to find their way through the gist of each essay and have their underlinings for review.

Toward the end of the morning, one of the teacher who came from Cornel came over and, hiking up his trousers, practically laid his cock on my chairarm: "Are you Lyle Glazier?"

"Yes."

"Well, I sent you a student who practically went into hysterics he was so determined to have the course that includes Walt Whitman. He said that was the only course he was interested in. I'm Wayne Burns, and I understand the two of us will be sharing the third floor office upstairs on the west side. Don't expect to see much of me because I have an apartment on Mass. Ave just across and down the street from the gate east of Widener Library. So, if you don't see me it will be because I'll be meeting students in my apartment."

I liked him. He was anything but Ivy League, a small guy like me, and infectiously disarming. I didn't ask the name of the student interested in Walt Whitman.

As he left, "I'll be looking in on you from time to time. I have just come from Cornell. I taught there for a couple of years, and I'm here to write my dissertation and get the hell back to the west coast, where I belong."

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To my astonishment, when I go to take the German reading exam, the Holderlin sonnet does appear, followed by a passage of Shakespeare beginning "Sein oder nicht sein, das ist die frage." The third and longest and last passage is from Goethe's Dichtung und Warheit I had read in that no-credit summer prep for graduate students claiming German as a foreign language. You can bring a German/English dictionary and take the exam as many times as you need to. On this, my third try, now with Arnold's help, I'm sure I've passed the exam.

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Another letter from Larry. Court Martial looks imminent. In desperation, I go back to Harvard and search in files at Widener to find the address of some important personage at Headquarters of the Air Force in Washington, and write a formal letter to the Adjutant General, introducing myself as a teacher at Harvard, older brother of a bombardier in the Pacific, who has completed honorably twenty-nine missions, been decorated, his plane so badly damaged after one mission

that it was attacked by Zeros and grounded in the small triangle of Leyte that had been freed by Americans, returned to his island base, completed twenty-nine missions but grounded himself after his best friend, copilot of another plane, failed to return from a flight over Mindanao. Now he is being faced with boot camp discipline (including bracing to salute gungho officers after most of the seasoned officers and their crews have already been routinely discharged back home. I acknowledge my lack of familiarity with army protocol but include quotations from Larry's letters to document my claims.

Back home I prepare the document with care and carry it to the post office and mail it, feeling hopelessly inadequate and scarcely purged of my guilt.

-o-

I have met a couple of new graduate students, one of them Henry Popkin from Providence, R. I., where he did his undergraduate work at Brown. Tall, thin, and dark complected, he was with a G.I. -- Herbert Kramer. They looked me up because they had heard of my short story being published by STORY. They have an idea for starting a literary magazine with funds from Reynal and Hitchcock which is looking for an investment for excess profits that will go to the government unless they can find some sort of charitable organization meeting a requirement for tax relief. Some professor, perhaps Harry Levin, suggested they ask if I'm interested in joining their staff, possibly as fiction editor.

A few days later half dozen of us, two from Radcliffe and four from Harvard, meet in Warren House, where I read a rhymed couplet doggerel attack on Karl Shapiro's Essay on Rhyme. Nothing worth mentioning, I think, but it catches their attention enough so that we form an editorial committee with Kramer Editor and Popkin Managing Editor. I am named fiction editor, and immediately approach Ted Spencer and Denny Sutcliffe and Doc Kemp, all of whom agree to submit manuscripts. At our second meeting we are already considering a story by Kramer, a poem by Ted Spencer, and an interesting article on Albert Camus by Albert J. Guerard. I'm supposed to submit my Shapiro lampoon, but instead submit under an assumed name an anonymous short story that gets panned because, as Feb Grubman says, "It's too ordinary. It spells everything out and leaves nothing for the reader to get his teeth into." At our next I announce that the author has withdrawn it. I have a

poem from Doc Kemp that is unanimously accepted. as are Denham Sutcliffe's essay on three books of an unknown (for most of us) Czech author Egon Hostovsky whom, supposedly, F. O. Matthiessen knows and admires. At that meeting Popkin reads a note from Levin offering us some unpublished Cantos from Ezra Pound, who has been accused of treason for his attack on capitalism and his radio broadcasts supporting Mussolini beamed at American troops. There is an immediate motion not to accept, which is tabled to give us a chance to read the poems.

On the way from the meeting, Popkin and Kramer walk with me to my car, parked in back of Warren House, and I give them a ride over onto Brattle Street, where they persuade me to park long enough to meet a friend of theirs, a young scholar named Leslie Fiedler, who is at Harvard on some kind of scholarship for having written a famous article "Come Back to the Raft, Huck Honey." The title immediately disturbs me because I have taught Huckleberry Finn enough times so that I know that the title rings false. Mark Twain would never have put such a sentence into Jim's mouth. It's too clever and there's an implication of closeted homosexuality that I never found in Mark Twain. Fiedler does most of the talking to Henry and Herb, and has no interest in meeting me, and all I can think of is that he is far too clever for my satisfaction. I gather that he is at Harvard hoping to be rewarded with some kind of long term fellowship; he was quite superior. Herb and Henry admire him, but I don't expect to see him again.

-o-

I drive to the Public Library in Copley Square to look at the Abbey frescoes on the Quest for the Grail. You enter and climb the great staircase and enter the Delivery Room on the corridor next to the vaulted reading room at the top of the stairs. The paintings are heroic and romantic and very pretty. I don't linger. Going back downstairs, I discover the courtyard to the men's john, and meet there a stocky Italian who invites me to his apartment almost next door. Up two flights Lorenzo has a huge living/bedroom and bath. He has a Steinway and gives piano lessons and voice lessons. The walls are embellished with prints of Italian masters, and we talk a while about the Florentine artists whom he admired on a visit there. In due time we undress and have sex. I like it and for the moment as always I'm out of my mind without in the least having a crush on him.

Settled in body but not in spirit, I return to the

Library's huge main reading room, occupied mostly by elderly readers half asleep at their tables.

I'm reading a story in the Atlantic, when I feel a tap on my shoulder, and look up into the fresh face of the young lady librarian, whose footsteps I had vaguely been aware of as she approached along the aisle.

The footsteps stop at my table. Somewhat disheveled in my mind from my encounter with Francisco, my defenses spring alert. I wonder if I'm trespassing.

She's smiling warmly, and bends over me, whispering.

"You're Lyle Glazier, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am, but..."

"I'm Florence Hackman Possella, we have your photo on our reading desk. Dante had you as a teacher at Bates."

"I whisper back, "I knew Dante was married, but didn't know you were in Boston."

"Peter Bertocci got him admitted to the B U graduate school. He's working for an M. A. in History."

I'm relieved at this explanation. I really like this young lady. Her eyes are roving over the rows and rows of down-at-the-heels readers, almost all of them male.

I want to learn more. "When do you go off duty?"

"Five o'clock. In fifteen minutes."

"Come back. I'll finish my story."

I drive her to their apartment down over the hill in back of the State House, a warren of dismal, garbage-infested streets, where I park, and, somewhat hesitatingly, she invites me up to their flat. I've never seen such a slum. They live on the third floor, up rickety stairs past rancid odors of thousands of fried breakfasts, lunches and dinners. Behind every door a racket of voices and clatter as if furniture is being tossed about. It sounds like a houseful of family free/for/alls. I can sense Florence is tensing as if wishing she hadn't brought me.

The walls along the staircase seem oozing with flowing grime. I think i could take my fingernails and scrape off a deposit. It's gruesome.

The door of their flat is loose on its hinges, the lock so loose you can see around it.

Florence whispers, "I'm always afraid I'll find somebody inside. When I wake up in the morning, if Dante has gone, I sometimes hear the door shaken as if somebody's trying to come in. I'm scared out of my wits."

"When do you expect Dante?"

"He works late tonight as a night watchman. Not till after midnight."

She offers me tea, and to please her, I stay and catch up on their news.

"At the rate he can go, it will take him at least two more years to get his M.A. Then we intend to move to New York where he hopes to go on to Columbia. Even with his scholarship and both of us working, we just manage to make ends meet."

"I had no idea there was such a slum in back of the State House."

"You can see how small the apartment is. The landlords make money by breaking up old mansions into narrow, boxcar flats. We have only one window at the back of our bedroom, looking into an airshaft cram jam with junk everybody throws out their window."

She warms water for tea on a two-burner grate. The dish cabinet is an orange crate. Other boxes are full of books. There's a strip of grimed ragged carpet on the floor.

"No matter how hard you try, you can't keep it clean. The walls are oozing, the sink and plumbing crawl with cockroaches. Impossible to get rid of them."

Back home I tell Amy about my encounter. That night when we are in bed, it is she who comes up with a suggestion: "Now we aren't renting the front room to a student, we have that space. If we invited them here, we could perhaps make do by sharing the kitchen. It's almost criminal to have all this space."

I would have proposed it but am glad she did. "We could invite them for Sunday dinner, and talk it over."

The upshot they moved in. We didn't charge them anything for rent, but they insisted on paying five dollars a week for utilities. It was quite a shock after Sunday dinner, after we had reached a decision and were all doing dishes to watch Dante, drying, toss one of the cups from our wedding china up toward the ceiling and catch it on the way down. A smile on his face, he was contemplating some remote Elysium of good feeling. We were all of us happy, Laura and Susan delighted with this magic acquisition of a boy and girl cousin. One problem: we could never be sure when they would be home for dinner, so after a week of Amy's trying to plan dinner for six (including Laura and Susan) we agreed that except for Sunday dinner, when Dante and Florence would eat with us, they would come when they found it convenient, often eating downtown, but sometimes

bringing supplies and getting their dinner when we had finished.

-o-

One afternoon after I had driven to Cambridge, I parked the Chevy in the garage and came up the back stairs to find Jax whining at the secondfloor back door. I pushed him out of my way and went in to find Al Heald in army uniform, having bussed in from Fort Devens where she was on duty. Amy exiled Jax to the back upstairs porch in order for the girls to have privacy. I was just in time to take over getting dinner, busy at the stove broiling steaks Al had brought from the PX. I was admiring the quality and texture of the beef, and listening in on the conversation.

Amy was regaling Al with stories about the tension between her and Jax.

"He would have been all over you if I hadn't put him out there. I hate him and he knows it, and he hates me back. You can hear him now scratching to get in. It's partly because we have company and partly because he just plain likes to annoy me."

As if responding to the irritation in her voice, the scratching took on heightened intensity. Jax managed to squeeze his nose into a crack at floor level. We heard the outside screen door creak and the inside door slam open. Weaseling his way in, he was standing nose down, gazing up with eyes hooded as if to measure the pitch of Amy's resentment. Suddenly, his whole head fully inside, he lowered his jaws, gawped wide open, spread front legs to brace himself, and spilled over the linoleum a half gallon of used kitchen fat Amy had put out to congeal before carrying it down to the trash barrel. As the girls frantically pushed back their chairs to avoid the crest of the approaching flood, I grabbed some rags from a kitchen cabinet, filled the dishpan with hot water from the faucet, and got down on hands and knees to mop up. Jax was gazing piteously, his tail drooping, then slowly rising and beginning to wag in an appeal for forgiveness. No more abject criminal ever stood in the dock. Amy was gazing back at him in no conciliatory mood, her mouth open ready to give him a piece of her mind. Al and I tried to control ourselves but it was too much. Gales of laughter swept around the kitchen in which Jax joined by barking gaily and trying to leap in Al's lap.

"See what I said," Amy cried. "He was out there planning his revenge. Just as I told you, he hates me and I hate him back!"

-o-

glazier

In order to get acquainted with the students, my first assignment for both Radcliffe and Harvard is for them to write "a short personal narrative or autobiography with a summarizing paragraph, and then zero in on an episode from a recent experience. About 500 words. Your aim should be to give the rest of us a look in on your immediate past. GIs can give us a glimpse of where you were six months ago, and the rest of you can tie in your life in high school or prep school with where you are now. If you wish, your last sentence can tell what your hopes are for the future, or what you expect to gain from being at Harvard."

After some discussion of the assignment, I pass out a time sheet for them to sign for a theme conference beginning in a couple of weeks. I then talk about the first assignment in the Paine book and the method I want them to use each day for getting at the gist of their reading.

"The first assignments will be short. I want each of you every day to make a rough outline by underlining topic sentences, then pick out one sentence to comment on in a few words. Make the paper brief but something you can use for class discussion and hand in for me to look at and hand back. Why is this sentence important? Why does it appeal to you? Of course, you can feel free to attack it, if you don't agree with what Paine says. You will have a chance to ask any questions that crop up as you go along. This isn't a lecture class in which I tell you what you have read. It's your class not mine, and I want you to make your discoveries and speak your own mind."

-o-

As I expected, many of the prep school students write very fluently, and their autobiographical episodes are often very well written. It happens in the Harvard section that the first GI who volunteers reads a paper about being in the Philippines writing a letter home about what it feels to realize the war has ended. I can feel a tension in the room as everybody -- the young prep school students, especially -- seems to grip the writing arm of his chair listening to somebody who has just come from where civilians might be today if the Japanese hadn't surrendered.

The next paper is by accident from a student from Andover, beautifully designed and quite witty. I think that the GIs are envious of the civilians for their reading and writing skills, and the civilians are envious of the GIs for having had real life experiences

like none they will ever have.

Across on the other campus, Radcliffe girls are extremely polite and well groomed. The atmosphere in the room is one of decorum. The very first question seems to express the heart of their concern: "Mr. Glazier, can you tell us about those wonderful boys over on the other campus?"

I ask, "Do you wish English A were coeducational."

A spontaneous intake of breath goes around the room as everybody sighs, "Yes!"

-o-

I come home on a Saturday afternoon to find Amy cleaning our bedroom and rearranging furniture. She has been waiting to have me help move our bed from the southeast corner -- opposite the window of the boys on the third floor across the backyard -- to the southwest corner.

"This way the bed will be opposite that lane between those two houses. I like to bring my sewing upstairs, and the east corner is so dark. Here I will have afternoon sunlight."

With the bed filling the space, there will be less room for her rocking chair and work table, but I don't bother to say so. What I think is that now when I come in to change my clothes afternoons, I'll not be opposite the big boy's window.

On the very next morning, Sunday, I wake early out of deep sleep as if summoned. Amy is sound asleep between me and the window. Light is filtering from the north east against the backs of the opposite houses. My kittycorner vision is just right so I can see the boy standing on a chair, masturbating for his friend on the second floor of the house nextdoor to ours. Early light strikes just right to expose him, and, Amy not stirring, I pull myself partway up to watch. Very carefully, I pull up onto my elbow to get a clear view. In dawn light I can see the spurt of his jism. He is totally absorbed in his friend and has no idea when I join him.

-o-

After reading their autobiographies, I meet the Radcliffe girls one at a time in a conference room arranged for me near our classroom. They are chatty and friendly. One of them says, "We're glad to have a Harvard professor, and not just one of our women teachers."

I don't mention that I'm not a professor, something that has been brought home to me recently from a visit Amy has just made for tea at the home of Dr. Munn, who

has a name for being rich but quite boring. Almost nobody takes his courses.

Amy dressed very carefully for her first Harvard social engagement. I make sure the car is free, but she doesn't want to drive in Boston traffic and won't spend money for a taxi. We leave Susan with Mrs. Eaton and I drive over instead of riding the bicycle as I do in good weather.

An hour and a half later, Amy is indignant when she comes upstairs to my Warren House office.

"Well, what kind of a time did you have?"

"Awful. It's a huge house. They are obviously rich. A maid was at the door to take our wraps and show us into the drawing room. As soon as we were all assembled, Mrs. Munn swept in, very elegant, and spoke a few words to us from behind the tea urn. She said she always makes the same address to the wives of the new teaching fellows.

"'You should know your husbands are not members of the Harvard faculty. There's a difference between fellow and professor. Your husbands are not "professors." They aren't eligible to dine in the faculty club. I thought I should make this clear, because in the past there has been some embarrassment. There must be no misunderstanding. Your husbands have no entry to the Faculty Club.' That's the main thing she had to tell us. One of last year's wives served tea, and Mrs. Munn took care to circulate and speak to each one of us, and learn our name. I doubt if she ever knows or cares who you are, but she felt it her duty to have me inform you of your non-importance."

At my theme conferences, the Radcliffe girls don't make any such fine distinction between fellow and professor. Most of them are not in the least superior. An exception of a sort -- in her paper one of them took pains in her personal narrative to inform me that, although she was a granddaughter of a Harvard Overseers, she enjoyed no special privilege in being accepted to the University.

"I want to make it clear I meet all qualifications. My grades are above average. My grandfather was very careful to avoid an appearance of nepotism, not one little bit of a 'pull' from my family."

I wrote in the margin, "Not a single itsie bittsie advantage?"

This got her dander up. She let me know in person she intended to inform her grandfather of my effrontery. I told her, "Go ahead. Tell me what he says."

-o-

The GIs were much aware of their writing deficiencies. The first one to come see me put it for all of them: "Those prep school graduates know everything."

I said, "They know everything except they are green with envy. If you work hard you can catch up with them, but they can never catch up with you."

I had on my desk a copy of the Elements of Style by Strunk and Tenney of Cornell and made a point of recommending it to the GIs. "In it you'll find all you need to know with none of the jargon you find in most handbooks of composition. Buy one at the Coop. I'll refer to it in my corrections. I guarantee your writing will improve. Read it from beginning to end and go back to the rules where you have trouble. Whenever I need to, I'll make reference to it in my marginal comments."

I don't have to recommend it to the graduates of Groton, Andover, and Exeter, but I do mention it to some of the high school graduates if they have trouble with grammar.

Some of the veterans are as old as I am. One of them gave me a lesson on radar. He drew me diagrams as he explained the intricacies of a spying device I had never heard of before. As he scratched out illustrations on a scrap of paper, I got so interested that I leaned forward in my roller chair, and the rollers slipped back under me, and I found myself on the floor, my feet above the desk.

He was quite concerned until I started laughing, "I'm glad it's you and not one of the prep school boys."

-o-

Reading assignments were graduated in length from Common Sense and The Crisis to -- when we got to them -- longer passages in The Rights Man and The Age of Reason. By the time we got to Agrarian Justice there were arguments over whether Paine was "a Communist" or "a Marxist," and somebody mentioned Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience." I pointed out that Thoreau's essay was written three-quarters of a century after the Revolution -- not until 1849 -- and the Communist Manifesto in 1848.

Discussions in the Harvard class were more heated than at Radcliffe. But in both classes somebody wrote a paper on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and I learned from one of the Andover students that in our class was the grandson of one of the commissioners appointed to bring in a charge of guilty against the Italian anarchists.

In both classes, some of the students were remarkably well informed about Thoreau and Marx, better informed than I.

I was surprised one day at Radcliffe to have one of my most vocal supporters attack almost violently when I called Paine's writing "propaganda".

"How can you call The Rights of Man propaganda? It's the heart and soul of American democracy."

I called for general discussion, and in the course of the hour we arrived at a point where there was general agreement that "propaganda" is itself a neutral word. Depending on whether or not you agree with the writer -- like Paine heatedly pleading a cause -- his work is "good propaganda" or "false propaganda." If you disagree with the writer's argument, the word can take on a certain intonation implying that you consider a certain piece of writing beneath contempt.

"But that was not my intent when I spoke of The Rights of Man as 'propaganda.' If you want to be absolutely clear when you disagree with a political or social or moral argument, you could call it 'mere propaganda.'"

-o-

First assignment for Walt Whitman:

Read:"One's Self I Sing"
"I Hear America Singing"
"From Pent-up Aching Rivers"
"I Sing the Body Electric"
"A Woman Waits for Me"
"Poets to Come," "To You!" and "Thou Reader"

From one of these poems choose a quote and write a comment or question for discussion.

Second assignment: From SONG OF MYSELF," I, II, III, IV, choose quote, write comment or question...

Third assignment: "SONG OF MYSELF," Read V, choose a quote and write comment or question for discussion: Examples of their questions:

Who or what is "the other I am?"
In the second line, give reference for "you"
Significance of "Loafe," "lull" and "hum"?

Meaning of "custom"? [I add quote from Anthony and Cleopatra: "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety"]

Who is the "I" of the poem?

Who is the "you"? A man or a woman?

"the kelson of the creation is love?"

Followup: what does he mean by "love"? Relate to first line "my soul, the other I am"

Relate to previous line: "all the men ever born are my brothers and the women my sisters and lovers"

"The main dramatic episode is homosexual... Even the 'little brown leaves' are 'stiff' or 'drooping.'"

Rick Sanders raised his hand, then after I had recognized him and everybody was looking at him, lowered his hand and started lapping his fingers: "You can almost taste it."

There was a roar of laughter.

I laughed with them and probably blushed before I collected myself enough to say, "It's sometimes said that poetry is the particularization of the universal."

Another round of laughter.

We spent the rest of the hour on the development of imagery in Section V to a social/political/philosophical connection between the physical/sexual union in the first paragraph through the homoerotic middle to his conception of God's love overflowing into a universal brotherhood of man and woman, and union with the entire physical universe knit together by love, "limitless" and embracing everything down to the "stiff leaves...in the fields," "brown ants," and "scabs of the wormfence, and heaped stones, and elder and mullen and pokeweed."

-o-

In late October, Ted calls in new teachers three at a time for a conference with his assistant, Carvell Collins. We are all given three sample student compositions and directed to grade them. I am last to report, and am pleased when Collins says, "Lyle's grading has an extraordinarily good precedent," meaning,

I think, that my grade matches Ted's.

-o-

Amy and I are invited to a party for English A fellows, where we have refreshments and a game of twenty questions. We are on a team with Denny Sutcliffe, who is chosen to be our front man for one of the charades. He comes back from his conference with the other team and begins by indicating with sign language that there are two words in his conundrum, and that he will begin with the first syllable of the five-syllable first word. He sits in an imaginary chair behind a desk and shuffles through a lot of papers, lifts an imaginary phone and talks into it gruffly, waving his arms and mouthing with unvoiced eloquence. After a minute, somebody asks, "Are you Ted Morrison talking to President Conant?"

"No." One question shot, he continues his mouthing.

"You are a politician?"

"No." Two gone.

After conferring with me, Amy asks, "Are you a lawyer conferring with a client?" Three chalked up against us.

Denny gestures with both hands, meaning, "Come on, come on.

One of our Yale fellows guesses, "You are trying to arrange a divorce." More frantic gestures. Four gone.

Nobody comes up with anything. Denny scraps that line of approach, and indicates he is switching to the second word which has also five syllables, of which he will do the first four. He throws himself on the floor and writhes in anguish.

"You are terribly sick." Five. We have to be careful.

He stops agonizing, motions with both hands, and starts writhing again, tearing his hair, biting his forearms

"Epilepsy?. Six. He motions in a wide embrace and starts throwing himself around in his bed on the floor. Nobody comes up with anything. He scraps the attempt, and goes back to the first word, the first two syllables.

He stands up and walks to the wall and indicates a great square framed on the wall in front of him. He reaches into his back pocket and takes out an imaginary small magnifying glass, and scrutinizes the bottom lefthand corner of the picture. Then pores over the whole picture from bottom to top, shaking his head.

"Bogus." He looks ecstatic. Seven. "Come again" with both hands fluttering encouragement.

"Forgery." More ecstasy. Eight. We are all conferring excitedly but dumfounded. Nothing comes up. Denny scraps the effort and goes back to the second word, indicting he will do the first two syllables. He is sitting at the table now turning the pages of a book.

Nobody has a clue. We have lost all our leads.

After a long time somebody ventures "Reading?" Nine. The ecstatic motions again. "Keep going! Keep going! You're on the right track!"

"Story." Ten. "Give me some more. More!" He keeps turning pages furiously. Then moves his arms wide in a great gesture.

"Novel." Eleven. He gives up. We are all stymied, haven't the slightest idea. Denny throws up his arms and gets down on the floor again and starts writhing, indicating he is doing all four syllables. He is obviously in anguish. But we have exhausted our ingenuity on that line. "Epilepsy" is the best we can do, and while it's on the right track, it's not the right four-syllable word. Denny throws up both hands. "Begin new."

He indicates he is chopping off the last syllable of the second word and concentrating on that. He opens his mouth and gasps like a fish out of water.

"Help!" Twelve. He motions for a very short word.

"A." Thirteen. He motions <u>yes</u>.

He goes back to the last syllable of the first word and goes through the same motion for a very short word.

"A." Fourteen. He motions <u>yes</u> but points up at the ceiling.

We all look up but don't see anything helpful up there.

He makes elaborate motions of doing the last syllable of both words. He makes the motion of chopping off a very short word and then motions to us lovingly, and gazes up at the ceiling but nothing at all comes to any of us. Like all of us, I suppose, I am trying to get the large picture -- two five-syllable words ending in <u>A</u>.

Denny scraps the whole effort and goes back to word one, the first and second syllables of a five-syllable word ending in A.

He gets out his pocket magnifier and walks to the wall and pores over the painting but nobody can come up with anything better than <u>bogus</u>, till Collins calls, "Spurious!" but it's probably three syllables, and Denny

motion No. Fifteen.

Denny gives up and lets us know he is switching to the third and fourth syllables of the first word.

He struts across the room with his hand on his hip.

"Flirt." Sixteen. It's too short.

He makes the same slinky walk across the room lifting his skirt well above the knee, leering at us.

"Prostitute!" Too long. Seventeen. But he is motioning excitedly.

"Streetwalker!" Eighteen. Too long.

I am trying to put the whole thing together and come up with both words. My mind is groping, trying to fish something up.

I yell, "Doxie!" Nineteen. Denny goes crazy.

Everybody is looking at me. I am remembering my course in Milton at Middlebury, seventeenth century poetry and prose.

It comes with a rush. "Pseudodoxia Epidemica! Sir Thomas Browne!"

-o-

Right after supper and drying dishes, I take Jax on his leash for his evening walk, a fresh, cool early November with a full moon, transforming peaked gables of Boston flats whose long shadows fall on us along the south side of Powder House Boulevard and whose direct beams transfigure across the street the vacant flatland meadow and gentle slope leading up to leafless trees and squat buildings of the campus on the hill. Jax discovers fresh messages at the base of every lamppost and rubbish can and marks out his territory from an exhaustless terrain.

In no hurry, we walk all the way to the Powder House and around the circle and back to our driveway, where, turning in, I lift my eyes to the full shield of the moon, and below it the rear gable of the house on the next street, where, in the third floor bedroom the light is shining full on the boy masturbating, I realize, for his friend in the second floor west window of the house next but one to ours back toward Powder House from where we have come.

Under the moon, his full strokes of abandon rouse an immediate response as my cock lifts, and I'm not at all prepared for the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton from their groundfloor back porch above me:

Mrs. Eaton, "It's Lyle!."

Mr. Eaton, "We heard you turn in the driveway."

I shift my emotional gears in an instant, "Yes, and Jax with me. What a glorious moon! We walked all the

way to the Powder House!"

I walk around the containing wall below them, leading Jax on the sidewalk from the garage through the backyard and upstairs. How many times have they observed the boy from their firstfloor kitchen window? Have they ever seen him turn to face me directly on the third floor? Tonight they have evidence that his performance is not for me but for somebody else. This evening is something we will never mention to each other. If they have had suspicions have they been laid to rest? Yes, I think. Yes.

-o-

I have made schedules with blanks for students to sign up for a second round of theme conferences for Harvard and Radcliffe sections. The first two weeks I meet Radcliffe women a half hour each over four hours Monday through Friday between one and five-thirty. By now we know each other reasonably well. A few are stand offish, but most of them friendly. We talk chiefly about compositions they have brought with them but also over literature they enjoy,and sometimes stray to their families and their plans for the future. Almost always the half hour passes before we know it.

Harvard students I meet the next fortnight on a similar schedule, except that many of them have to fit the conference in around science labs. For that reason I have to add Saturday afternoons to the schedule. On the second Saturday, I find that I have someone scheduled for one o'clock, and then a break and Lawrence Stanton scheduled for five. If I had only known, I might have been able to cut off the schedule at three o'clock at the latest. It means that I can spend in my Widener carrel most of the afternoon between conferences. I have to be home by soon after six because Dante is planning to get an Italian spaghetti dinner for us, and that means I have that big break and will have to hop on my bicycle and hurry home to be on time for dinner. It's somewhat of a nuisance to have to wait around three hours for Stanton. After four full weeks of conferences 1 could be forgiven if I were peeved by this inconvenience and to be honest, I am somewhat surprised that I am. I'm on time, and he's a bit late. It's a clear day so I've ridden my bike. I gaze out my west window over the Yard and realize it will be dusk by the time I start for home. Just then I hear steps on the stair. He clatters up the first flight, slows down for the second, and a bit winded, evidently, comes across the attic

space, enters the open door, and drops into the arm chair. He is dressed in dark brown plush jacket, striped shirt, string tie.

"Have you brought your themes?"

"Mr. Glazier, I'm so happy you are doing Walt Whitman. I chose your section for that reason. When I was at Boston Latin, my teacher Mr. Henderson was a Whitman scholar. We became great friends. I was over to his apartment all the time. Are you interested in music. I have an apartment just off Mass. Ave. I have a Steinway. Do you play?"

"We're supposed to be looking at your themes."

"Have you ever heard of my teacher Parker Henderson? He's a Whitman scholar. He would love to meet you. I told him about your course, and he is eager to meet you."

"You write rather well, Mr. Stanton. I was hoping we could look at your themes, and see if you have any questions."

"I didn't bring them I was hoping we could go over to my place. I'm only a block and a half from the Widener gate. We could be there in ten minutes. Do you have a favorite musician?"

"As a matter of fact, I like Mozart. But, since we can't talk about your themes, tell me why you like Whitman."

"I was hoping we could go over to my place."

"Look, here is my copy of Leaves of Grass. Pick out any section and read it aloud."

"I like the one about 'Twenty-eight young men...'"

"Find it, and read it."

A pause as he flips through the pages.

"It's nearer the beginning. You've gone past it."

A pause.

"Try number eleven. There you have it."

Stanton starts reading.

"Ok, you read that well. Now go to the first paragraph. In your opinion, why in the third line does he turn from the young men to the woman."

"Well, she is watching them."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-eight years. She is obviously starved for love. She's a rich woman starved for love, and she loves the young men.

She loves every one of them, or any one of them. She imagines herself there with them, with them all, or with any one of them. Her hand passes over them, her hand descends from their ribs. She imagines herself there

with them, lying over them."

"But why are there so many of them. Why are there twenty-eight of them?"

"Maybe because there are twenty-eight days in the month of February."

"Why on earth that?"

"Maybe it has something to do with the menstrual cycle. She wants to be loved by them."

"By twenty-eight of them?"

"By one or all of them. By each one of them. It has something to do with her being starved for love. She needs them so bad. She needs all of them, or any one of them."

"But then you notice the stanza where you shift back to the young men. Do they know she is watching?"

"Obviously not."

"Are they thinking of her?"

""They do not know whom they souse with spray.' It's all sensual, sexual, but their sensuality doesn't depend on her.
They haven't any idea they're being watched. They are sensual even without her. Or at least, in Whitman's eye they are sensual when they are there by themselves without any idea they are being watched. That 'soused with spray' is very suggestive."

"Tell me again how old was the sex-hungry woman?

"Twenty-eight years."

"How old was Whitman when he wrote Song of Myself?"

"In his thirties?"

"Look back at the beginning of the poem."

"Just a minute. Oh, here it is -- thirty-seven years."

"Could she have been an alter-ego for the author?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Well, Mr. Stanton, thank you for your invitation, but I have my bicycle in the rack in front of Emerson, and I have to be traveling up Oxford all the way, and across the drybridge into Somerville, and turn left to Davis Square and north to the Powder House, and along Powderhouse Boulevard home. We live across from the Tufts College campus. My wife and I have two small daughters, and right now we have living with us in our spare room a young Italian couple. And tonight Dante is preparing us a spaghetti dinner with mushroom and tomato sauce, and meat balls. It will take me a good half hour to be home.

"Let me put the book in my bookbag, and we can walk downstairs together to Emerson where I get my bike."

-o-

There was an evil look in the Humane Society man's eye in spite of his pretending to like animals. He had a carrying case and didn't stay longer than to have us sign a release. When we heard the muttered curse at the bottom of the stairs, and Jax's yelp as the door closed, I should have dashed down and stopped him from loading Jax into the pen. We neither of us mentioned what we heard.

I wasn't able to sleep, and Amy wasn't able either. After holding each other, finally we dozed, waking up early for early breakfast. It seemed hours before nine o'clock when I could call the Humane Society I had called yesterday.

"Hello. Is this the Boston Humane Society? This is Lyle Glazier on Powderhouse Boulevard in Somerville. I called you yesterday afternoon to see whether you could find a home for our pedigreed cocker spaniel, Jax. You were sure you could. Your man came for him early last evening. I gave him a copy of Jax's papers. I'm calling to say that Mrs. Glazier and I have changed our minds. Can you give me an idea where and when we can come pick him up."

"Just a minute while I check. ... Mr. Glazier, I regret to say our man reported he had so much trouble with your dog he took him immediately to the euthanizing center. I'm very sorry."

"But yesterday you assured us you were positive you could find a home for him. He's gentle, good with children, a handsome dog. ...Will you please check and make sure he has been euthanized."

"I'm afraid there's no mistake in the report."

"Amy, it's no use. The center tells me the collector drove straight to the euthanization clinic. His report claims that Jax was urinating excessively and had become violent. They had no choice. What he said was 'He was given a tranquilizing shot, and didn't suffer.'"

"It's my fault, not yours. I didn't like the looks of that man, ...the glint in his eye. He had no intention of taking him to the holding center as he told us he would."

"It's too late now."

"You felt the same way I did about the man. We both thought he looked cruel."

"I should have called them last night when you changed your mind. But except for emergencies, the business hours are nine to five."

"I wish Larry had never given him to us."

"When we visited Clayt last fall, I thought of asking if he would like Jax. He would have made a good bird dog. I thought of it as soon as we left there."

"We should have known that man last night was just going to put him into the cage with the others and haul them all to the incinerator."

"I felt it as soon as he started down stairs, but Jax didn't seem to complain till they got to the bottom of the stairs."

"As soon as our door shut on them, he never gave him a chance."

-o-

For classes on King Lear, we have the usual assignment of each student preparing a question or comment for discussion as we move from scene to scene. I notice that each time the Fool enters it's with an enigmatic song nearly always avoided by the students as if they are indecipherable so I always make a point of leading a discussion of the song and its relation to the action.

-o-

In the Crimson, I read an announcement for an "International Poetry Contest" with two unnamed professors for judges. "A lyric, a group of lyrics, a narrative or philosophical poem of any length. Monetary prizes to be awarded after Christmas vacation." I turn in ten short lyrics, including one of the very few I have written lately:

The Adolescent

Hurt and dismayed, he will regret
  each guilty spending of his life,
he will endorse the bitterest threat
  against his passion's barbarous knife.

He walks with anguish in his feet
  and in his breast the fire of Hell,
What is this force, malign and sweet,
  Unbidden and unquenchable?

He will seek out a secret place
  within his vexed and narrow wood
where he will run and hide his face
  from who would help him if they could.

I place this with nine other lyrics, including most of those published in American Prefaces, and submit them, dismissing them from my mind, because from the

title "International Contest" I presume there will be submissions from all over the world, and no unknown like me will have a chance.

-o-

Mr. Files asks if I'm willing to hold conferences for his students, and follow up after two weeks by conducting the first hour of his class, leading a discussion on composition mechanics. I readily agree and look forward to having a chance to talk to these very interesting adults, many of whom like Arnold Weinberger have started placing friendly notes at the end of their papers. Now most of them come to my office in Warren House late afternoons between 4:30 and 6:00 after they have finished work. Half of them, at least a dozen or more sign up, among them the Hungarian stained glass artist, who brings me a small specimen of his work, and tells me of his modestly lucrative business of preparing stained glass windows for churches or less often for an entrance door or parlor window in a home. He is a disciple of the Middle Ages but using modern motifs such as a waterfall on a woodland estate, or sometimes for a business man, a window signifying his trade. Anders' favorite designs are imaginative and personal, sometimes descriptive, sometimes abstract. He would like to gain a reputation like that of a popular painter or a musician or a poet.

Modestly he claims, "I am a refugee from Hungary. There I was known. Here nobody knows me, and there is no school of modern stained glass artists for me to join."

He is not so much interested in composition mechanics as in the opportunity to have a meeting with a Harvard student. I think he thinks of me as having the rank of a young Harvard professor. Self-deprecatory, with his exaggerated opinion of my status and influence, he invites me to a Christmas party in Dorchester in an apartment he shares with a Polish wood carver. There are a dozen refugee artists of both sexes, and after we have had Polish sausage and wine, voices become noisy and sad for the Old Country, and the Polish woodcarver takes a fancy to me and pleads with me to come back some afternoon when his roommate will be away. He will show me the intricacies of his profession. He insists on setting a date, but I like Anders, his roommate, my student, much better for his shyness and obvious delicacy. I don't promise to come.

I have been looking forward to conducting the class, and have prepared an informal and breezy introduction, in which my theme is that you should not

be strangled by fear of correct English but should let your fancy go free, and write in your own style and jargon. Don't be cramped by worrying too much about formal correctness. My punch lines will be: "Anybody can bore the reader with correct English that has nothing to say and no passion. If you will get excited on some subject and let yourself go, the reader will be interested. As a great poet has said, 'Look in your heart and write!'"

On the appointed evening of my first appearance before the class, I am in the lighted upstairs room in Emerson even before Myron Files. I try to harness my eagerness. The room begins to fill up, and soon I am facing a roomful of friendly, nodding faces. As Mr. Files is about to introduce me, a lady in the third row, motions, and I walk to her desk.

"I am terribly annoyed with you. A week ago after you missed my first appointment, you promised me over the phone you would be in your office for certain last night, and you failed me again. You may not realize what an effort it is to be excused early from work, and hurry by subway all the way from Blue Hills, and then find nobody in your office. The first time I thought I must be in the wrong building or had gone to the wrong room, but there was somebody across the hall and he assured me it was your office. And last night you did it again! I intend to tell Mr. Files how disappointed I am in his assistant. I hope he takes steps to see that you mend your ways. I'm in no mood to make another appointment."

Her voice, which began quietly, has become shrill, and students around us are alarmed. Mr. Files is rapping on the desk for attention. Even he must be aware something has gone fearfully wrong. I can see Arnold Weinberger two seats over looking at us in dismay.

There is nothing I can say. She is dead right. I missed the appointment once, and then again. How could I have wiped it out so completely? Until she called me to her desk I had no notion of having failed her. In fact, looking at her now, in her overdressed lady's club finery, I have almost no remembrance of having seen her before except once or twice becoming aware of her moonfaced goodwill as she bowed herself out of the classroom ahead of me.

Now I hear Mr. Files, "This is the evening we have been waiting for. I know you are anticipating what Lyle Glazier will have to say about Composition Mechanics.

Here he is. Lyle Glazier."

I won't go into detail. It was the most miserable class I ever taught in my life. All my breezy camaraderie has been swept away, my intention to warm their hears by saying "Communication is communication. The important thing is what you have to say. Grammar is only an instrument. You can learn mechanics but you can't learn intelligence and passion and good will, your natural instinctive heritage."

The hour is a mishmash of notes on the blackboard about sentence structure and paragraphing and spelling and all the things I intended to tell them are secondary. Every time I turn to face them, I see their hurt, compassionate faces. They don't know what to make of me. Each time I return to the blackboard I am burying myself from having to look at their sorrowing eyes. It's awful. At the end of the hour, I hand back their papers, trying to be cheerful, but I know what a failure I've been.

I sit in the back for Myron's discussion of a Reader's Digest condensation of a Boston Globe column on "A Cat is Man's Best Friend." It's a warm and emotional whimsical dismissal of the whole fiefdom of Canine Supremacy. Usually every face in the room would be empathetically teary eyed. But tonight the women are gripping their sweaty handkerchiefs and the men are stone cold.

I get out of the room ahead of them, and try to unlock my car with no attention to hurried steps approaching.

"Lyle, it vass not good. Vat iss zee matter? You haf bad trouble at home, I guess, yes? No? Vas it zee vuman you vas talking mit? I tink she vas angry."

It is impossible to escape. He gets in and I drive to a parking space on Brattle Street, and we return to a coffee shop where I blurt my story. He is very sympathetic: "In time you vill forget it. I tink you cannot make anozzer date. No?"

"I think you'll never see her in class again. I cooked her goose."

"Hah! Yess! She vas werry angry."

"It stuck in my craw. I couldn't do anything right."

-o-

The English A term papers have been turned in, most of them were good, some not spectacular but for many of the GIs it was an altogether new experience, and they handled the assignment well. Some of them have become

top students, and there isn't a slacker among them. Whereas, it's true as I expected that some of the prep school graduates at the beginning of the course who were facile writers, some of them over the semester have relaxed and are getting gentleman's C. Nobody is failing.

For both Radcliffe and Harvard, I held an initiatory warning session on the importance of avoiding plagiarism by footnoting. From then on I held three term paper roundtables, voluntary for those who wrote term papers in prep schools. Even so, though most students erred on the side of caution, I had one paper from Radcliffe on "Gide's Conception of Death" that was so professional it smacked of the lamp. Furthermore, although I was not a Gide scholar, I had the strong feeling of deja vu that became a certainty the more I read. The only trouble, I couldn't recall where I had read it the first time. For several days there was a tantalizing hint of being on the edge of discovery, until I remembered a collection of essays on Gide John Holmes pushed onto me two years ago. I skimmed them hurriedly and returned them soon in order not to forget whose book it was. Now I phoned him and asked to see it again, and sure enough Miss Gilchrist had borrowed everything even her title. She skipped the first three introductory paragraphs but from there on it was word for word. I found the same kind of trouble with a Harvard paper from the very polite, shy boy who delivered mail to Warren House. He was a poor boy on scholarship and sometimes if I was in, lingered for a few minutes to chat. He was a mediocre student, showing no brilliance in homework, but his paper on "Dramatic Themes and Vehicles in the plays of Philip Barry" was brilliantly conceived and showed an encyclopedic familiarity with the development of Barry's dramatic technique. Furthermore, I was skeptical because nobody but an aficionada in the theatre would have been able to draw such conclusions from a dramatist of the second order. If he had written on O'Neill I would have been less skeptical, but even so I am sure I would have doubted the originality of so much insight from Tommy Perkins. Nothing he had ever written or said in class or in theme conference or casual chatter would lead me to expect such a humdinger of a term paper.

A third paper gave me even more trouble, because it was not a research paper, but Brandt Knight had chosen the option to write a personal narrative and the paper was deliciously conversational and cramjam with poetic

insights and verbal pyrotechnics. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, but how could such a lunkhead have written it? Nevertheless, unless I could trace it to its source, I would have to give him the benefit of the doubt, and the thought irked me: to think of letting such an obvious clod get away with this stunning poetry.

I had asked John Holmes to let me keep the Gide collection, and now over the weekend I went to Widener to see if I could get a line on the Barry. I found nothing in the main catalogue to give me a lead. The critique was obviously very up to date. After lunch I visited the Theater Collection and, having pored through their catalogues, I was directed to a foothigh stack of recent reviews and commentaries.

From carrying a dozen books to my carrel and skimming pages to find the one or two that seemed to have something to say on the subject I was researching, I've become an adept in skimming. So I stand over the pile of scripts and turn them over one at a time, placing them face down one on top of the other. There are so many of them that at five o'clock, when there are only a few left, my heart sinks and I'm ready to give up the chase, when wonder of wonders! and lo and behold! there in the very last paper I find what I've been searching for.

Perkins had had the acumen to conceal his source at the bottom of the heap. I spent a half hour more taking notes and thanked the curator without ever informing why I was there or whether my search was rewarding.

On Monday, I went to Radcliffe and gave a little speech that I was not returning the papers although I'd read and graded them. "There are a few of them that seem to be improperly footnoted, and if any of you have the slightest doubt, I'm devoting Wednesday afternoon to be in my office, and you can come to see me. I must warn you again, as I have before, that Harvard's rules on plagiarism are severe, and a plagiarized paper could lead to failure in the course or even dismissal or suspension from the College. So if you have the slightest doubt come see me even if it's matter only of your having used ten footnotes and wonder if you should have used eleven. I will be in my office in Warren House from one o'clock, and I invite you if you have a doubt to come up to the third floor talk to me. [At Radcliffe I was specific about the location because our earlier conferences had been held on Radcliffe campus.]

When I came from lunch I had to tread through a knot of my students squatting and gossiping on the steps

between the second and third floor. I invited one of those on the top step to come along.

It was an interesting experiment in high seriousness to think that so many showed up. As the afternoon moved on, the queue increased until there seemed to be a mob from top stair to bottom. In fact there was so much chatter, that around three thirty I heard a proctor come out of the second floor classroom and ask then to pipe down because their raised voices were disturbing doctoral candidates taking a French language reading examination.

In due time Miss Gilchrist breezed in, flopped into the chair remarking, "I thought I would just skip over and take this chance to chat with you although there is no question about my paper."

The plagiarism was so transparent that I didn't mince words. "You know very well your paper is word for word. You skipped the first paragraph and then took it verbatim."

"Oh, Mr. Glazier, I couldn't do that. Gide is one of my favorites. I've been reading him for years."

i asked her to stand up while I leaned over the table and placed her paper along side the pages of the book. "Look how at the beginning you jumped over the first paragraphs, then beginning with the fourth, it goes without a break to the end. You couldn't possibly have written it without your eye on the page."

"Mr. Glazier, I have had this happen before. I must have a photographic memory. It is positively fantastic."

"You were in class when I told you the rules about plagiarism. It's my duty to report you to Ted Morrison, Director of English A, for him to reach a decision. However, I can comprehend how somebody could take this chance, and I'm going to report you and talk with Mr. Morrison about putting this on record but giving you a second chance. Do you read German?"

She had sunk into her chair, and her voice was cowed, "Yes I had three years of German in high school."

"I will report back to you in a few days. If Mr. Morrison agrees, I will ask you to choose one of Rilke's lyrics, copy it in German, make your translation and write me at least ten pages of criticism of the kind we did on Walt Whitman, only more elaborate for you will analyze the whole poem -- language, metrical pattern and a summary of the argument.

"Can I tell Mr. Morrison you have agreed to do this?"

In a small voice, "Yes, Mr. Glazier. I will never do such a thing again, never in my life. I promise."

For the most of others it was in a way a friendly, very profitable afternoon. I didn't spend much time with any one of them, simply glanced through their paper with them, chatted a minute and let them go. When Brandt Knight ambled in and slouched into the chair, I tried a different tack, praising the maturity of insight and language. I could see Brandt relax with a confident loosening of the muscles in his jaw. I asked him to read a paragraph, then stopped him on the phrase "There was an elasticity in the sunset that took the viewer by surprise. It was as if the heavens exploded. There was nothing pejorative, no note not consonant with the temper and tone of the evening."

"That is pretty fine language, Brandt. Now you take the word "elasticity" -- what exactly did you mean by that?"

He was gazing uneasily at the paper and hunched over the text. "It was meant to be one of those poetic statements you can't exactly explain. It was a fine evening."

"Going on -- what do you mean by consonant?"

He was wiggling in the chair, "Why, everybody knows consonant, you know the difference between a consonant and a vowel."

"What about pejorative?"

"Well, you know how it is sometimes when you are writing a word pops into your head, and it just sounds right, you don't know exactly what it means."

"And the word temper?"

"I guess I was thinking of a girl. You know, the evening was out of sorts and showing its temper the way sometimes happens on a date."

"And by tone do you mean a musical note?"

By now Brandt was shuffling both feet. "I might as well come clean, Mr. Glazier. I could never have written that paper. My roommate is a perfect whiz. He is in Dr. Sutcliffe's class and gets straight A in every paper. I couldn't do this assignment and asked him to write one for me."

I went through the same routine with Brandt about reporting to Mr. Morrison and putting the paper on record, but wanting to give him a second chance, sure I was probably just fostering duplicity. But I couldn't play favorites, having let Gilchrist slide out from under her responsibility.

With Perkins it was entirely a different case. It

was late in the afternoon. I was sorry for the boy. I placed the evidence in front of him and told him I had read the essay he cribbed.

For a moment he tried to escape responsibility. "Mr. Glazier, I couldn't do that. I'm a good Catholic and I couldn't lie or cheat."

"And yet you did."

"Yes, the assignment was beyond me and I did cheat and I'm ashamed of myself for doing it."

"Well, I do have to report you to the Director of English A.
I will recommend leniency as I have with others who have plagiarized. If I tell Mr. Morrison I recommend a second chance, will you cooperate? How many of Barry's plays have you read?"

"None of them."

"What would you think about reading one of them and writing me a report that will incorporate at least three footnotes pointing to the essay you cribbed. Would that be fair?"

"Mr. Glazier, I will do anything not to be bounced from college. I'm a science major and better in chemistry. I don't see how I could face my mother if I had to tell her I flunked out."

"I'll see what I can do for you with Mr. Morrison."

-o-

At the beginning of Christmas vacation, I have a phone call.

"Lyle, this is Ted Spencer. I didn't know you write poetry. I'm embarrassed to tell you that you have won second prize in the International Poetry Contest, but the prize is only five dollars. Mr. Matthiessen and I were judges. Mattie liked very much that small lyric 'The Adolescent' but he felt the hundred dollars ought to go to a long philosophical poem. We wonder about you and whether you have other poems and might have enough to put together for a volume."

"Thanks, but I decided when I started working for a doctorate I'd better put my other writing aside. When I was at Bates I had a number of poems accepted by American Prefaces, but since I left Lewiston, I haven't done much of any serious writing except that small lyric that won the prize.

I don't know whether you have heard that some of us graduate students are starting a small magazine with funds from Reynal and Hitchcock. I'm not playing a large part in it, but Popkin and Kramer, the Editors, have asked me to find out whether you may have a poem

you might contribute. We hope to have essays from a number of Harvard recent graduates, and I understand that Professor Levin, I think, has offered to let us look at some cantos from Ezra Pound. You may know about that."

"As a matter of fact, I vaguely recall something having been said about those cantos, but I had no idea you are serving on the staff. Have you reached a decision on Pound's poems?"

"Last I heard there is some question whether we should."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, his radio programs against free enterprise capitalism. It makes for an interesting decision. "You'll be getting your five dollars by check. And Mattie was especially anxious for me to tell you how grateful we are for your poems."

-o-

We're not going to Bennington for Christmas. Amy had a letter from Olive that Mother is suffering a worse than usual bout of stomach trouble, possibly cancer of the stomach. After three days in the hospital she's back home, but bedridden, and Olive took off early from Gloucester where she is now boarding, but they don't know that Mother will be up and about by the time Olive has to get back to her courses at Boston University. It looks serious.

We bought a small artificial tree, and Laura and Susan made linked paper decorations, and we bought a few silver and red ropes of tinsel and a few bangles. Christmas morning I had to go out early, but Santa Claus rang the bell and came upstairs dressed in Amy's red toboggan, a cast-off red sweater of mine, and red mittens and rubber boots, with a gunny sack over his shoulder, and danced with Laura around the tree singing "Here we go round the Christmas tree" until both were out of breath. It was the first time Santa has visited us, and both Laura and Susan were bungeyed, but disappointed that Daddy wasn't home.

Dante and Florence had Christmas dinner with us, and I gave Dante a large framed picture that he was (apparently) crazy to have, an Italianesque sloe-eyed and winsome teenage boy sitting on a wharf gazing into the sunset, quite dark and gloomy with vaporous white-edged gray clouds filling the distant horizon. Quite Pre-Rafaelite [Burne/Jones]. I saw it in an antique shop window on Brattle Street and bought it as a gift for Arnold, who said he would love to have it, but couldn't take it, the central figure being too

androgynous for him to have it in his room.

We had a bagful of toys for the children, Amy gave me a knitted scarf and mittens, and I gave her silk stockings and money for a new pair of shoes.

We stayed awake late in bed talking about Mother and what would happen if she stayed sick abed. Amy said she supposed she and the children could go home for a while. Laura could transfer to the Bushnell school and Amy keep house for the folks. "But it wouldn't be fair to you."

"I'm going to keep out of it. I could make a go of it if you have to go."

"Well, one thing it would take care of. I'm fed up with waiting around for Dante and Florence to get here in time for Saturday night dinner, and their room is a mess, and I'm not going to keep house for them. We took on more than a mouthful when we decided to take them in."

"You do what you think you have to. Your mother isn't getting any better."

"Olive can't give up her job and her studies, and somebody has got to keep house for Dad."

WICKED THREE.19 Wicked and Spotless as the Lamb

Spring 1946 Chapter Nineteen

While Amy and I were busy packing the paraphernalia for their trip to Vermont, we had a phone call from Larry at Fort Devens where he had arrived by trooptrain from San Francisco and Melvin was picking him up to bring him to town. He wanted to come stay over night with us before going to Northfield where he hoped to spend spring and summer if Clayton and Rena would have him. He thought he would try to get a job in the Tool Factory and go back to Middlebury on the GI Bill in the fall.

Amy and I had had no news from Larry for so long, we were totally in the dark how his Court martial turned out. It was startling to hear his voice out of the blue, talking so matter of factly he might never have been in danger of having to choose between Court Martial and dishonorable discharge. After Mel let him off to go back to Milton, Larry was on the edge of his chair to get started.

"Things happened so fast I had no time to write, and besides everything was changing and it was all I could do to keep up with it, say nothing about trying to understand enough to make a report to anybody back home. You remember that the last time I wrote I was faced with a dishonorable discharge or Court Martial. They

summoned me to a hearing, and I refused to accept a dishonorable discharge. After all, I had completed my twenty missions and nine more and received citations for good conduct in combat.

"What got to me was when my best friend, the co-pilot of another plane didn't come back from a bombing mission over the Philippines. I was waiting on the tarmac and I still waited after all the other planes had been accounted for except his. And then I heard his plane had been seen under attack and going down on a mountain in Mindanao.

"We were still bombing those targets, and I had a flight the next day. I filled out the mission OK and hit the target almost a direct hit. I had learned to be good at it. From where you are coming in, you have to project how far ahead you have to aim, and sometimes you don't have time for an overflight, but are depending on a projection made at a briefing back at base.

"It wasn't easy that day. I didn't tell anybody. I was shivering and shaking when I went down into the bubble, but I got the target just off dead center. You can tell from the smoke going up after you make a fly-by, but all the flight back I was shivering and shaking so bad the pilot noticed when we got back to base. After the review session, he called me over, and I was feeling so bad I asked to be grounded. It wouldn't have been fair to the rest of the crew.

"Anyway that was just about VJ Day, and MacArthur came to Manilla and my case was under review."

When he stopped to light up a cigaret, I broke in, "I got the idea from your last letter that you were forced to stand at attention, braced as if back at boot camp."

"That was the first hearing by the commander of the squadron, who had word from MacArthur himself not to countenance slackers, and in his opinion I was a slacker."

"How did you get out of it?"

"They had a formal hearing, and I got word they were going to court martial me. I was hanging around to get the report and walked up to the car where MacArthur's aide was sitting and told him I understood his position, that he had no choice... And he said, 'You haven't the slightest idea what happened. I'll give you the straight goods. I recommended you be sent back to the States with some kind of required disciplinary service, but I was outvoted. Now we have to see what MacArthur says when he reviews our report.

He has the last word."

I broke in again: "You mean it goes all the way to General MacArthur?"

"Yes, and there was another hearing. By then the War was over. If I had agreed to a dishonorable discharge, my case would have been decided that instant."

"You would have lost everything."

"Yes. I would have been disgraced. I would have snuck home with my tail between my legs. But I wouldn't budge. I was just an obstinate stubborn damned Yankee. "

I repeated, "I had no idea it would go all the way to MacArthur!"

"Well, so far as I knew They were going to make an example of me. But next thing I was transferred to the closeddown base in Manilla, put in charge of cleaning up the base after American forces left. I had authority over a small crew to strip the base of all left behind equipment. I tried to salvage lumber and tents and bicycles and other material by loading a truck and hauling the goods into a slum. But it was refused for political reasons and we had to take it back and dispose of it. We burned the lumber, and the bicycles were spread out on the tarmac and run over by steam-rollers.

"One day I was at headquarters making a report and walked by an office and looked in, and saw that same aide of MacArthur, and walked in and he recognized me and asked what I was doing. When I told him, he didn't seem surprised.

"Next thing, I was then put in charge of enlisted men being evacuated by boat home. Among the men was one of your old students who got in touch with me on the boat. I was put in command of the men being shipped home. I was supposed to keep discipline and make out a list of supplies needed on the voyage, and of course I couldn't have managed either without help. If I had pulled rank I would have lost everything. So I called in their officers, who were not very happy to see an airforce officer put in command over them, but I made friends with them and told them if they would continue to handle their men and make out a complete list of supplies needed on the trip, I would carry the list to headquarters. I told them how soon we got under way was entirely in their hands because I didn't have the slightest notion of what would be needed, and I knew they did have. I won't go into detail, but the upshot

was that working together we managed to get off in a hurry. Everything was hunkydory with them doing the work I couldn't, and with me making the contact at headquarters that they couldn't.

"We got into San Francisco the day before Christmas. Most of them went to a redlight district, but your student and I went to a musical, and then we were shipped back to Devens by trooptrain."

"What are you going to do now? I have a lot of GIs in my classes. Are you going to use the GI Bill"

"I have two full years at least to catch up at Middlebury. I have plenty of back pay coming to me, but I don't want to push it. If Clayt and Rena will put me up, as I said before, I'd like to try see if I can get a temporary job in the Millers Falls Tool Company where he's working, and live with them until Fall, when I guess I can pull my mind together enough to go back to school."

"Half of my students are GIs. I'm probably one of the few teachers who gear my classes to them and not to the graduates of Ivy League prep schools making up the rest of my classes."

Larry used our phone to call Clayt, and after staying overnight he took a bus to Greenfield. It was a load off my mind to have him safe and sound back home looking, I felt, much older and more in command of himself. If there was any vestigial shakiness, it didn't show. We didn't kiss and hug and make a great display, but we did grab each other for a minute, and it was a great relief for us both.

-o-

With Amy and the children at the farm, there was a great change in our lives. After Christmas it was already time for Olive to be back in Boston, and she didn't linger. Amy had her old room, with a crib for Susan in the sealed room under the west window. Laura had Olive's bedroom. The whole burden of caring for the farm and the children was unloaded on Amy. With Dad chairman of the Rural School Board, it was easy to get Laura admitted to the third grade in the Bushnell one-room school -- last building on the left on the farm road before reaching South Stream Road. Amy's bachelor cousin LeGrand Thompson was teacher. Most of the burden of caring for Mother was taken over by Irene LeClair a trained nurse who had often come in to help out if somebody was sick. Dad was no help with housework, and I soon saw that I was one more mouth to feed and prepare meals for, so after the children were settled I drove

back to Somerville.

For the first time since I graduated from Middlebury, I was free wheeling. It became clear that Dante and Florence couldn't be counted on for dinner, and soon breakfast was the only meal I had at home. Arnold and I got in the habit of meeting for lunch in a coffee shop just off Harvard Square, and I tried to make it my main meal of the day.

For the second semester, Ted Morrison gave me a choice of teaching one section either at Radcliffe or in the Yard. I chose Harvard. Since no student in my class carried over from first semester, I could begin the advanced class with King Lear, followed by a unit of Robert Frost, and concluding with Joyce's Dubliners. To have only one class was a light load, and I had passed all three of my language exams, so I went to the Secretary of the Department to arrange to have general orals in May.

It was strange how Mr. Smith greeted me. It was as if my having been appointed a Fellow had upgraded me, but he didn't explain what was in back of his lack of enthusiasm for my taking the exam.

"If that's what you want...but I don't see why you're in such a rush."

I was a bit testy. "I don't intend to spend my life at Harvard. I'd like to complete my doctorate and get out of here."

What I really was that I wasn't about to become one of the Harvard hangers-on working forever for a degree. English A instructors who had been there five years and seemed satisfied with making a career out of it.

My class met Monday, Wednesday and Friday. To fill in gaps between courses I'd taken at Middlebury and Harvard, I spent afternoons at the Widener where I filled my shelf with a constantly changing load of background books. On any subject there seemed an unlimited number, and I delighted in my freedom to explore them. Sometimes I worked till seven o'clock, grabbed a sandwich and went home early for a good night's sleep. If Dante and Florence were home, their door was usually closed, and I wouldn't bother them. I saw little of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.

-o-

One rainy evening I've driven the Chevrolet and found a parking space for it in the side street back of Warren House.

After a full evening in the stacks, I walk back through the dark feeling high. When I swing out of the Yard

from Kirkland and around the edge of the Common onto Mass. Ave. north, there's a young man standing with his thumb out at the curb, and I glide over and roll down the window.

"Where you bound?"

"Out towards Arlington."

"I'm not going far, but I can carry you to the bus stop at the corner of Somerville Avenue and Mass Ave just off Porter Square. I turn north into Somerville from there."

He grunts and climbs in, shucking his trenchcoat over the back of the seat.

"Glad to get out of the wet."

"Sorry I'm not going farther."

"Get out away from this traffic I can pick another ride from there."

Almost immediately he lights up, stashing the match in the dashboard trashbox carelessly brushes my knee, and when I don't resist, draws his hand up the inside of my thigh. In a minute he has me hard and when I swing off the main drag in under a lamppost at the bus stop and park to let him out, reaches for my hand and pulls it onto his stretched pantleg.

He's reaching for my zipper, saying, "If you'll start up the motor, there's a parking lot ahead on the left, and we can pull in there for a second."

I take my hand off him, follow his directions a half block ahead and turn into a large, empty lot I never noticed before. Shying a glance at him, I catch sight of his hard face under a beam of light. He's young, not more than twenty, but rough. On guard, I pull ahead and park where he points in the dark under a tree. When I feel him reach under for my asshole, I hist up and feel his hand there, but when his fingers slip toward my back pocket and my billfold, I settle back, start the motor and drive out of the lot back toward where a lighted bus is now parked at the curb on the left side of Beacon Street facing downtown. I swing a u-turn back past the bus and park under the light.

I leave the motor idling till he opens his door, but rather than stepping out of the way, he walks around front with his hand on the hood so I have to wait to put the car in gear. When he reaches my open window, he pulls his right arm back and gives me two quick punches on the chin, then follows up leaning his upper body into the car, and reaching for the car keys. I'm too fast for him and turn off the motor and slide out of the car on the passenger side, sprint for the open front door of

the streetcar, and leap up the steps shouting, "He's trying to steal my car!"

The driver, a solid man, pulls out under the wheel, grabs the young fellow as he's leaping up the stairs, and holds him thrashing in a scissors grip, shouting,

"Look at him! The queer's wearing a red tie!"

Noticing the rear door to accommodate passengers, I skin back there, vault down the steps and race to the open door of my car, my fingers shaking as I jab the keys into the starter. The bus driver has released the fellow down the stairs, and he's leaping toward me, as the lights on the streetcar wink, the front and rear doors close and the car glides away under its overhead arm reaching out to the power line.

As my car lurches ahead, the boy's shouting, "You've got my trenchcoat!"

Automatically, I take my foot off the gas.

With right hand I'm reaching back over my shoulder trying to toss him his coat and with the left hand rolling up the half-open window, but he's too fast. The fingers of both hands squeeze in at the top, holding the window from closing. In fact, he is pushing it down. Grabbing the keys, I push across the passenger seat out the door and am sprinting along past the streetlight toward the brightly-lighted avenue. Almost instantly I come on my right up grade from the curb to a dimly lighted police substation. It would be fatal to stop.

My name would be in the papers: "Harvard professor claims to have been beaten by hitch-hiker."

It would mean going to court. I'd be ruined at Harvard and what about Amy? I have too much guilt inside me.

Far ahead coming toward me on the avenue, I make out the overhead light of a cruising taxi, and without thinking cross in front and flag him down.

The driver leans to open the passenger window: "Hop in." He's chunky and muscular.

I get in the front beside him, and we bear down on the side street.

"It's my car parked there on the other side of the street under the streetlamp. --There with the lights on. I picked up a hitch hiker and he's trying to steal it. Look at him! He's got the hood up."

The driver responds with glee: "He's trying to cross wires to get it started! We'll get him!"

The taxi has slowed down, turning in a wide arc and coming to a stop in midstreet. The cabby is ahead of me pulling the young thug away from the hood of the car.

They are down on the street, flailing at each other but the cabby has him pinned. I run straight to the car. close the hood, jump in and start the engine and am getting up speed passing the white faces of the two men down on the tarmac. I have an instant photograph of the surprise on both faces.

Having passed the subpolice station, I'm taking the first side street to the right. Half to three-quarters of a mile north I round the Powderhouse and go west along the dark boulevard a long block to my driveway and into the open garage door past the darkened groundfloor windows of the Eaton apartment. My brief case is still on the shelf behind my seat. I turn off the headlights and shut off the motor and try not to attract any attention as I close the garage door and climb the back stairs into the dark kitchen. I don't turn on any lights till I get up to the bathroom on the third floor. Looking in the shaving mirror I can see my upper lip bruised on the right side and I have a nasty cut on my chin. I splash on water and imagine some of the redness goes away.

My mind is racing. I'm safe home. No police cars have followed me. It's quarter to eleven. I go down to the front hall and make a long distance call and am lucky to get Amy.

"I've just this minute got home, and have decided on the spur of the moment to drive to Bennington. Don't wait up for me. It'll be at least two when I get there. I'll come right up to our room and climb into bed. Go to sleep if you want to. Don't leave any light on. I'll try not to wake the girls."

"Olive is here for the weekend."

"I'll try not to trip over my feet coming up stairs."

-o-

At breakfast Olive asks how I got my cracked lip, and I say, "I walked into the end of a half-open door walking upstairs in the dark."

Most of the day Amy spends in the kitchen, doing housework and helping Laura with her schoolwork. I can hear her in and out of the bedroom off the kitchen where Mother is. Susan is playing around our feet in the livingroom where Olive is correcting compositions from her students at Malden High, and I go right to work on a short story about the new postwar climate of violence in America, describing last night's experience with the

glazier

hitch hiker, trying to describe it with absolute truth like a slice of life story. Late in the afternoon when Olive looks up from her papers and asks what I've been working on, I pass her the worksheets, which she reads quickly and passes back without comment.

Sunday after lunch I drive back to Somerville and prepare Monday's lesson -- to discuss "Araby" and "Ivy Day in the Committee Room."

In A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, I've been reading about Joyce's critical triumvirate -- "integritas," "consonantia," "claritas," ["wholeness," "harmony," "radiance"] -- which in the end amounts to "quidditas, the whatness of a thing" [the "absolute truth of experience and emotion" that I've been laboring for]. I go to class full up with the correctness of these visions, and say there are two kinds of Joycian epiphanies __ subjective (or derived from the author's firsthand experience), and objective (derived from the experience of others). In both kinds an absolute loss of ego.

When I say this in class, one of my best students, graduate of Groton, raises his hand and says, "That's not what Joyce is talking about, he is talking about symbolic realism, the creation of a symbol to capsulize a moment of transcendent insight, like a religious experience."

I'm at a loss. "I thought that was what I was saying. What you said is what I said only in different words."

He shakes his head, and says nothing more. And we go on to a give-and-take discussion of the two stories.

-o-

Near Park Street Station in one of the great downtown movie houses, I've discovered that when I have to go to the basement john there would almost always be anywhere from one to a dozen men at the urinals with their eyes out for their neighbors. At first I was furtive and expecting at any moment for us to be interrupted, but we never seemed to be. Once when I stood at a urinal next to a cabinet, I heard a scrambling from inside, and looking down saw a peephole with an eye staring unblinkingly out. I was scared and hurried back upstairs, where I collected my wits, and soon descended to the same urinal, and the same eyeball, which after a minute withdrew, and a little finger was waggling for my attention. I looked under the swinging door of the second cabinet and, finding no pants legs exposed, went in there and encountered the same eyeball

looking into my booth. When the eyeball withdrew, I peered back and soon saw bared legs and above them a hand agitating an erection under shirtflaps. After a few minutes, this vision disappeared and there was a scrambling and the bared knees and stiff cock were shoved under.

I get out of there in a hurry. Upstairs in the balcony I go all the way down to the rail and take one seat in from the aisle in the front row. Almost instantly I am joined by a young man who sits in the aisle seat and engages my attention with his knee and then his hand on my inner thigh sliding it down to the groin. We are both intent on the screen but not watching the picture. When he leans and whispers, "Follow me," I follow him downstairs and out of the theater. We go to his flat far down on Commonwealth Avenue and undress and have sex. Both his ankles are bound with tape. l don't ask why, and he doesn't offer to tell me. He gives me his street number and phone number, but I don't get in touch until a week later when I'm sitting in the same seat in the gallery and he joins me and we go to his apartment again. He is an all right decent fellow, and I like him, but there is something secretive about him. I can't figure why both ankles are taped. Obviously not a sexual disorder, so I don't have misgivings about that, but it seems mysterious. Was he wounded in the war? Was he born with weak ankles? What does he do for a living? He wants my phone number, and since I'm living alone I'm not afraid to let him have it. We have a satisfactory relationship except he doesn't ask about me and I don't ask about him.

Another night in the same seat at the same theater the man who joins me is a stocky man in dress-white Navy uniform. He takes me to a really swank apartment, and we have indifferent sex. I can't figure him out at all. There are family photographs on the bureau. He is businesslike about sex, and there's nothing exciting about it. I have a feeling that somehow I have failed him, and when I leave I'm sure we will never look for each other again. It's strange how we took to each other and then in the apartment it all dissolved into routine as if I've been hired for sex, or as if, maybe, he's quarrelled with his wife or never been able to cope fully with wife and family, and not willing, either, to admit there's anything flat about his marriage.

These two encounters, one more intimate than the other, but both of them leading to nothing, stay suspended in my mind as events I don't either regret or

wish to repeat. Either one of them could have engaged my interest with a word of specific inquiry or some inkling the sex we were having really meant something, but with both of them, it was so flat I might not be more than, say, reading an advertisement for companionship in the newspaper and wondering what it would be like to have sex with that man.

-o-

One free afternoon I make a point of going back to the Public Library to the men's john. When I don't find Lorenzo, I go to his apartment house and ring his bell. When he calls down through the audiometer to find out who is there, he tells me to come up, and I'm immediately on fire to find him with a handsome young Italian who turns out to be a graduate student in English at Harvard, David Posner, new this year. In fact, Lorenzo had just been telling David about me when I rang the bell. It's awkward because I can see that both David and I are wishing we could get rid of Lorenzo, but that seems impossible. When the three of us undress and get to bed, it becomes downright embarrassing until Lorenzo exclaims, "I'm here, too."

I don't blame him for wanting to be part of it, because David has a wonderful, long cock and seems to be equally interested in me. We would both like to get rid of the third party and be alone with each other. Neither seems willing to take the initiative and take care of Lorenzo. Finally, David remembers he has an appointment in the Yard, and says he's already pressed to make it in time if he goes by subway, so I offer to drive him and we dress hurriedly and take leave of Lorenzo:

"You're not being at all fair!"

It's not too late to drive straight to Powderhouse Boulevard where I'm sure Dante and Florence won't be home till at least seven o'clock. In the third-floor bedroom, we undress in a hurry, and David is as beautiful as thought, slender and tall and quite dark, but especially there is that long looping cock. After we embrace, it doesn't go as well as I expected, for he throws himself on the bed and just lies there with eyes closed, murmuring, "Do with me what you will." When he turns on his side exposing his buns, I think he wants me to take him from behind, and I'm not ready and able, because i guess I'm like him essentially passive and wanting to have the other take the initiative. We don't make out as well as we had thought we would, but in time manage something, and rather shamefacedly and awkwardly

dress. I drive him back to the Yard and drop him off an hour or so late for his appointment.

"It really doesn't matter. I told him I would be coming around this afternoon but didn't say when."

The next time I see David it's in the downstairs john at the Widener, I see his face looking down at me in a cabinet, where I have been sitting, pants pushed to the floor, and he is looking down, and withdraws hurriedly and I hear him going away, as another face looks down at me where I'm hurriedly pulling my clothes together and flushing the toilet and washing my hands and getting out of there fast as I can.

I'm thinking I have got to stop this cruising at Widener. It's becoming too public, and I can't risk it. I have that exam coming up in a few weeks and it won't do not to get my mind completely focused on preparing for it. I resolve to stay away from the basement, and stay away forever from Lorenzo and the downtown movie houses until after the exam.

-o-

Saturday: I've been working in the Library, reviewing for the exam, and on my way to my office in Warren House, stopped in the basement john in Silliman and found my friend Saul Peterkin (in the School of Education) the one who told me he's a graduate of Amherst, and like me has a wife and two children, and told me once, "I can't do anything about it but I'd give anything not to be like this." I feel sorry for him because I don't feel that way at all. I'm glad to be the way I am.

There's nothing we can do here in Silliman even Saturday morning, so I take him to Warren House, empty as a barn on Saturday, and we climb the three flights to my office, where I do have the good sense to close the door just in case. For some reason I feel exposed even in the office with the door closed, and say, "Wait a minute?" and open the closed hatchway in the slanting wall on the north side I've never opened before, and find an attic storage space partway filled with lumber and cardboard boxes crammed with books. It's already too crowded for us to crawl in there, so we are just feeling each other. I don't feel like doing anything here, and Saul is more nervous than I am as if any minute the door will fly open and Wayne Burns, my office mate, will pop in. But I know he's got that apartment on Mass Ave across the street from the gate just east of Widener and I've never seen hide nor hair of him here, to say nothing of his showing up on Saturday morning.

Anyway Saul and I are so nervous that we begin to talk loudly as if to be overheard, and I'm telling him about the new magazine Foreground I'm fiction editor of, and he's at least pretending to be interested, I open the door and we start across toward the open door to Denham Sutclffe's office where I noticed there was no light on when we passed it coming up, but now suddenly Denny is standing in the door watching us stream across the loose boarding of the floor to the stairs.

I have the presence of mind to introduce SauL to Denny and Denny to Saul, and Denny, who -- too late for the first volume has submitted an article on the practically unknown Czech novelist Egon Hostovsky that is being considered for the second -- seems to mistake Saul for one of the editors, and asks if we have any word about his review.

I say, "It came in too late for the first volume, but we're seriously considering it for the second."

Saul is quick witted enough to grasp the situation, and says nothing but looks knowing, and Denny is saying to him, "Let me know what you think of it when you've had time to look it over," and Saul says, "I will."

We both smile knowingly at Denny, who stands there watching as we make a tremendous racket flying downstairs. For some reason on the empty ground floor, we slam in and out of the john without stopping, then leave the building still talking loudly and stand out front still talking loudly and say good bye, Saul scooting toward the Yard and I around Warren House to my car parked on Prescott Street.

-o-

Another day Denny must have heard me coming upstairs. He's waiting in his doorway and invites me to come in, unusual for the two of us because we are both so busy, he working on his job of editing E. A. Robinson's letters. However, he hails me, "Ted tells me you have a banner committee for your orals."

It's news to me. He continues: -- "Sherburn, chair, Douglass Bush, Harry Levin, F. P. Magoun, and Perry Miller has just come back to campus. You know he was an officer in the Navy in the Pacific. Ted Morrison was saying this is a committee to end committees. We were talking about how you will be able to handle them better than the majority of candidates. With all your teaching experience, you're an old hand. I know for a fact some of the young fry practically piss their britches trying to get an easy committee, but they've given you the credit of setting up for you a

whale of a committee."

Although he has puffed me up with his flattery, at the same time I'm not so sure of myself. Now that he has told me who I'm going to have I have an nervous flutter that I don't mention. I try to push out of my mind. I don't intend to start saying to myself over and over, "I'm not going to be nervous in this examination." I shouldn't have to.

Denny has gone on to his own problems that I know something about because Kramer and Popkin told me the scuttlebutt that Denny was hoping to be pushed upstairs at Harvard for his editing Robinson's letters from manuscripts in the Houghton Library. "He asked Harry Levin to look at his script, and, don't tell anybody, but when he talked to Harry, he made the mistake of saying he had his eye on the main chance, and Harry was outraged, and it seems Denny will not be promoted here, and he can't stay on with English A because Ted gave him that job for him to have a salary while editing his book."

So I'm not surprised to hear Denny saying, "I'm trying to land a teaching job, and with all the bright young instructors coming back out of the army after enlisting and being guaranteed their jobs when they come back, it means there aren't a lot of openings."

"Couldn't you go back to Bates?"

"I guess you know enough about my relations with Eddie Wright to understand why I don't want to. He would have to give me the job but I want something more challenging. So far the best I've got is Director of Evening School at University of Chicago. I guess I'll take it, but a grueling administrative position at a great university is not exactly what I have in mind for myself."

-o-

Phone call at my office from Dr. Porter, to tell me he's left Mount Hermon to return to his post as an officer of YMCA. I invite him for lunch, and he meets me outside the Harvard subway station. Over lunch he explains why he resigned as Headmaster. He made the mistake of trying to get rid of the Clubs.

"You may remember I asked you and Bill Morrow to coach plays for the sophomores and juniors. The Drama Club for years had a monopoly on play production. Your play, especially, demonstrated the need for a more widespread involvement in theater. You may not have realized that some of your actors were troublemakers in their dormitory, and by getting them involved in the

play, you showed them how much fun there is in legitimate activity."

"I'd forgotten, but I remember now you told me the boy who played the Judge in Common Clay was just beginning to get in trouble."

"Yes, and you saved him. The Clubs had become as exclusive and powerful as fraternities on College Campuses. The Athletic Club had a monopoly on who would represent Hermon for baseball or soccer or basketball or track. No problem for the exceptional athlete -- he would probably be discovered. But I wanted to give incentives for all the average students who might or might not have special skills, but who might at the same time want to engage in one of the sports. You were at Tufts. Do you happen to recognize the name Dr. Evensden of the Education Department?" "I do indeed. He took me aside one day and asked my opinion of you, and when I said you were the best administrator I ever worked under, he lashed out at you without really giving the cause."

"Evensden was one of the loudest voices. It's as if they couldn't be loyal to Mount Hermon without our being loyal to their club. I suppose it's their way of maintaining a fragment of youth."

"He made me so uncomfortable I cut him short and simply walked away from him."

"I underestimated the power of the Clubs. They had more power with the trustees than I had."

"I never talked with Evensden but that once. He never went out of his way to talk to me again."

"Some of the Hermon faculty played up to him and his ilk. Morrow had a Fiction Club, Baxter a Bridge Club, and of course one of the main ones was Donovan's monopoly over Play Production. That's why I was so pleased with your production. And you may not have realized that I was very pleased with your getting your sophomores busy writing stories and poems for that creative writing booklet your two classes produced. It was that kind of stimulus I wanted to foster all over campus, but the alumni were too powerful."

"I find it hard to think of Hermon without you there."

"Thank you. We were become a sort of seedbed for the Colleges. I don't know whether you realized that the same year you went to Bates, Robert Burdick went to LaFayette. Did you know him well?"

"I think he was lame, wasn't he?"

"Yes, crippled, but something of an athlete, too.

Were you at the game he pitched for the faculty against the varsity, when after he struck out the last batter, he had a petit mal seizure as he left the diamond?"

"Yes, my brother Larry played in that game."

"What is Larry doing?"

"He had two years at Middlebury, then enlisted in the air force and was a bombardier in the Pacific. He mustered out just last Christmas, and is in Northfield living with my next younger brother, Clayton, and is working in the Millers Falls Tool Company, planning to go back to Middlebury in the fall."

"I believe he was a working student."

"Yes, you were very good to him. Without your help he would have had a hard time staying on at Hermon. You may remember you waived tuition for him as if he were my dependent."

"There was never a question. He was your dependent."

"I remember talking to you about it when I came for my interview."

"You came to us from the Northfield Public School system, I believe."

We were interrupted by a shout, and looking across the room, I could see David Posner rushing toward us from the door.

"Lyle! Have you seen Martha Foley's 1945 Index to the American Short Story? She has your story listed under 'Distinctive stories of the year.'"

"David, I would like you to meet Dr. Porter, my Headmaster at Mount Hermon. Dr. Porter, this is David Posner, another graduate major in English."

They shake hands, David exclaiming, "I didn't know you write fiction. Sorry I can't stick around. I saw you through the window and had to congratulate you."

He leaves on the run.

Dr. Porter: "Lyle, what's this about you publishing a story?"

"In Story. I didn't know it had received any special notice."

"How have you managed to write fiction and take graduate courses and teach freshmen and support a family?"

"As a matter of fact, I wrote "Fisherman's Day" four years ago when I was still at Bates."

"You have a daughter?"

"Two, now, Laura is five and Susan two. They are both with Amy in Bennington, where Amy is spending this semester taking care of her invalid mother."

"You must be lonely."

"I would be if I wasn't so busy."

"What progress have you made toward a degree?

Finished courses and language exams, and am preparing for my general orals."

"I'm sure you will do well. Mrs. Porter sends greetings."

"Please remember me to her. You were very good to me. both of you."

As the waiter brings the check: "Lyle, please let me pay."

"Dr. Porter, how many times did you and Mrs. Porter entertain me for breakfast or dinner? As a matter of fact, with the family all in Vermont, I'm rolling in wealth."

I walk him to the subway turnstile and see him off, and since I really did have to urinate, take a quick squint into the upstairs john where at this hour of the day nothing interesting is going on.

-o-

Amy's mother is enough better so that she and the children come back a week before I have my orals. It's great to have somebody home besides Dante and Florence upstairs. I no longer open the door on an empty house. Amy is very concerned for the ordeal she thinks I'm about to face.

"When it's over, I want you to take the car and go for a weekend by yourself up into New Hampshire some place where you can get away from it all.

I try not to get worked up about it. I recall what Denny said about how much easier it will be for me than for the younger candidates who may not have had anything like my experience teaching classes where all sorts of unexpected questions are asked. Like for example, that time at Bates when I was asked why I was growing a beard, and I said I was concentrating all my eccentricities at a point. Or last semester teaching SONG OF MYSELF Part V and Rick Sanders raised his hand to his nose and said, "You can almost taste it." If I came through such challenges unscathed, why should I worry about taking orals where nobody will be trying to trip me?

-o-

I went into the exam feeling very self assured, but something happened almost at once that set my mind on a double track. It was like being back in Northfield Center Graded School with Superintendent Robbins asking me questions about Geology when I was having my hands

full dismissing the children for recess or noon hour or at the close of school. I'd be answering the question with one side of my mind while the other would be dismissing the students, and floating up above somewhere it was as if I was up there looking down watching myself cope.

I knew all the faces in front of me but one, and I thought of them as very sober but friendly. My glance kept flicking over the face of Perry Miller. I was particularly anxious to impress him. I had read his book on the New England mind and imagined he was studying me to discover what I was like. All the faces were, I thought, friendly but sober, and I was conscious of an immense obligation to impress them.

As the Old English and Middle English specialist, F. P. Magoun was the first inquisitor. His first question puzzled me but I determined not to be unsettled by it.

"Discuss Western European epic tradition."

It seemed a catchphrase he probably used in first semester, something I never heard from Whiting. My mind jumped to Wagner and listening to opera with Lance Hammond. During this past week stumbled on a fascinating narrative of the Siegfried story, and launched into a survey of the Wagnerian Volsunga Saga, realizing I was on the wrong track but not knowing how to correct it, and for some reason not able to come up with the name of Siegfried, dancing around the omission awkwardly more and more obviously until I prompted Magoun to ask, "Whom are you talking about?"

By now thoroughly flustered and aware of getting off on a wrong foot, I drew a complete blank, " muttering only, "It begins with S."

I was melodramatizing myself, thinking of Harry Levin who, I imagined was watching my face and thinking, 'What a deeply perceptive young man, so aware of his foolish emotional block, and yet not buckling under the strain.'

"What begins with S.?"

"I know it perfectly well, but I could try for an hour to bring it back without being able to."

This was a kind of insouciance I hardly intended to display at the beginning of ny examination. I imagined Harry Levin thinking, 'What fine eyes! What awareness!'

Fortunately Magoun prompted me. "What is the outstanding English example of this tradition?"

When I started to launch into the Beowulf, he interrupted, "Summarize the episode of Beowulf's descent

into the underworld."

Considering the likelihood he was asking this question because we had omitted the descent into the underworld from class assignments, I felt on sure ground because in my zeal to read the whole poem, preparing for the examination I had included Beowulf's conflict with Grendel's dam, which I now began to summarize in great detail, uninterrupted by Magoun, until Sherburn, the chairman, interrupted with, "I'm afraid we have used up your time, Francis, unless you wish to ask another short question, to which Magoun settled back rather disgruntled, I thought, mumbling, "I have no further questions.

I thought I did rather well with Bush on Renaissance lyric, and Sherburn handled me tenderly on Restoration and Eighteenth Century neoclassical literature, then took me on a tour of eighteenth century novels including the oriental gothic novel, a pedestrian tour, nothing earth shattering, but no pitfalls. I thought he looked satisfied.

He then turned me over to Perry Miller and asked to be excused for a few minutes and left the room. I breathed freer, thinking he would not be leaving me in the lurch if I were in serious trouble.

It was with true benevolence that I regarded the great Perry Miller, so recently returned from combat and for whose books on the Puritan Tradition I was eager to show him I had the highest regard.

To my surprise, instead of launching into American literature, he asked simply, "Discuss Wordsworth's Preface.

He could not possibly have asked for anything more to my liking. Sure of myself, I addressed him man to man, "Do you want me to discuss the importance of the date of the Preface, the conflict between Wordsworth and Coleridge, Wordsworth's aesthetic theory, and his definition of the psychological origin of poetry, his thoughts on the Poet as Seer, or on the proper language of poetry...?"

I thought I had set myself up in such a way that no matter how he responded I could display not only an intimate knowledge of the famous Preface, but could amplify my discussion with reference to and if, there was a chance, with actual quotations from the many lyrics or fragments of lyrical ballads I had memorized and liked to recite.

With total absence of empathy and a coldness that bordered on polar, Miller drained what iota of fellow

sympathy there may have been in his voice, and repeated, "Discuss...Wordsworth's... Preface!"

For no good reason, it had become an absolute confrontation. I mumbled, "Do you mean you want me to discuss the Preface as if I were teaching a class?"

He said nothing more, simply stared. All I could think of was that I had given him plenty of evidence I had several suitable handles on the famous essay. Then it occurred to me that in spite of that knowledgeable summary of possible topics my auditors could assume I knew nothing whatever about Wordsworth. In fact, Dr. Miller could have phrased his questions after noticing in my list of Harvard courses a total lack of any beyond 1800 as well as nothing in American Literature. I had never doubted my mastery of those fields, having counted on undergraduate courses at Middlebury and my five years teaching at Bates to fill that vacuum. My mind went totally blank. I knew what I should be saying but for some reason couldn't fill the gap by for example, reciting the famous "Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling taking its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility....the poet dwells on the recollected emotion till the emotion finds images, incidents, language, a rhythm to flesh it out."

I was as if struck dumb. and remained so until Dr. Sherburn returned to the room and realized that some catastrophe had occurred.

Perry Miller and I were deadlocked, and none of the other professors offered succor by asking me any kind of lead that could have broken the Brobdingnagian hiatus separating us two.

When Sherburn came back into the room and surveyed the silence, he asked for no explanation but quickly called on Harry Levin to terminate the exam, which he did with the utmost expedition.

In an anteroom, I was soon looking up into the face of Dr. Sherburn emptied of emotion. He was saying, "Mr. Glazier, the decision has gone against you. We think you should spend some time filling in the gaps in your preparation and take the examination again."

Looking up from my depths, I responded with Wordsworthian sparseness of diction, "Dr. Sherburn...this...is...a...blow."

He refrained from patting me on the head, but said, "Take time to think it over, and come see me in my office."

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When Amy has taken the children and gone shopping

to the market three blocks away at the corner of Electric and Curtis, I watch from the upstairs window till they go out of sight, then go to the phone, and needing to vent my emotional pressure, call Bill Simmerson and find him eager to hear the outcome of my orals. I rehearse for him in explicit detail every step of my defeat. I find him attuned to share my depression: "Lyle, I can understand so well what happened. My own orals went very bad, I was sure, and I was astonished to hear I squeaked through. Come on over and I'll get a bottle and we'll share it. Jim is gone for the weekend. We'll have the room to ourselves.."

"Right now I can't."

"Make it about 4:30 if you can."

Not at all relieved, I dial the number for Herb Kramer, get his wife who calls Herb to the phone. I can tell he is soaking up my play/by/play recount of every step of the inquisition and my ineffective replies. I get some relief from his apparent sympathy, and it is only later I learn he called Henry Popkin with the unflattering: "What it amounts to, Lyle threw the examination away." I could feel his lack of sympathy even before I had Popkin's reprise of what Herb told him. I realized that neither Bill nor Herb had any sympathy with my need to purge my guilt, and had at last the good sense to cut short the humiliating self exposure by not mentioning to anybody else I had had the exam.

I did keep the appointment with Sherburn, and found him not in the least judgmental. "My advice is for you to make a careful outline/survey of all the material. Spend next year working at it and just be better prepared. I have this message from Harry Levin. He would like to have a talk with you, and asked me to suggest you make an appointment to see him at your convenience."

Levin was most understanding. He asked if I knew what happened to cause my freeze up with Miller.

I told him, "I knew the Preface very well. I taught it at Bates every year in freshman English to several classes and in my class in Six Poets, where Wordsworth was one of the poets. I thought I gave Dr. Miller a summary of the essay in my initial response and expected him to choose one for me to discuss."

Harry said, "Do you sometimes have an emotional block that makes you forget what you know very well?"

My mind slipped to a yarn once told me by Popkin of how Harry was supposed to have been having a conference

with a graduate student when some subject came up, and Harry remembered he had an urgent engagement and excused himself till the next day. When the student returned that day, Harry picked up the discussion exactly where it had broken off, and was brilliantly explicit exploring the matter.

Our discussion concluded with Harry's asking if it was true as he had heard that a short story of mine had been named in Martha Foley's 1945 Index to the American Short Story. When I said Yes he said, "I am sure you will do well next year when you are examined again." He repeated, "Don't worry about it. You will do very well."

Amy and I and the children went for two weeks to the farm where a neighbor, a trained nurse, was taking care of Mother. I was starting an outline of British literature from Arthurian legends onward, determined to be so well prepared even Perry Miller wouldn't be able to shake me.

At the farm, Olive tried to console me by telling me how her best friend at Bryn Mawr had done ok all he way to her final orals on her thesis where on some fluke she failed and was never able to recover her emotional balance and gave up the degree and became a librarian, serving somewhere in the State Department's American University system abroad.

By then I had sloughed off my absolute depression and begun to anticipate the triumph I would have next year when, I resolved, I wouldn't be cowed by the likes of Perry Miller.

I did, when I got back to Cambridge, call Henry Poplin and asked to be excused from further activity on the Foreground editorial board. He asked what about my story "Jim's Old Lady" that had been accepted for volume 2, and in a surplus of self-discipline I asked to be permitted to recall the story.

WICKED THREE.20Wicked and Spotless as the Lamb

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What I hadn't realized: Amy told me that in Bennington Susan had one cold after another. They had tried to get Dr. Browning when they first got there but he was busy or away, and they had a new doctor just arrived in Bennington who nursed her along. But now Amy wanted somebody else to look at her, perhaps a specialized pediatrician who would have some idea whether Susan was epileptic as some of the doctors implied.

We looked in the phone book and found a pediatrician in Brookline, who turned out to be a graduate from Harvard Medical School, in private practice only a year or two, and very knowledgeable and sure of himself. He wanted Susan and Amy and me all to have encephalograms that could be compared to see whether there was a sign of congenital disease, and referred us to a specialist friend, making appointments for us on the spot.

Although we had never been anywhere near his office before, there was something about him familiar, like the times you meet on the street a face that has been very well known in another context but try as hard as you can, you can't bridge the gap between the recollection and the deja vu. Unable to fathom my hunch, I flushed it into the back of my mind.

After he had finished with Susan, and I thought we were done, Amy wanted to see him by herself. She came out looking quite secretive but said nothing till we were back home, when that night she told me she was five or six weeks along in pregnancy, and the doctor wanted to see her in another week because his examination turned up a some kind of fluctuation in the X-ray that seemed to have him concerned.

Before we could keep that appointment, we had to call him, and he had us come to his office where he induced a miscarriage of a foetus that was, as Amy said, "malformed." It was a surprisingly undramatic incident. Dr. Peterson took care of it and had it cremated and when we went to get his report on the encephelograms, gave us a small envelope marked "Baby girl Glazier, July 1946."

Seeing him again, it popped into my mind that he was the same man, or a facsimile to the young man a year or more ago I had encountered in the Emersom basement john standing in the gloom at the long metal conductor where his half erect cock seemed to be dripping an

inexhaustible flow of precum. Once in his office, he exchanged a glance that could be interpreted as conspiratorial, but I couldn't be sure. The suspicion was down deep but I let it lie buried never to surface again.

To my surprise, instead of wanting to avoid sex for a while, Amy was stubborn about not using the diaphragm, as if she were set on getting pregnant again. I was very tender with her and secretly was glad not to have to get up in the night and go to the bathroom three-quarters asleep to hold the douchebag while she manipulated the hard rubber perforated tip to clean out inside.

There was something strange about our sex, as if she were preoccupied with something private and almost exclusive. It wasn't that she was indifferent to me, she wasn't at all unloving, but it was as if there was something double going on -- her mind three-quarters concerned with getting pregnant again. Once when I asked how it was going, she was quite short with me, saying only, "You'll know in good time."

I spent the summer almost feverishly preparing for the second orals, already set for May, 1946, when I was determined to finish up at Harvard and clear out. I signed up with the University's Teacher Agency, and collected recommendations from Dr. Sherburn, Ted Spencer and Ted Morrison to add to my dossier sent from Dr. Adams at Middlebury.

To my surprise, through the Birks, I had a phone call from the chairman of English at Simmons asking me to come for an interview there. It wasn't at all what I had in mind. I wanted to get away from the city. In fact, before my orals. I had talked with Dr. Sherburn who assured me that I should be able to find something good at "one of the better small colleges."

If I had wanted to add to my teaching load, I could also have had a class in literature at Boston Conservatory of Music. In fact I went for an interview with the literature chairman there who was most anxious to have me come twice a week for whatever I wished to offer -- "English, American, World Literature, we would give you carte blanche. This would be an enrichment course. We're not asking you to make English majors, but simply to broaden their outlook. You could have a good time doing whatever you like -- poetry, the novel, personal essay. But not any kind of composition course, we already have that with our Dr. Searles, who has been with us for years."

If I had passed the orals, I might have taken him up on it, but as it was, I couldn't consider it. Something about the Conservatory -- it was modest and discreet and I thought might harbor interesting students. But I really didn't wasn't relaxed enough to take on another assignment.

I tried to interest Amy in the Boston Symphony, or in the downtown theatres where shows were often put to test before they were headed for Broadway, but Amy would have none of it. I began once in a while to skip down to the Museum of Fine Arts in the Fenway and sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, after trying to interest Amy in getting Mrs. Eaton to babysit the children, I would slip over to Widener and along to the Isabel Stuart Gardner Gallery Sunday afternoon free harpsichord or oboe or flute concert, little things but always perfectly executed. I had pretty much given up on my own practice on the piano.

Once I even went to the Symphony Hall in midweek when they were giving Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachsmusik." At the end of the concert coming out, I ran into Dr. Sherburn in the crush, and he asked me how I'd enjoyed it, and I said, "I loved the Mozart and wished they had saved it for the end," and he withered me with his superior wisdom, "Oh, it would have been completely inappro-priate. It's a little gem but not at all suitable for finale." Since there was no charge for the Gallery, I went there several times. One Sunday afternoon, arriving just in time, I squeezed into a row with an empty seat half way along. Midway in the concert, I became aware that my knee was being engaged by the knee of the young man sitting next on my left. I gradually let him know I was responding to his pressure, and from then was more aroused by the luxurious companionship of my neighbor than by the exquisite pyrotechnics of the performer.

At intermission on the way to cookies and tea, I managed to be next in line with the young man, who was talking excitedly with his somewhat obviously older young woman friend (I decided it was his aunt or his sister). When the crowd behind threw me against him, I could imagine a response from his buttock thrown against my groin, and made no secret of advertising the de-pressed-inside-my-trouser-leg pressurized elevation of my pecker exploring a cleft, rubbed, I thought, lasciviously against me.

After intermission we returned to the same chairs, and the same intimacy. He never once flinched in my

direction by directing his concentrated stare from the artist, nor did I look at him. We were like twin caryatids, each with gaze fixed on a distant emotional horizon. I was trying to determine how I could without exciting suspicion withdraw my fountain pen from my inside coat pocket and write my Harvard telephone number on my program and slip it into his hand or his pocket, but the assembly was far too culturally inclined to warrant such an indiscretion. When the concert was over, and I moved to the aisle, I could feel him crushed against him. Then, by miraculous coincidence, outdoors on the curved driveway, as I unlocked my car door, I saw him, unlocking his door next ahead in line. After he walked around front and opened the passenger door for his lady friend, he walked around back and lingered a moment at the boot, but it was too much for me. I couldn't bring myself to get out and accidentally join him and mutter a confidence.

What could I say? "Call number 345,6789 at noon tomorrow."

How could I be sure he would be free at noon?

My thirdfloor phone in Warren House had to be routed through Ted Morrison's office. How could I know Miss Evans or Ted would be there to make the connection? Or could I be sure that my guilt wouldn't be communicated through the timbre of my voice? Making love with Amy that evening may have profited from suppressed excitement, but there was no way I could anticipate ever meeting him again even if from then on I hounded Sunday afternoon concerts. I would never see him, never be that close again, but I would never forget him.

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The brain scans -- Amy's and Susan's and mine -- when Dr. Sprague summons us to review them, prove to establish that there is a close resemblance between Susan's and mine, while Susan's and Amy's, placed side by side reveal almost no likeness. That night Amy remarks to me that she has never before mentioned my folks' suicides but these encephalograms show a remarkable genealogical tracking back to my side of the family.

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When fall classes start I can push aside my neurologic absorption with atoning for my failure in the orals by concentrating every effort on preparing for next May's second chance. I've spent far too many hours replaying every moment of last year's failure.

Especially I go round and round the merry-go-round of repeating Perry Miller's question on Wordsworth's Preface and my permitting myself to flub what should have been a magnificent opportunity, He could not possibly have fed me a question I was better prepared for. I keep reminding myself it was his fault not to have recognized that my quick summary of the most famous of all Romantic Period aesthetic credos demonstrated my knowledge even though all four scholars in the room, and Dr. Sherburn, when he returned, had a right to interpret my silence as ignorance. I retraveled the closed track of that fool's circus until I thought I would go crazy.

The resumption of classes gave back my freedom. For my three sourcebooks, I chose King Lear, Leaves of Grass, and Dubliners, and, as usual, on the first day defined our procedure:

"There will be no lectures. I think of myself as moderator. What you learn collectively from your reading will guide our discussions, for I expect you every day to come with insights or questions about what you have read. Volunteers will give their thoughts, and we will discuss them with everyone privileged to have his say. Once a week you will write a paper on some point that seems important in what you have read. Not everything you have read but some segment you have selected. It can be a passage, or a theme traced through the text. You should aim for clarity of expression and thought. The theme could be a recurring image, a discussion of an idea, the relation between theme and form. If this seems unclear to you now, I think it will become clear as we go along. I don't expect you to read critics so much as to put your mind to comprehend the text. For the first book, the Shakespeare, you will find that Kittredge, Harvard's great Shakespearean scholar and editor of our text, helps you understand words and historical backgrounds that may seem foreign. There are gaps in his scholarship. For example, as a New England puritan, he makes no attempt to gloss Shakespeare's rich sexual content. In fact, sex plays an important role in all three of our texts -- the Shakespeare, the Whitman, and the Joyce. I'm not saying that our class will be Freudian. In fact, I am ignorant of Freud but have a normal curiosity about the place of sex in the whole arena of human experience forming the context of all three books we'll read. Be curious about what the author discloses about the people in his book. Don't be afraid to be original. You may find that what you think

is a private thought is shared with the author as well as with members of your class."

I practiced what I preached, and made no effort to become erudite about the latest critical interpretation of abstruse passages although I was prepared to amplify Kittredge's textual notes with those written into my own book on interleafings from Ted Spencer's lectures. What I tried chiefly to get across was to read the text for enjoyment and satisfying curiosity, and to try to express questions or comments candidly, clearly and with passion.

I concluded my instructions: "I can't improve on Milton's advice -- poetry should be 'simple, sensuous and passionate.' All three of our books this semester are poetic whether written in verse or prose. In your criticism, written or oral, you can't do better than emulate Milton's advice to poets."

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Denny Sutcliffe moved out in a hurry sometime in August. I have no idea where he has gone. His room is occupied by John Ciardi, a poet and Tufts graduate, a protegee of John Holmes. He has just mustered out and been hired by Ted Morrison to teach English A. At our first meeting on the stairs, I learned that he spent his freshman year at Bates, and left because he found the puritanical climate unbearable. "I hated freshman English. Berkleman was authoritarian, the most absolutely opinionated teacher I ever had."

I told him about my interview with President Gray where I was asked only whether I "loved to teach" and "What church do you belong to?"

"A pompous ass!"

"Berkleman told me he wrote to President Gray after reading an advertisement for an English teacher who neither smoked or drank. He said he began his application with 'Since I do not smoke...'"

"Berkleman was mean, an acid wit he used to direct it at his students if they showed any spark of creative intelligence."

A few days later, meeting Lysander Kemp in front of Widener, where he had been on his way to tell me he had definitely signed up for the creative writing course at Boston University, I mentioned Ciardi's reason for leaving Bates.

"That's interesting. Because of my poem in Foreground , John Holmes invited me to dinner to welcome Ciardi back to this area, and Ciardi was insufferably condescending to everybody there. Nobody else could get

a word in edgeways. You would have thought he won the war in the Pacific singlehandedly."

"I told him about Berkleman's letter of application beginning "Since I do not smoke...'"

"That's a funny coincidence. John Foster told me he heard Ciardi was bounced out because Dean racked up against him too many infringements of Bates's law against smoking on campus. How did you find him?"

"He was friendly and not the least condescending."

"All I can say he condescended to me and everybody else except John Holmes. Perfectly insufferable."

"Perhaps he had a drink too much."

"Perhaps so. John Holmes has the name for being a sot. I understand hie wife committed suicide."

"True, but he was awfully generous to me."

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The Crimson Confidential Guide has just come out with student grading of faculty. Denny Sutcliffe was given the highest mark for teacher of English A. I suppose like all of us teaching fellows, I searched for my grade and found I was listed as "Dull" -- only that one word. I was devastated. I tried to rationalize it must have been that first semester when I included Tom Paine and Walt Whitman in my list for the beginning course. I rationalized that I always had my eye chiefly on the GIs and perhaps my political views offended some of the graduates of the Prep Schools, who probably influenced the Crimson. I really had been elementary that semester in stressing underlining for comprehension and strict attention to simple clarity of diction using E. B. Strunk's The Elements of Style as a guide.

Perhaps I had gone overboard for simplicity that could have seemed amateurish for Harvard prep school graduates. Coming after my failure in the orals, this setback disturbed me so much I lashed back at the Crimson in a letter playing a litany on their title the word DULL.

How can I ever face my children?
"Daddy, the CRIMSON called you DULL!
If I ever submit a poem to The New Yorker?
"No, Sir, the CRIMSON called you DULL!
If I weren't married and made a proposal?
"Oh, Sir, No, Sir, The CRIMSON called you DULL!
You have made an absolute judgment against me. Not one ameliorating voice? Not a single Heartbalm to relieve the

pressure with

"Well, perhaps not exactly DULL..."

Most of my friends, pitying me pass over the printing of my letter with pregnant silence, but I had several responses:

A young faculty stranger, obviously a full professor, stopped me to congratulate me "for putting that absolute and obviously unscientific poll in its place!"

Ted Morrison kindly assured me: "My course in creative writing was labeled "the most tedious course on campus."

Herb Kramer of the Foreground staff went out of his way to come to my office to console me: "Lyle, the next time, the best way is to ignore them. Don't call anybody's attention to it, and few people will ever notice."

The best thing was a letter from one of my second-semester GIs in the advanced second semester class last year:

"Dear Mr. Glazier. Call me Heartbalm. For two years in service I hadn't read even a newspaper. Your approach to literature was just what I needed."

Unfortunately some of the sting was removed from my response because the Crimson failed to print my underlinings in
italics as I intended them to.

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From somewhere I got an invitation for Amy and me to attend a literary cocktail party in a swank neighborhood just off the main drag on Beacon Hill. Amy as usual didn't want to go, so I went alone, feeling completely outclassed in the crowd of young male and female litterateurs all with cocktails in one hand and hors d'oeuvres in the other, their mouths chomping caviar on toast and still clacking at the top of their voices all at the same time. Not to spill my sour gin on the rocks, I sought a corner out of the crush, but to my dismay was spotted by a tall unshaven savant with crumbs on his chest who apparently knew me. He dragged his whole entourage of seven or eight into a circle around me, while he asked me to settle their dispute,

"Would T. S. Eliot have got any where without Ezra Pound, you know, would he ever have been, ever have been, you know discovered?"

Feeling the whole reputation of Harvard descend on my shoulders, I started, "Well, everybody knows that if..."

One of the bright women broke in smiling at me encouragingly, "You see, just as I said, If Pound hadn't cut out..."

Her escort hushed her, "We know what you just said. We want to hear what Lyle says. He is there where they have manuscripts to work from..."

"Well, I believe in reading the text..."

"Hah!" This a guttural from a dwarf with a fancy vest over a fat belly, "There you have it! There you have it! It's the final text..."

Hidden behind his tall girl, a slim, friendly-looking cleft chinned man was murmuring "Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you..."

While his girl was backing him up with...

"This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
This is the way the world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper."

"That's not The Wasteland!

"It's not Wasteland! The Waste Land! Two words.

"Lyle, would Eliot have ever amounted to anything without Donne, and Marvell, and Shakespeare and Greene and all the others? Isn't his whole ambience borrowed?"

"That may be true, but..."

"I think you have to read his essays..."

"Well, the footnotes, I mean the end notes..."

"I wonder if he is essentially Jacobean, or would you say he tracks way back to gothic mythology...?"

"For that matter, can't you say, Sanskrit..."

"Or Greek and Roman..."

"To my mind, it's his Catholicism. He was after all born into a Protestant family in St. Louis..."

"By Catholic, you always have to remember Lambeth and not St. Peters..."

"Well, is it a poem about loss of faith or is it Redemption?"

"If you read it carefully, you can find the old mythologies of the search for a young and pure knight to succeed an old King..."

"I think you have to read Ash Wednesday."

"He hasn't composed anything for a long time. I remember when I heard him read at Harvard..."

"In the room the women go talking of Michelangelo..

"An old man in a dry month being read to by a boy waiting for rain..."

"Rachel nee Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws..."

"Do you think Eliot was antiSemitic? They say

Pound was antiSemitic..."

All of this came out pontifically like pronouncements from an oracle. Very early, unless I had a direct question, I kept my mouth shut. I thought it extraordinary that most of these savants seemed to consider themselves authorities, and I had the strange feeling that whatever the quotation, the speakers seem to think it came from The Waste Land, as if that was the only poem Eliot wrote.

At the end of the party, I was invited to drive the friendly young man with the cleft chin and his girl back to his apartment in Cambridge on a residential street near MIT. There both got out and he asked me if I could return for lunch at noon tomorrow.

When I got there precisely at noon, not knowing what to expect, I had to wait downstairs after ringing the bell twice, then ringing it again, and ringing it again before I heard the sound of the buzzer triggering the door-latch. From the top of the first flight of stairs, I could hear his voice out of the shadows, I couldn't see him: "Oh, Lyle! Is it you? Come on up."

When I got to the top of the stairs I could see he was in a bathrobe, tousled-haired and unshaven. I didn't know why he had invited me. Was he alone? but when he ushered me into a livingroom with clothes strewn over the backs of chairs and the sofa, he called into a partly-open door, "Beth, are you decent?" A cheerful, wideawake voice answered, "Oh, do come in."

In the bedroom he flung off his gown and snuggled in bed beside her, and they made room for me on the bededge. There being no indication of preparation for lunch, it crossed my mind that perhaps I was supposed to undress and climb in beside them. She was such a charmingly friendly and hospitable girl. I remained about fifteen minutes while we talked about nothing personal, till I excused myself and made my way back downstairs and over Mass Ave for lunch with Arnold Weinberger in our habitual restaurant south of the Underground on the east side of Boylston Street.

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Benny Benewicz, my former Bates freshman English student, breezed into my Warren House office one morning at 8:45 a quarter hour before my nine o'clock class. An inveterate professor-chaser, he had made a habit of ringing my doorbell to play chess every other afternoon. In the music club, where I was requisitioned as chaperon, though the students were supposed to provide the program, he came with his platter of The Nutcracker

Suite that he cherished so much he wanted to play it every week. Other students, most of whom had no collection, tolerated him. I got so fed up with the cloying prance of the music that for the rest of my life I've never wanted to hear it again.

Now, bright and early, with a cheerful greeting, he came through the open door and drew up a chair, the same bland and somewhat condescending courtier of professors. I figured out he must be a senior at least, but he didn't explain why in his fifth year he was still a student at Bates, and I didn't ask. Perhaps he had taken year's leave or perhaps he had graduated.

I had been feverishly trying to get through the last few compositions to pass them back in my next class, but resigned myself to his patronage.

"I dropped by yesterday to say hello to a few of my friends and learned you are here. You may know Kramer and Popkin? My folks, it happens, know their folks. They told me of your eminence, and I thought I should look you up."

He gave the impression of being somewhat amusedly tolerant of Harvard, and for a visitor seemed to have acquired a knowledge of the campus that, if it was instant, was rather extraordinary.

"I looked in here yesterday and found Dr. Sutcliffe gone, and since you weren't here, I looked for you at the Widener, but
didn't find you in the Research Reading Room, and when I asked at the desk, they sent an assistant into the stacks who reported you absent from you carrel. If you had been there, I thought you could give me a tour. I did pull a couple of drawers out of the files in the catalogue room, and they do have a lot of books."

"Are you thinking of applying here?"

"No, oh no! I want to get near New York City and am thinking of Yale or Columbia or Princeton or maybe New York University. I might go to C.C.N.Y. My mother would like that because I could live at home. We live in Brooklyn -- Flatbush, you know. After Bates I want something cosmopolitan and less provincial -- certainly not a New England WASP graduate school. Don't you find Boston confining? I know you have a decent Symphony, but the theater here is limited, and you have nothing like the Metropolitan Museum or the Museum of Natural History, and no ballet or Opera, I glanced at the Fogg yesterday, and it's pitiful. It's just up the street from your back door, you know.

"You must be very busy, teaching and studying, and

you had a daughter, I think, when you left Lewiston."

"Now we have two."

"Oh! Congratulations. You live close by?"

"No, Somerville. My first two years I taught at Tufts."

"Oh. How far away?"

"Five miles, perhaps."

"Do you drive back and forth?"

"Not till they lift gas rationing. Most of the time I ride my bike over back streets."

"I never rode a bike. Good for your legs, I suppose."

"Good for my waistline, too."

"I must say you look fit. Would you like me to carry back any messages to Bates -- to Eddie Wright, or Berkleman? or Joe Conant? He's in charge of the Music Club, and he has an amazing collection and is very knowledgeable. I've learned a lot from him. Bates has been good for me. We miss you, of course, but on the whole it's quite a decent little college for a city slicker like me."

I was not unhappy to hear the warning bell and started collecting my papers.

"Well, cheerio, and good luck, happy landings, and all that."

At lunch with Arnold, I found him unusually solemn, brooding in fact, and wondered what was the matter. Finally he came out with it: "Did you have a student Benny Benewitz at Bates?

"Yes, he just this morning called at my office."

Arnold looked quite despondent. "He does you harm. He is hurting you. He told Kramer and Popkin everybody at Bates is surprised to learn you are teaching at Harvard. He said they had to fire you. You were incompetent is what he said."

"Arnold, some of my students considered me their best teacher. My student Lysander Kemp. He's a poet. His poems were in Foreground. He's taking a course with a creative writing teacher at B.U. He has a book of poems he's working on. I recommended he get in touch with Reynal and Hitchcock. You know they subsidize Foreground. They may want to publish his poems."

Arnold persisted in being despondent, "That Benewitz, he is hurting you here. He could hurt you with Harry Levin."

I had a sudden tremor. Arnold knew, of course, I had failed my orals and had pulled off the Foreground staff for this year. "How could he hurt me with

Levin? I got an A and an A-minus in his year course in British drama."

"That Benewitz is very bad for you."

By the most remarkable coincidence, I looked kitty corner across the room and there was Bob Foster, Doc Kemp's classmate at Bates, sitting at a table alone. Doc told me once Bob told him I was the best freshman English teacher at Bates. Bob called me a "seminal" teacher, meaning, I think, that I wasn't an academician but got students to dig into literature for original insights.

I hurriedly excused myself from Arnold, saying I had spotted somebody I knew. I hurried across the room, and Bob invited me to sit at his table.

I said, "What are you doing here?"

"I've started working as a graduate student in History."

"Just started?"

"Yes. I decided I want to be a college history teacher. Doc told me how well you are doing at Harvard."

"Well, yes, I'm teaching freshman English."

"I know. And Doc says you chalked up a remarkable record in your courses."

I didn't mention my failed orals, and hoped he hadn't heard. As a matter of fact, after my first flareup of neuroticism, I hadn't told anybody. I wondered if Bob read the Crimson Confidential Guide. As a graduate student, perhaps not.

"Look, I have to get back. I'm with my friend a research specialist in Houghton Library. Perhaps we can have lunch together some other time."

"I would like that."

Back with Arnold, he asked who it was I had talked with. I told him. I was kicking myself I hadn't brought Bob over to join us. Perhaps he would have laid to rest any dawning fear Arnold might be harboring that Benewitz could be right about my having been a total washout at Bates.

Across the room Bob was gone from his table.

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An article in Middlebury Newsletter gives Harry Owen's address still at the Boston Navy Yard, and on impulse we send him an invitation for dinner, and get an instant affirmative.

He arrives in Navy whites, looking handsome and military. He has had a desk job of some importance but middle grade and wears no combat ribbons. He greets us

fondly, and immediately has Susan in his lap and Laura at his knee both of them charmed with his attention. He's effusively congratulatory for my Harvard achievement.

"Lyle, you've accomplished what many prep school teachers dream of. You've no idea how many of our Bread Loaf students, some of them with high qualifications applied for college jobs and were turned down. I've written scads of recommendations that never panned out. What you have done is remarkable. How did you do it."

"That summer school with Ransom and Stauffer and Greene is what turned the trick, Harry. All three of them sent references to Dr. Adams for my job placement file. I don't know that you heard that Stauffer sent me a letter the week before Pearl Harbor offering me a fellowship, and a week later I had a follow-up telling me that all their fellowships in the Arts had been canceled for the duration except for candidates majoring in departments making a direct contribution to the war effort."

"I'm glad to hear Bread Loaf made a difference. You must have been devastated by that second letter."

"Amy sent out a hundred applications for me, most of them to high schools and prep schools. But it was a couple of colleges that were impressed with the Bread Loaf recommendations. I had offers from Tufts and Lafayette and, finally, after I'd been accepted at Tufts, I had another at Connecticut Wesleyan, offering me five hundred more than I was offered at Tufts."

"I'm sure you bargained."

"As a matter of fact, I didn't. I didn't even mention the offer at Tufts. We had already moved to West Medford. and it would have cost five hundred to move again. It turned out also that at the end of the year, Dr. Blanchard gave me a five hundred dollar raise."

"What kind of a load did you have?"

"Three sections of Tufts freshman English, and one of Engineers, teaching a course in Engineering English."

"What on earth...!"

"Chiefly descriptive analysis, you might call it. They had to make a functional analysis of machines. I took simple tools to class, and had them describe such things as a screw driver. A screw driver is a means of applying torque. Its principal parts are... etc. They had to analyze by function instead of appearance. 'The principal parts of a screwdriver are a handle for gripping and twisting, a short or long rod, connecting

to a head or a tapered flange.' Then each of three parts has to be described in terms of appearance and function and its relation to the other parts. It's a very practical course. The last thing we analyzed at the end of the year was my bicycle."

"I'd say you were making a contribution to the war effort."

"The second year I had a section of Navy trainees, mostly from Boston College."

"Engineering English?"

"No. Public speaking, composition, expository writing and a book of expository essays, nothing literary."

"How did you get started at Harvard."

"Simply by going and applying as a part-time student, one course a semester, till after four courses, they passed a rule that part-time students couldn't use credits toward a doctoral degree, I could earn an MA but not Ph. D. I told them I had an MA from Brad Loaf and didn't want one from Harvard, and pulled out of English and shifted to American Studies. And after another semester the English Department dropped its rule if I would come back and take a full load. To make that possible, they offered me the same salary for assisting Ted Spencer Shakespeare as I'd gotten from Tufts for four sections of freshman English. Then they had some sort of meeting, and Ted Morrison took me on for English A. I have two classes fall semester, and one for spring, the lightest load I ever had anywhere, and a seven hundred dollar increase."

All this going on while I was helping Amy set the table and finish preparing dinner."

"And what about you. Amy?"

"Just a housewife except I read papers for the teacher of American Literature at Tufts. He has about a hundred students in a lecture course."

Amy had managed to find some tender corned beef, and we had corned beef and cabbage and homebaked bread, a god salad, and for dessert Indian pudding with hard sauce.

We were chummy, a college teacher invited to dinner by two of his favorite graduates, and not a thought on either side of the friction Harry and I had over that summer school 1942 offer of an assistantship for the Ransom/Greene seminar. By that time Harry was headed for the Navy and I was headed away from Bates, but those months of indecision were no part of our conversation.

BOOK THREE.21Wicked and Spotless as the Lamb
Spring 1947 Chapter Twenty-One

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I hardly ever see my office mate Wayne Burns, until I run into him in the Yard and he invites me to come for a chat in the evening at his digs in an upstairs apartment on Mass Ave. In my mind as I go there is a great curiosity from having remembered how at the beginning of the Fall semester 1945, he came to my desk where I was interviewing prospective students, laid his groin on the table so you could almost see the cock behind the fly, and told me about the student who came to his station and asked him where to find the teacher "who is teaching Walt Whitman?" I knew about him only that he came to Harvard from Cornell, but why he came or why he left Cornell I had no idea.

It was a comfortably untidy living room with bookcases around the room, easy chairs, a table against the wall, with family photographs, an ice bucket and bottles of gin and tonic.

We sat guzzling dry martinis and talking about, chiefly, my life, for he was a clever interrogator who made you feel that to him his visitor's life was of more concern than his own. He was especially curious about Amy and the children, but the climax came late in the evening, when he dropped out of his chair and flopped on the floor in front of me an laid his head on the arm of my chair. He was looking up seductively, and my impulse, hard to resist, was to reach over and run my fingers through his hair. What deterred me was not knowing his motive. Was he simply trying to draw me into a compromising situation in order to satisfy his curiosity, or was he informing me he would like to have sex? The latter possibility immediately swamped my mind, and I could feel my cock stirring toward an erection. Something selfprotective and cautionary prevented my obeying my impulse. All I had to do was reach over and run my fingers through his hair. The next move was his. I was halted in midvolition. Why did he give me so much encouragement and not give a final clue by reaching out with his hand and laying it on my right knee which was practically in his lap? We continued to talk desultorily with no apparent purpose except to fill time while my mind at least, and I thought his mind, toyed with the urge to bring to a crisis what, I thought, must what we both wanted. It got to be after midnight, and if I stayed longer, it

would be more and more awkward to explain to Amy when I got home what had kept me so late.

Finally, he gave me a copy of John Horne Burns, The Gallery, and sent me on my way telling me to report back when I had read it. I read it the next day, was infatuated, and early the following morning rang his bell, hoping to find him in bed. He may very well have been. Calling downstairs in answer to my ring, he told me he had "a companion." I said I would leave his book in his mailbox and left, my eagerness curdled in despair.

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I wonder if Ted Morrison has heard about my failing the orals. I never discuss it with him, but early in the spring he sent me word he is conducting a survey of Teaching Fellow gradings of papers, and he would like me to make an appointment with Claire Boynton to come in some afternoon and read some papers and grade them. There will be two or three other Fellows at the same time, and Carvell Collins, Ted's assistant, will be there to superintend.

I enjoy such opportunities to show off my talents as a grader, and remember occasions at Bates when all the English department faculties in Maine (Bates, Colby, Bowdoin, University of Maine) would meet at one of the campuses, and have a full day for morning discussions, then lunch, and continuing discussions in the afternoon. Sometimes we had a guest speaker or member of one of the faculties (Hawthorne [grandson of the novelist], for example, in Orono; and Roger P. Tristram Coffin in Brunswick, speak about their writing habits. I was particularly taken with Coffin's expatiating on his routine of doing all his writing in the hours after midnight, when his family wouldn't be in the way. He would set his clock, get up without fail, night after night [important never to miss a single night even if away on a trip, perhaps to read his poetry in some distant city]. He would pull himself out of bed, and go down to his study and pick up where he left off, perhaps in the middle of a poem, or reviewing a poem written the night before: "My mind is clear of cobwebs, no interruptions, the phone never rings. I have learned that revising what I have written is most important. What I write seems brilliant, always, immediately after I make a first draft, but it often betrays serious flaws of diction or structure on being reviewed in the clear morning hours of a new day. Some of my best images pop into my mind when revising. It's not always "the first

fine careless rapture" [he looks over his eyebrows to see if we all catch the quotation] that prevails."

When I get to Ted's office, I find Brookings from Yale, and Henryson from Columbia, but Sparkinson from Princeton not yet arrived. Carvell starts to explain our procedure as Sparkinson comes in.

"You will each read the same three compositions provided by Ted, and grade them. Then we'll have a discussion when each of you will defend his grade for each paper by explaining his grading criteria, with illustrations from the paper at hand."

It didn't surprise me to discover that for every one of the papers, grades ranged from C [in one case I had given a D]} to B or B/plus or even A. When it came to my turn, I explained my system of grading both content and form, marking all the mechanical errors of spelling or grammar, but not [particularly, early in the semester], if the paper was otherwise exceptional, marking the paper down for mechanics. I made a few short comments in margins, and a summarizing statement at the end, including a warning that if the same kind of errors persists as the semester goes on, full attention will be given to mechanical mistakes. I explained that I use the Strunk Elements of Style for reference, requiring students to add that text to the reading texts for my course.

There was a wide range of grades among the four of us, Sparkinson leaning toward the top of the scale, Henryson toward the bottom, and Brookings and I with a spread.

It happened that I was the last polled, and, winding up the discussion, Carvell remarked, "If you're interested, Lyle's grades have an important precedent. I myself didn't grade the papers, but I have learned to expect a considerable disparity, and if you're satisfied with your defense, nobody in authority will challenge you. In fact Ted's instructions to me are not to report our results to him. You can keep the papers. I don't want them back."

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I have a note from Douglass Bush:

"Dear Mr. Glazier,

"My neighbor across the back fence, Cyrus Wentworth, has asked me if I know of a young scholar who might be interested in a fulltime position as editor of manuscripts for D. C. Heath, where he is retiring after thirty years.

I understand that in certain fields (Sociology,

Psychology, some of the Sciences) books are requisitioned from prominent scholars who are too busy to give adequate attention to niceties of style in their drafts. Cy has spent his lifetime conferring with these authors, combing over their manuscripts, and rewriting them for style and, sometimes, for organization, and even, I regret to say, sometimes to verify reference in footnotes. He works a full day week in and week out and has got to know well a surprising number of prominent scholars. He finds the work very satisfying and broadening of his views in a wide range of subjects. When a book is published he is not given any credit for his services, but he is good at his job and earns a salary a bit better than mine. He also has provision for sick leave, a yearly vacation, and generous provision for a pension on retirement.

If you are interested, you can contact him at D. C. Heath, giving him my name for reference."

Yours,
Douglass Bush

Although I don't make up my mind entirely to take this opportunity to give up teaching and become a scholar's editor, I talk it over with Amy. It is quite obvious that Dr. Bush is sympathetic with me in spite of my failure in the orals, and is suggesting this avenue of escape if I choose to give up teaching. I'm of two minds. The salary thing appeals. Also the opportunity to have a respectable exit from that stalemate with Perry Miller, which is likely to continue next year if I decide to take the orals again.

After thinking the matter over for a couple of days, I call Cyrus Wentworth at Heath, and he gives me a cordial invitation to come see him there in his office. It's the first time I've ever had an invitation to enter a publishing house, and although this is not a publisher of novels and poetry, but something I'd never before given a thought to -- a trade publisher, whose specialty is the business of providing chiefly textbooks and reference books in the social sciences and the sciences, it is obviously a very respectable business not to be sneezed at.

Will I lose my center of gravity if I take this offer to get away from my concentration on poetry and fiction, and enter into a strictly commercial occupation, where I may have to punch a card for a time clock every morning as I did for Millers Falls Tool Company Stockroom? It's a really blockbuster question.

When I go to D. C. Heath, it is completely

respectable with a warren of offices and I take it a great warehouse of storage space for books, magazines and other practical commodities. It seems all business without no aura of the Fine Arts that I am used to. I peer into some of these offices and find men in shirtsleeves preoccupied with their duties, many of them with green eyeshades down from their foreheads. Way back in he hinterlands, I am sure, are imposing executive offices where their important clients are received.

Mr. Wentworth, a greyhaired, wearing eyeshades, and a well disciplined body that suggests jogging or exercise on a bicycle or other physical conditioning, doesn't get up from his desk but motions to a chair, and immediately offers me a look at the manuscript he is working on. In fact he asks me to draw up a chair, hands me his pencil, and shoves over the whole mass of inchoate papers had at his right hand from which he had been working on a sheet that he also shoves under my eyes:

"Take a look. If you had to edit this how would you go about it?"

I skip over the top paragraph he has been revising for all sorts of mechanics -- punctuation, spelling, diction, and sometimes even a whole sentence encircled and given a long tail of an arrow moving it to a different point on the page.

"Look over the next paragraph and see how it looks to you."

"Gracious! Do you mean to say this is an example of what you get from the author?"

"That's it. You may not believe it. I won't tell you who he is, but you would know his name. His books are best sellers. He has distinguished reputation in his field, and tells me his income from composing textbooks is nearly twice his salary."

Somewhat diffidently, I start cross out words that are misspelled, or in my opinion are not quite the best choice in their context. I feel as if I'm correcting freshman English. After I have spent ten minutes on the paragraph, I say, "Look. when I read the whole page, it makes me wonder. Wouldn't it be better if you interchanged this paragraph with the one you just corrected? Would the author come down on you like a ton of bricks if you did?"

"Here, let me take a look. I hadn't got that far."

His eye sweeps back to the top of the page, and he reads along muttering: "Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk Tsk

Tsk" through both paragraphs, then beginning with the second paragraph first, s goes back over the procedure, muttering "Wushmush Wushmush Wushmush Wushmush Wushmush, et cetera Musmush...

"You are catching on fast, young man. I might not have noticed it, or indeed I might have, but I think you are right. The order of the two paragraphs should be inverted."

He drew a long breath like a trout leaping out of pool to get its bearings.

He kept me to work for three-quarters of an hour, gleefully
surveying my emendations of mechanics -- sentence structure, spelling, diction, and organization.

He said, "You have to carry along the earlier pages as you read this page, and keep an open mind about moving things around."

Finally he took back the papers and started asking questions about my ambition. "I'm not particularly creative, myself. Never was. I don't spend spare time writing poetry, or short stories, or personal essays. Now and then I turn out a few paragraphs on editing. I mean, in a trade journal. I'm no E. B. White, and never will be."

In fatherly fashion, he asked about my early life, very much interested in my account of growing up in a shanty in rural Massachusetts.

"I'm a city boy myself. Brookline. Boston Latin for my high school. I was a fair student but no genius."

He wanted to know about Amy and the girls but didn't pry into my private life after I told him my father and mother died when I was 22 years old, and I had my thirteen-year-old brother to support. He didn't ask what my folks died of. Was very much interested in hearing that my father-in-law had a four hundred acre [if you included two hundred acres of woodlot on East Mountain] farm in Bennington, Vermont.

I didn't tell him it was not Walter but Laura Stafford who really owned the farm.

At eleven o'clock he lifted the phone, and after a dialing and a buzz, said, "Mr. Glazier has been with me for more than an hour now. He's a very punctual young man, and I've been showing him tricks of my trade. You said for me o call you if I think you ought to take a look at him. i think you should."

I felt pretty good to think I had passed muster with him. In fact, I had enjoyed him and really had

enjoyed the whole process of getting an inside look at his profession.

The meeting in the large office introduced me to a very young and, obviously, thoroughly-level-headed senior vice president, his young lady secretary, who was there to take notes. and another young man whose rank I didn't catch, but who looked to be a recent graduate of some Ivy League college like Princeton or Yale, or -- it occurred to me -- Harvard Business School.. They were cordial, even jovial, and everything went swimmingly -- it looked as if I had the job sewed up -- when from some hidden depth in my psyche, there welled up against my will a confession that i had flunked my orals. in the sudden freeze, I found myself explaining, "I knew Wordsworth well. it was just that I couldn't seem to put myself in sync with Parry Miller."

The senior vice president cut in, very much concerned and obviously well informed. "Did you say Perry Miller?"

"Yes. He asked me to discuss Wordsworth's Preface , and I asked him if he wanted me to discus the date, the relationship between Wordsworth and Coleridge, Wordsworth's theory of the art of poetry, his definition of the Poet as a Seer, his idea that the language of the people is the proper language for poetry..." I had been wrapped up in my desire to make them see how well I was sketching out my preface to what i was prepared to fill in with data, but at that point I started floundering in my mind, realizing that the atmosphere in the room was all being crushed out by the weight of my revelation.

I went on. "Dr. Miller, instead of following up on my outline and picking out one item for me to enlarge on, simply broke in with the most caustic voice and snarled, 'DISCUSS WORDSWORTH's PREFACE and I froze and when the Chairman, Dr. Sherburn came back into the room everybody there could have gathered that I knew nothing about the Preface, which was not at all true, as I had demonstrated with my opening remarks."

The executive vice president was suddenly extremely cordial and sympathetic. He held out his hand and shook mine warmly: "Thank you very much, Mr. Glazier for coming in. lt has been a great pleasure meeting you."

i didn't even want to look at my new friend Cyrus Wentworth's face.

I didn't linger, wasn't allowed to, but made my escape, not even able to fathom why I made the confession in a surfeit of overconfidence, almost against my will. Was it a terrible blunder, or was it a

warning that to have taken that cushy, laborious, well-paying job would have sentenced me to a lifetime of bored drudgery running counter to my earliest dreams?

-o

Thyra Vickery phoned me to read my short story "The Fisher" at Wheaton College where she teaches creative writing. It's the first time I've heard of her in years. In the first place, I'm surprised at where she is teaching. From the summer of 1934, when I was out to Gramps and under the wing of Aunt Helen and her born-again Christian friends, the Fletchers, I thought I knew that Wheaton College was somewhere south of Chicago, a pious, evangelical college, where the Fletchers had strong ties. But from what Thyra says, her college is in Norton, a small town south of Boston. She says the department will pay for my ticket and she will be coming in to Boston afterward and will have tickets for both of us in to South Station.

In my mind, I have other thoughts rattling around, recalling my hooking up with Thyra after at the end of August 1937, when she met me on the road just outside Bennington in her overloaded jalopy after my first visit to Amy after Writers Conference and insisted on my going on with her for overnight with her mother in Marshfield Hills down on the coast above Plymouth, so I had a vague notion where Wheaton . It was that evening in Marshfield Hills she and I walked on the beech and the sand all came up sprinkled with fool fire under our feet. I'm also thinking how Thyra came to Bates to visit me just before Amy did when Amy and I got engaged. I'm not sure how Amy will take the news that I've agreed to read "The Fisher" for her class.

It's the first time I've ever been invited to read from my work since I read poems to the English Department that last semester before I left Bates. Thyra was good as her word and picked me up at the Attleboro station, and we got to the college just in time for the class, about twenty or so attentive young women. Thyra gave me a glowing introduction as a promising young writer of poetry and fiction, and I felt somewhat flying under false colors, because I've almost given up creative writing since I started working on my Harvard degree. There's also the undercover feeling of knowing I failed my orals last spring and will be facing the same committee again.

I don't feel at all like a promising young writer, but I have that 1945 issue of STORY to read from and am

agreeably surprised to find that the story is rather fun to read aloud to such an attentive audience. Afterwards, I'm somewhat unnerved at one of the questions about how many stories I have had published, but Thyra quickly rescues me with the information that the story had the honor of being listed in Martha Foley's index to the Yearbook of the American Short Story as a -- as Thyra called it "distinguished" story of the year. I don't bother to explain that the word was "distinctive" nor that (what I always have in my mind) Truman Capote had a story in the same issue and his story was actually printed in the Yearbook, and he has gone on to become much more of a celebrity than I am.

One of the girl asks where Thyra and I met, and, somewhat Kittenishly, I find myself blurting, "Oh, Thyra and I are old pals from way back when we were both at Bread Loaf." And I'm blushing fiery red as if I'm betraying a much greater intimacy than we ever had. I feel foolish about it.

After cookies and iced tea and some more applause, Thyra and I drive over to Attleboro, where she leaves her car in the parking lot, and we take the train back in to Back Bay, where I transfer to Park Street and Harvard without having invited Thyra if she would like to stop over somewhere for coffee. In fact, I don't even find out where she is going in Boston, or whether, perhaps, she is not bound for Harvard the same as I am. Our parting is a bit awkward.

-o-

Another publishing house on my tail! I'm not at all prepared for a phone call from Hugh Parsons of Houghton, Mifflin, asking if I have time to meet him for lunch downtown.

"We are looking for a young scholar with an interest in modern fiction who might be persuaded to write a dissertation on new trends in the short story. We've learned you've had a story published in STORY, and wonder if you've chosen a thesis topic, and if not, if you might be persuaded to consider the modern short story. If so, we would be interested in looking at it with a possibility of publication."

"I haven't passed my general orals."

"We were talking to one of the faculty on this possibility, and he came up with your name."

"You can't even choose an adviser for a dissertation until you pass the general orals."

"I'd really like to meet you and discuss this

possibility."

I recalled that Houghton/Mifflin is the official publisher for the Atlantic and wondered if somebody there had mentioned their interest in "The Fisher." Anyway Mr. Parsons sounded engaging, and mentioned a restaurant near their 8 Arlington Street office, and we arranged to meet there in two days.

He was younger than I expected and not the least stuffy. We talked about my teaching American literature. He was interested in and seemed impressed with my familiarity with Hemingway, Stephen Crane, and Katherine Anne Porter, and the fact I was at that very time teaching Dubliners in two classes of English A.

"How do you approach Joyce?"

"I suppose everybody approaches him with Ulysses in mind. I'm interested in his idea of fiction as revelation -- his word "Epiphany" or what he calls "revelation" in 'The Portrait of the Artist as Young Man.'" [I was conscious of cribbing my own discussions in English A.] "He talks of "Wholeness," Harmony," "Radiance" as if the short story is supposed to dredge out of experience a sort of revelation that can be translated for the reader through the author's stream of thought as reflected in his imagery and diction so that the reader can grasp the experience in a kind of total way. He uses the word "quidditas" or the "whatness" of the experience that is put into significant language in such a way that the reader becomes a sharer or partner in the author's perception. It's as if you pass a window, and look in and have an absolute perception of the scene inside, and it affects you so completely that you are able to find the words and images and the incidents to translate this for the reader. I find in 'The Portrait...' two kinds of epiphanies -- the subjective like, say, "Araby" growing out of Joyce's own recollection of an incident in his life, and the more objective like, say, 'Ivy Day in the Committee Room' growing out of his perception of Irish politics. The important thing is for the writer to get a distance from either subjective or objective experience so he can recreate it as an exact facsimile of the experience or the imagined experience. He talks of the need to exile himself from emotional involvement in something that he will have to get the reader totally emotionally involved in."

"Do you mean stream-of-consciousness."

"In Ulysses, yes. Another thing -- he talks of needing to exile himself from his Irishness in order to

describe his Irishness. He has to distance himself from his church, his home, his inherited concern for Irish politics. That's why he had to leave Ireland to devote himself totally to describing Ireland. He's always writing about Catholicism but with an objectivity that borders on atheism."

"Can you give an American example?"

"This may seem farfetched, but you could say that Mark Twain in Huckleberry Finn has had to divorce himself from his southern heritage -- his inherited antiNigger bias in order to describe both the Nigger Jim and the White south's prejudice against niggers."

"But Mark Twain wouldn't have been influenced by Joyce."

"I'm just using that as an example. Mark Twain wouldn't have called it so, but Huckleberry Finn, you might say is an epiphany of the American South and the North too, because Twain is not deluded by the northern pretence of 'better than thou.'"

I got more heated up than I expected to, and Hugh kept leading me on. Over dessert, he asked,

"Do you think you could make a dissertation out of this?"

"I can't even think of it till after my orals."

Two weeks later I had another phone call from him. "How are the preparations for the orals going?"

"You never can tell."

"Would you like to meet for lunch again?"

"Not right now."

"Don't forget me."

"I won't."

-o-

I carried Amy and the girls to Bennington for Laura's spring vacation from school and returned to Somerville and Boston where the first night instead of working in the Widener, I ran into a young veteran at a downtown movie house, and went to his apartment in a basement flat just off Boylston Street. He had a job in an office of Prudential Life Insurance. I got the impression he had met one of the officers who took a liking to him, and got the job for him. He didn't say whether they still had a relationship, but he seemed well heeled and not in the least worried about being laid off.

I've never met anybody like Gary Smithfield. He never mentioned his war service, nor his personal background, but he was well groomed, his apartment well, if sparsely, furnished, and he knew his way around. With

me he had total absorption in sex. We went back to his apartment, undressed, and he gave his body to me utterly and I gave mine to him, till we reached a point where he turned me over and demanded absolute submission. We had been engaged in six/nine, and I had never had anybody who seemed so eager to please me while I lost myself in pleasing him. At the peak of our mutual excitement, he turned me end for end, caught a handful of spit and swabbed me and his cock, and entered in a swift lunge that took him inside without a tremor, lingering at first with only the tip inside while he gently agitated the cope push/pulling it back and forth deliciously massaging my gland. I thought I could never get enough of it. With every tremor of the tip I thought I would surely go off the next time I felt it surge to a point of no return, then at the critical moment it withdrew only to move again, push/pull, push/pull -- slowly at first, then faster, then faster, faster, till I thought surely it would be this time, and then he moved farther inside, and farther, till it was the swollen root and balls I felt against my muscle, and then
it was obvious he was all through, and I so tired I dressed in a trance and left him still snuggled against the mattress.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday I was waiting for him when he came from work. We had our leisurely sex, then he insisted on taking me to dinner, always the same expensive restaurant, till on Thursday, knowing Dante and Florence had plans to stay downtown late on Friday, I invited him to dinner at my house. I wanted to do something for him to match what he was doing for me.

I spent the early afternoon at Widener, then back in Somerville shopped for seafood, vegetables, a salad, a vintage wine, and at a pastry shop a homebaked marbled cake. Back home at five o'clock Florence was hived up there with a sick headache, and I realized the whole deal was off. Gary called at six to tell me he was on his way to meet me outside the subway at Harvard Square.

"Florence is home, They aren't going out for dinner."

"That's OK. Hop into your car and come here. I've had my mind on you all day."

"It's my turn to entertain you."

"Some other time."

How can I tell him my family will be back next week?

"I can't tonight."

"What do you mean, you can't?"

"It's my turn to have you. I feel terrible about it."

"Just hop in your car and come."

The full impossibility of our future flooded my mind. "I can't."

"What do you mean you can't?"

I heard the phone crash down on the hook.

I hung up, then dialed Bennington and told Amy I had decided to come tonight instead of tomorrow.

I went upstairs and called to Florence through the door for her and Dante to forage in the ice box for food I'd just bought.

"There's salmon steak, vegetables, a cake. Have them tonight if you feel up to it. If not -- tomorrow night. I'm leaving for Bennington and we'll all be back Sunday."

It was after eleven when I got there. The girls were in bed. Amy told me she wasn't going to bother with the douche because she had missed her period two months in a row.

She snuggled against me. "I did it on purpose. I haven't used any preventative inside the rubber the last few times you came here. I hope you don't mind. I just felt awful about losing the baby. I wanted to try again."

A couple of weeks after getting back from spring vacation at the farm, Amy got a phone call from a man who asked if I were home, and when I wasn't, wanted to know everything about me, she said: "When we were married, how many children we have, how long you've been at Harvard...everything."

I pretended I had no idea who it was but was sure it must have been Gary Smithfield. He had my phone number from the other time he called me.

"I haven't any idea who it could be."

"He didn't tell me. Maybe it was that man who took you to lunch from Houghton/Mifflin. I was getting dinner and helping Laura with homework and didn't pay much attention. I answer his questions and afterward wondered if I should have."

"I doubt if you did any great damage. It could have been anybody -- somebody from Foreground. Somebody from the Department. Maybe the Teacher's Agency. I was there last week. But that should have been a woman."

"I should have paid more attention."

"I ran into Dr. Bush on a crosswalk, and he asked if he could recommend me for a teaching job at a college

out in Ohio -- Denison University he called it. He and the President were in college together. What do you think about it?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him go ahead."

-o-

The interview was set up for New York City. I decided to fly down, the first time I was ever on a plane, and it was heavy weather, the plane flopping up and down through cloudbanks the whole way. It didn't take long. I got so sick to my stomach I barely hold in, but as soon as i got my feet on the ground I felt OK. But I went straight to the ticket counter and cashed in my return fare.

The interview was at the Harvard Club not far from Grand Central Station. I stopped in there at the Concourse, and bought a late afternoon ticket back to Boston.

Dr. Ambrose Johanson was spindly-shanked. somewhat balding, half a head taller than I, friendly enough but, I thought, rather precise -- clerical even -- pinch-nosed. It crossed my mind he might be going to ask me if I'd been saved. But not at all. When we settled down, he began on a very different note.

"I saw in your vita that you had a short story in Story. When I was in graduate school, I sold one to the Atlantic. I'm afraid it was a flash in the pan. I never managed to publish another."

"You did better than I did. The Atlantic took a look at my story and decided against it."

"I looked up your story and liked it."

"Like you, I guess, I've been too busy with courses and teaching and family to try seriously to market another."

"At one time I might have been an author, but once i got to teaching, I was on another track, and now in administration I'll never go back. You have already done considerable college teaching. That's one reason we decided to look you over, that and Dr. Bush's recommendation. You had a course with him, he tells me."

"His course in Backgrounds of Renaissance Christian Humanism, a great course."

"You liked it..." A statement more than a question.

"He's pone of the most admired professors. Everybody wants to get into his course."

"You liked it, of course." His repetition for some

reason threw me off balance. "I would have liked to take his other course in Edmund Spenser, but I'd finished my requirements by then. One of my friends who did take the course told me Dr. Bush doesn't ask the right questions. I couldn't figure out what he possibly could have meant."

"I have no mind to examine Harvard's opinion of Douglas Bush. Tell me everything about yourself -- your family, your background, your teaching methods, your hopes for the future."

"I'm married, have two daughters, one seven, one three. My wife was a classmate at Middlebury, more distinguished than I -- valedictorian and a fellowship to the University of London, than MA from Brown. I grew up with three brothers, the oldest a teacher of math in elementary school, the next younger, father of three daughters and one son and a laborer in the Millers Falls Tool Company, where I worked for a year before going to Middlebury.

I took all the courses for high school teaching, got my first job as principal of the elementary school in Northfield, Mass., where I grew up, from where I transferred to Housemaster at Mount Hermon School for Boys"

"One of the Moody Schools. I never got to one of their summer conferences."

"They were held over across the river in East Northfield on the campus of Northfield Seminary for Girls."

"I once ran into your Headmaster Porter. He used to be in YMCA administration."

"He has gone back to it. I had lunch with him in Cambridge a month ago."

"Former Rhodes Scholar, I believe."

"The best administrator I ever worked under."

"Paul Moody, son of the evangelist, was President at Middlebury when you were there?"

"It was the Moody family that got me into Middlebury."

"You were fortunate to know them."

"I grew up in Northfield Farms, a large-farming district a half dozen miles south of Northfield. My Sunday School teacher called Northfield 'the Second Bethlehem.'"

"You were, indeed, fortunate."

"I'm afraid I turned out to be not very pious."

"Oh? Tell me about your religious experience."

"In Northfield Farms we had born-again evangelical

services every Sunday. At Middlebury I became an agnostic. I sang in the College choir and the choir of the Methodist Church. Back in Northfield I sung in the Trinitarian Church choir and for a while was superintendent of the Sunday school when the lady superintendent had to give up because she lost control. Mount Hermon is interdenominational. At Bates I sang in the Baptist choir the first year. In Somerville we had no church affiliation."

"And the children?"

"Laura's first grade teacher in Somerville was Roman Catholic, and I had to go to the principal and protest her being taught Roman Catholic prayers."

I was glad to have him turn to my teaching methods but thought he showed even less interest in my pragmatic nondirect-ive method than he had shown in my anticlericalism.

We had a cool, polite lunch in the diningroom.

On the train back to Cambridge I sat beside a scholarly young man in a disheveled but expensive tweed suit who kept taking a pipe and leather bag of tobacco out of an inside pocket, then recollecting where he was, thrusting them back out of sight.

When he found out I was teaching Dubliners, he quizzed me on my method, then began to tell me about his discoveries from having for the past five years devoted himself to writing footnotes to Joyce's accumulating Work in Progress Finnegans Wake.

Because I had no idea there was such a mass of material, my first thought was that he must be pulling my leg, but his knowledge was so vast and detailed that i began to realize how little I knew about Joyce, and what a universe lay ahead for me to know.

-o-

A week after I got home I had an envelope from the bursar of Denison College enclosing without a scrap of comment a check for traveling expenses. Since President Johanson had carefully taken notes on my plane and train tickets and promised me I would be hearing from him I expected some word on his decision about my application. So I wrote a note that I had not received any letter with my check.

Very soon I got a copy of a memo from him instruct-ing the bursar to find out whether the check had cleared. Realizing that my letter had been ambiguous, I wrote another note explaining I had meant there was no cover letter enclosed with the check, which i had indeed cashed on arrival. That was the final word on my

application for Denison. By then I was in too much of a frenzy over the coming orals to have any surplus of anxiety to lavish on intentional or unintentional overtones in the correspondence with Dr. Johanson.

-o-

As a day student I have never gained the familiarity with campus geography that comes naturally to a resident. Therefore, when on the eve of my examination I decide after all to attend a lecture on Poetry announced for F. O. Matthiessen, I have to discover the sidestreet off Mass. Ave. east of the Widener gate leading to the maze of unknown to me Harvard clubs and dorms, housing also, somebody mentioned, rooms for the Crimson. It was terra incognita for me, but I found a street leading south and climbed stairs to a room already well filled with members of the English Club, including also Radcliffe students and the Radcliffe graduate student presiding this year as President.

As I enter I see Popkin standing against the back wall, motioning vigorously to the space beside him, where I squeeze in just as the President starts her introduction.

My mind is not on the lecture, but it seems to me thin and somewhat cliche compared to what I would have expected from this giant of imaginative improvisation. However, I'm disposed to like him instinctively for his reputation. It occurs to me that even more than I he is aware of the tawdriness of his lecture.

He finishes to the expected thunder of applause, and I'm turning away to speak to Popkin when he hushes me:

"I enjoyed it so much, Dr. Matthiessen."

Astonished, turning to look, I find the great man standing beside us. Ignoring Popkin, placing his hand on my arm, he is speaking:

"Mr. Glazier, I have never met you but have been watching for an opportunity to tell you how much I admired a small poem you submitted last year to the International Poetry Competition. Ted has told me so much about you. We were both ashamed to acknowledge your second prize was only five dollars.

"But the little poem about the adolescent, we both agreed, is a gem. In fact, I liked it so much I've memorized it."

We were walking along the south sidewalk of the nearly empty Avenue toward the Underground, where, as a matter of fact, it is my intention to descend to the

lower level to the west turnstile and catch a car on the Arlington Heights line. Matthiessen has been so intense that I say nothing, completely fascinated.

"In the first stanza you catch the spirit of the boy, ashamed and frightened. The life force is, as you imply, nearly identical with the death force. He could kill himself he loves it so much.

"He can't tell it to his mother, he can't tell it to his father, he can't tell it to his brother. Can he talk to his best friend? What gives the poem its power and its charm is your choice of words in the last stanza, particularly in the ungrammatical twist of the last line. In my talk tonight I was tempted to use your poem as an example. In the last line the diction is just right.

"He will search out a secret place
within his vexed and narrow wood
where he will run and hide his face
from who would help him if they could."

He has been talking so intensely, gripping my arm, that I have hardly spoken a word since his first greeting. We have arrived at the spilling out of the Avenue into the Square where we are confronted with the commercial business of the Subway and across the street the entrance to the COOP.

He halted, we both halted, for I was linked with him:

"I wonder if you have a moment for coffee. Do you have the time?"

I would have given my life to grasp the opportunity, but tomorrow's impending orals was urgent:

"Dr. Matthiessen, I'm so sorry. Any other time but tonight. Tonight is impossible."

Did he know of the orals? I thought it impossible.

He dropped his hand. I grasped it and held it warmly, then dashed through the traffic for the entrance to the subway.

-o-

The most important day in my life.

As I enter the seminar room, narrow but spacious in length with the enclosed-space, late-May aridity of the inside of a worm-eaten walnut shell. Dr. Munn, Harry Levin, Dr. Bush, and Perry Miller are already seated on the west side below a bank of high windows through which early afternoon light is descending.

Dr. Munn is seated nearest the entrance. I have

never met him officially, but have seen him often enough to recognize his bland but kind face. I've heard from Popkin and Kramer and others that nobody takes his seminar unless looking for a pipe course that will be course-average rewarding but a waste of time. He is to-the-manor-born wealthy.

My closest contact with him is through Amy when Mrs. Munn entertained the wives of teaching fellows and her first words were: "It is my duty to inform you your husbands are not members of the faculty."

I look in vain for F. P. Magoun, who, as the Old/Middle English man, I thought would begin questioning me as he had last year. All four of the faculty look up as I enter and Dr. Munn motions to what is obviously my chair facing them across a seminar table. As I sit down, I raise my eyes to the high windows and sunlight streaming down on all of us. Faces opposite disappear in motes of golden light, out of which the voice of Dr. Munn comes cheerfully enough:

"It's exactly two o'clock. Mr. Glazier, if you are ready we may as well begin."

Although I can't see him, I can sense by his voice that he now addresses his colleagues: "Apparently Francis has been delayed, so I suggest, if nobody objects, we begin with Dr. Miller."

There's no delay:

"Discuss Emerson's Transcendentalism."

Ahah! The same routine. I remember from a year ago:

"Discuss Wordsworth's 'Preface'."

Then my confident answer to this stranger whom I regarded with utmost respect: "Do you want me to discuss the date? the importance of the title? the relation between Wordsworth and Coleridge? the significance of Wordsworth's definition of Poetry? his conception of the right language for poetry? his conception of the poet as a seer?"

"DISCUSS WORDSWORTH'S 'PREFACE!'"

He had flattened me, so this year I'm prepared for his "Discuss Emerson"s Transcendentalism" even though I can make out only the faint aura of his face.

From five years of teaching American Literature at Bates there flash through my mind a list of the great essays -- "Nature," "The American Scholar," "The Divinity School Address," "The Oversoul." I don't have to remind myself not to make the fatal error of last year, as I then paraded a list of topics suitable for discussing the famous Preface. I don't intend to

furnish a chance for Perry Miller to flatten me again with a variation of his acid rebuke.

I'm chiefly thinking what to avoid. I don't want to hear "DISCUSS EMERSON'S TRANSCENDENTALISM" in that tone of voice that galvanized me into immobility.

Reaching around in my mind in search of something conversational and informal, I latch onto the time Samuel Johnson and his friend were walking along a street in Eighteenth Century London. Boswell had the ill grace to rouse the great scholar's dander by mentioning George Berkeley, the British transcendentalist, by no means a favorite of Johnson, whose view of Nature was more pragmatic and earthy. Boswell should have known better. At any rate Johnson, corpulent and afflicted with gout, spying a large boulder in their path, drew back his right leg and exclaiming, "I confute him with this!" kicked the rock so hard he doubled over, howling in pain.

In a split instant this anecdote flashed through my mind, but I sideswiped it by illustrating my own skepticism toward Platonic Idealism.

"I have no sympathy with Emerson's assertion that the physical universe is an outgrowth of the Spirit. I used to tell my students, 'If I'm coming downstairs in the dark, and believe there is one more step, I can fall flat on my face.'"

I'm thinking what an ass to air my own bias instead of beginning with the 1836 Nature essay and let Emerson have his own say. I've given Miller exactly the excuse he has been looking for. He can think I'm so infatuated with my own importance that I'm hiding my ignorance.

Stranded on a reef of my own making, I'm lucky to have Harry Levin come to my assistance: "He's talking about Emersonian Idealism."

It's too late to help me. I have made my bed and will have to sleep in it. In the silence that descends on the room, all I can think of is "How can I tell what they're thinking when I can't see their faces?"

The silence stretches to infinity, meaning, probably, a couple of minutes, but it's obvious to everybody that Dr. Miller and I have reached the same impasse we reached a year ago. I have the feeling he's licking his chops at the spectacle of me stewing in my own juice.

Finally the hiatus is broken by the voice of Dr. Munn: "Since Francis hasn't come yet, perhaps, Harry, you will examine Mr. Glazier on the British

Renaissance."

Crisply but mildly and gently, Harry Levin asks, "Can you summarize for us the influence of Latin on Shakespeare?"

I'm instantly on top of that question. From having been Ted Spencer's assistant for Shakespeare, I'm being given a chance to preen my feathers by Ted's good friend, who knows also from his course in English drama that I can't possibly mess up a question on Shakespeare's familiarity with Latin literature. I have Ben Jonson in my camp:

"He knew small Latin and less Greek."

Just the ticket! There pops into my mind an abstruse article on that topic by a most meticulous scholar pointing out how by Shakespeare's day most of the great Latin authors -- the biographer Plutarch, the playwrights Terence and Plautus -- had already been translated. So Shakespeare need not have gone to the originals. However, this impeccable scholar points out one obscure passage in one of the history plays (one of the Richards, I believe Richard the Third) which provides a direct transcription of Latin never by then translated. Therefore, Shakespeare could not have found it anywhere else. He must have had a knowledge of Latin, however small. I'm parading this information with great pride, thinking I'm certainly impressing Harry Levin with the depth of my knowledge. I ignore Plutarch and Terence and Plautus because there's no proof at all that by borrowing from them Shakespeare would have had to know Latin. "Latin" is what Harry Levin said. he didn't ask, "What evidence do we have that Shakespeare came under the influence of Roman authors?" He said for everybody to hear, "Can you summarize for us the influence of Latin on Shakespeare?"

So I give out that information, and wait for a followup of admiring wonder from Harry. It never comes.

Too late, looking into that golden haze, trying to find a clue from Harry's face, and unable to see it, I realize I have missed the intent of his question. He was not in the least being erudite. He meant me to discuss "Julius Caesar" and "Titus Andronicus" and "Anthony and Cleopatra" and how in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and even in his tragedies (King Lear's Fool, for example) Shakespeare imitated Roman comedies by contrasting the wisdom of the pit against the pompous intellectualism of brocaded Lords in their finery.

This insight of mine dawned too late. I couldn't believe that the great Harry Levin could unwittingly

have made the mistake of confusing such a basic distinction as that between "Latin" and "literature written in Latin." My mind grew numb at the bare inkling of such a heresy.

Finally after another pregnant and considerable silence, Dr. Munn turns to Dr. Bush and asks if he will examine me on British literature of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. This is much clearer sailing and we have a few minutes of happy talk about Joseph Andrews and David Copperfield, until Bush asks, "Are you familiar with the work of Sir Walter Scott?"

I talk briefly and vacuously about books I read in high school -- Ivanhoe and The Lady of the Lake, distant in my mind. Then (thinking of Scott's influence on Huckleberry Finn and Gone with the Wind, but not actually mentioning the Shepardsons and the Grangerfords) I brag, "I find it hard to get excited over Scott's heroic border feuds. All that blood and thunder and romantic sentimentality seem infantile."

Bush says mildly, "I feel sorry for anybody who doesn't enjoy reading Scott."

He then asks me if I can identify this quotation:

O, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive"

I ask if it's Macbeth.

We let it go at that.

Magoun entered quietly and in sinking into a chair immediately disappeared from my view.

I hear Munn's voice asking him to examine me, and he questions me at length and in some detail on Troilus and Criseyde
taught in his first semester of Chaucer that I didn't take, for I took only second semester devoted almost entirely to The Canterbury Tales. I had read Troilus with Douglas Beers at Middlebury fifteen years ago and can remember it well enough to seem to satisfy Magoun, who throughout his questioning seems not to have tumbled to the fact I'm certain of -- I've already failed the exam.

When it comes to Munn's turn, he confines his generalities to Keats, and I think I do better than he expects on Ode to a Grecian Urn, though my mind is where my heart is -- juggling the dismal showing I made with Miller and Levin. Munn winds up fairly soon, asking "If you were looking for the manuscript of 'The Eve of Saint Agnes,' where would you look?"

I haven't the slightest idea where I would look but

take a stab at the British Museum.

I'm excused to the antechamber. I don't have to wait long. Munn opens the door, shuts it cautiously, and comes where I'm sitting and places his hand on my shoulder and says tenderly as if talking to a child:

"Mr. Glazier, you did very well, of course.

"However, it's our opinion that you need to work over the material more systematically before you are ready to write your dissertation."

After he goes out, I sit there a long time trying not to think of anything.

A half hour or so later when I come to the ground floor entrance to Houghton Library on my way downstairs to meet Arnold Weinberger for coffee, I look again at the display under glass at the top of the marble stairs winding down, and notice what I have seen many times without noticing -- the manuscript of Keats's The Eve of St. Agnes in that conspicuous place of honor.

I'm leaning over the glass shield examining in Keats's own handwriting the familiar, much-loved verses when I hear footsteps from someone climbing the stairs. Swiveling my hips and gazing over the edge, I'm just in the nick to encounter the lifted face of Dr. Munn who was faster than I with his errand downstairs. Without speaking, we gravely nod and as he proceeds past onto the promenade, I proceed down the curved marble stairs to meet my friend, and to cope with the first of many queries how I did on the exam. How can I possibly tell Amy?

It's worse than it was last year. Having coffee with Arnold, I restrain a nervous compulsion to tell every step of the orals, including the sun shining through the high windows so I couldn't get a clue from their faces.

At home it's much worse. I'm psychopathologically compul-sive. I'm the Ancient Mariner stopping one of three. I've shot the albatross. I hold back from spilling it all to Amy.

Olive happens in, and I start over again. She interrupts to remind me again of her friend at Bryn Mawr who failed her final orals on her dissertation and became so paranoid she couldn't take them again.

Some way I have to get Perry Miller off my committee. When Amy and the children -- Susan in her carriage and Laura tripping alongside -- go to the market, I scratch out the makings of a letter to George Sherburn, still chair of the Department even though he scrubbed chairing my committee. It would be unethical

to ask for the removal of Dr. Miller, but if I try another tack,
perhaps I can get away with it. At Harvard most English majors are examined on British literature only. I myself asked to have American Literature included. I'll say I can't meet the high standards of Harvard for American Literature because all my courses were in British.

I don't risk using the typewriter because Amy might see me and ask what I'm writing, so I do it in longhand, furtively, in a hurry, as if somebody is looking over my shoulder.

Professor George Sherburn
Chairman, English Department
Warren House
Harvard University

Dear Professor Sherburn:

I would like to petition to take my orals over without including American Literature. I never took any graduate courses here in that field, and can't meet the high stan dards of Harvard. Like most candidates I am asking to be examined in British Literature only.

Please bring this petition to the attention of the members of my committee: Dr. Munn, Dr. Bush, Dr. Magoun, Mr. Levin, and Dr. Miller.

I hope to find a teaching position for 1947-8 away from Harvard and would appreciate an early answer.

Note: besides three courses with you, I have had courses with all members of my orals committee except Dr. Miller and Dr. Munn. I've also had courses with Dr. Murdoch and Dr. Whiting, and taken independent studies with Dr. Spencer.

Yours sincerely,

Lyle Glazier

The paper is crumpled and my handwriting cramped and smeared. I stuff it into an envelope, address, stamp it, and cram it into my pocket before Amy can catch wind of it. I'll sneak it down to the mailbox. I

hear the children approaching.

I had built up so much steam that I'm pretty far out over the weekend. I'm sure Amy was worried, but I didn't want to dwell on it. I didn't mention the petition.

I have to go to Warren House to start cleaning out my office, but I scoot in and out to avoid meeting anybody important. Finally, more than a week later, I found a note in my downstairs Warren House mailbox. I hurry npstairs to read it. My phone's ringing. It's Dr. Sherburn inviting me to come see him at my early convenience. I tell him I just happened in, and found his letter. I can come down any time, right then if he wants me. He says, "Please do."

He's grim when he shake hands with me and invites me to be seated.

"I have consulted with your committee, and they have agreed to allow you one more orals, without including American Literature."

"How soon?"

"By Department rules you'll have to wait at least a year if you decide to go through with it. I may as well tell you, you haven't a ghost of a chance."

Then he adds, more sympathetically, "For some reason, Harry Levin asked me to give you his phone number for his office in Widener."

He's anxious only to be rid of me.

My conference with Harry Levin was also brief, but he wasn't the least accusatory. I didn't mention I would be coming back for another orals next year. Nor did I blame him for my confusion over his asking me to discuss the influence of Latin on Shakespeare when he must have intended to say "the influence of authors writing in Latin."

Just before I left I blurted that Dr. Munn told me I did well in the exam. Harry flung out both hands in an exculpatory gesture: "Dr. Munn's famous bedside undertaking manner!"

On that downbeat, clearing house in my Widener Library carrel, I happen to look into the open door of Ted Spencer's office and find him in. Responding to his sympathy, for the first time with anybody official the floodgates of my misery open. I can't seem to hold back but commence a play-by-play recital of the whole mock-tragic drama.

He hastily thrusts papers aside, and closes his desk.

"I'll give you some advice from my experience.

When I'm tempted to spill everything, as you did in your petition, I advise you to consult your wife first."

I can't tell him how I just have to get Perry Miller off my committee.

He's a very tall man, head and shoulders above me. Talking all the way, I follow him through the stacks, catalogue room, Widener foyer, down the long flight of steps, and onto the sidewalk, turning right, and right again, heading toward the arched exit onto Mass. Ave.

Striding faster and faster, gaining a step ahead of me, not looking back, he's like a quarry in flight. I think, "He's used this method before to get rid of a pesky nuisance."

I stop dead in my tracks and watch as with head high and no looking back, he clears the arch into noonday sidewalk traffic on the avenue.

I'm thinking, "I've lost a friend. He'll never see me again."